


DAVID O. MCKAY LIBRARY



3 1404 00668 9589



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Brigham Young University-Idaho



E. Meyerheim.

A.H. Ritchie.

THE PEACEFUL HOME.

Scotia's Bards.

ILLUSTRATED



"Morn's genial influence roused a minstrel grey,
And sweetly o'er the lake was heard his strain
Mixed with the sounding harp."

ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS
NEW YORK.

SCOTIA'S BARDS;

THE CHOICE PRODUCTIONS

OF

The Scottish Poets,

WITH

BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

"O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!"

NEW YORK:
ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS,
No. 285 BROADWAY.
1856.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by

ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

STEREOTYPED BY

THOMAS B. SMITH,

216 William St. N. Y.



SCOTLAND, through thy wide domain,
What hill or vale or river,
But in this fond enthusiast heart
Has found a place forever?

R. CHAMBERS.

Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!

SCOTT.

Land of my fathers! though no mangrove here
O'er thy blue streams her flexile branches rear;
Nor scaly palm her finger'd scions shoot;
Nor luscious guava wave her yellow fruit;
Nor golden apples glimmer from the tree;—
Land of dark heath and mountain, thou art free!

LEYDEN.

I may, perhaps, (each generous purpose crossed,)
Forget the higher aims for which I've strain'd,
Calmly resign the hopes I priz'd the most,
And learn cold cautions I have long disdained;
But my heart must be calmer—colder yet—
Ere thee, my native land! I can forget.

PRINGLE.

Yes, I may love the music of strange tongues!
And mould my heart anew to take the stamp
Of foreign friendships in a foreign land;
But to my parched mouth's roof cleave this tongue,
My fancy fade into the yellow leaf,
And this oft-pausing heart forget to throb,
If, Scotland! thee and thine I e'er forget.

GRAHAME.



PUBLISHERS' NOTICE

TO THE

THIRD EDITION.

Two large editions of this work, in a sumptuous and somewhat costly form, having been sold, the publishers have been induced to issue it in plainer style, and at a much lower price. It is thought that many a son of Scotia who might have found it difficult to indulge himself with a copy of the former edition will be glad to avail himself of the present reduction to cultivate the acquaintance of her immortal Bards. They can not but feel grateful for the favor with which it has every where been hailed, and the dormant enthusiasm which it has universally awakened. One says of it: "If the eyes of the sons and daughters of 'the land o' cakes' do not glisten when they see this elegant book, we shall begin to think that Caledonian hearts are not what they once were. It is a Scotch book all over. The tartan waves on the pinnacle of the introductory page; the thistle stands guard over the gates of the preface; and the bagpipe plays an adieu at the finis. It is enriched with the most brilliant and costly poetic gems from the mines of that land, which has been as fruitful in minstrels as in metaphysicians, heroes and martyrs." Another says: "In the trashy flood of annuals and gift-books that is now setting in, it is refreshing to meet a book like this, that has some of the genuine droppings from the 'pictured urn.' It is a magnificent bouquet, culled from the sweetest flowers of song that have ever glistened with the sunlight or trembled with a tear. There is a touching sweetness in Scottish poetry that is unknown to the statelier productions of the English muse, and that makes it eminently the poetry of the heart, and eminently adapted for such a collection as this."

To all the friends of Scotland and the Scottish bards, in whatever clime they abide, this volume is affectionately commended.

P R E F A C E .



THE poets of England and America, and even those of Germany, Italy, and France, have been grouped together in many a graceful and fragrant wreath, while those of Scotland hith-

erto remain ungathered.

The stirring history of Scotland, her struggles for liberty, both civil and religious—her magnificent scenery—the simple manners of her people—their strength of domestic affection, and kindly social feeling—all afford ample themes for poetry. Hence her poets have always excelled in lyric composition, and no other country can show so large, so varied, or so charming a literature of song.

To the Editor the preparation of this volume has been altogether a labor of love. As he wandered through the gardens of the Scottish bards, gathering a rose here and a lily there, with an occasional mountain daisy or violet, wherewith to form this wreath, every sense has been charmed and delighted. He has been called upon to sympathize with the aspirations of rising genius, and been touched by the pathetic story of many an earnest soul struggling with the breakers of life's stormy sea. Not to speak of the three great poems, "The Grave," "The Sabbath," and the "Course of Time," compositions which posterity will not willingly let die, he has revelled in the glowing descriptions of nature's beauty with Thomson and Beattie, Leyden and Wilson, and luxuriated in the highest strains of sacred poetry with Montgomery, Logan, and Knox—sympathized in the struggles with poverty and misfortune of a Bruce, a Nicoll, or a Bethune, while he enjoyed the splendid triumphs of the mighty minstrel of Abbotsford—wandered with Hislop and Monteath to the days of the covenant, and with Pringle to the desert sands of Africa—listened to the delineations of the simple habits of the peasantry of his native land by Burns and Ramsay, and to the favorite songs of that same loved isle by Hogg, Tannahill, and Gilfillan—been melted by the touching strains of Delta and

Thom, and the pensive sadness of Motherwell, as well as warmed by the martial strains of Ossian, Campbell, and Aytoun.

Scotsmen are proverbial for a love of country, which neither time nor distance suffices to abate. "Highlanders, shoulder to shoulder!" has been more than once the battle cry. No matter how far removed—whether in China or California—in the jungles of Bengal, or on the frozen heights of Labrador, their hearts yet fondly turn to the land of the Thistle and the Heather. They still glory in the achievements of a Wallace and a Bruce—a Knox and a Melville—and in the heroic sufferings of that long array of martyrs, who testified to the truth with their blood. They are proud to be citizens of a land that has produced Reid, and Stewart, and Brown—Boston, Erskine, and Chalmers—Burns, Campbell, and Scott—James Watt, James Mackintosh, and Francis Jeffrey.

And though they are justly proud of their country's history in the past, and of the great men that have adorned her annals, they have no occasion to blush at her present position, or to mourn that her living sons are unworthy of their departed sires. They can point to Archibald Alison, the historian of Europe, to James McCosh, the philosopher, and Hugh Miller, the Geologist—to John Brown, Thomas Guthrie, and James

Hamilton, of the pulpit and the press—to David Brewster, John Wilson, and Thomas Carlyle.

Her sons have ever taken an active part in the guidance of that mighty empire on which the sun never sets—an empire whose citizens enjoy a freedom unknown to the other nations of the old world; and whose power and glory, instead of growing old and feeble by accumulated ages of possession and exercise, is yearly assuming a brighter and a more enduring lustre. One of her sons, on the banks of his native Clyde, builds the commercial Steam Marine of Great Britain, that is so justly her pride—while another is the architect, or perhaps we ought rather to say the *inventor* of the Crystal Palace, which, for originality, beauty and utility, exceeds the proudest structures of Babylon or Nineveh, of Greece or Rome.

This love of country has induced the preparation of the following work; and the Editor's desire is that the perusal of the volume may re-enkindle the same delightful passion in many a heart where it now lies dormant. In the general term British, the great men of Scotland in every department are too often engulfed, and it is to give honor to whom honor is due, and to rescue the poets, at least, from this mighty maelstrom, that this volume is now sent forth.

It will be perceived that this work lays no claim to

being a complete collection of the Scottish poets. It has been the desire of the Editor to give a selection—in most cases complete poems—from each of the best, or most noted poets. The selections have been most copious from the minor poets—those least known in this country. Among them will be found some of the most exquisite productions of genius.

In preparing the sketches of the different poets there has been no effort at originality. Most of them have been condensed from Chambers' valuable work on English literature and Scrimgeour's "Poets and Poetry of Britain," and, in all cases where it was possible, the very language of these writers has been adopted. To both these works the Editor acknowledges himself largely indebted.

No apology is necessary for embodying in this work so many pieces in the national dialect, as this, to a large number of readers, will be a great recommendation. On this subject, the eloquent language of Lord Jeffrey is appropriate:

"The Scotch is not to be considered as a provincial dialect—the vehicle only of rustic vulgarity and rude local humor. It is the language of a whole country, long an independent kingdom, and still separate in laws, character and manners. It is by no means peculiar to the vulgar, but is the common speech of the

whole nation in early life, and with many of its most exalted and accomplished individuals throughout their whole existence; and though it be true that in later times it has been in some measure laid aside by the more ambitious and aspiring of the present generation, it is still recollected, even by them, as the familiar language of their childhood, and of those who were the earliest objects of their love and veneration. It is connected in their imagination not only with that olden time which is uniformly more pure, lofty and simple than the present, but also with all the soft and bright colors of remembered childhood and domestic affection. All its phrases conjure up images of school-day innocence and sports, and friendships which have no pattern in succeeding years. Add to all this that it is the language of a great body of poetry, with which almost all Scotchmen are familiar, and, in particular of a great multitude of songs, written with more tenderness, nature and feeling than any other lyric compositions that are extant—and we may perhaps be allowed to say that the Scotch is, in reality, a highly poetical language; and that it is an ignorant, as well as an illiberal prejudice, which would seek to confound it with the barbarous dialects of Yorkshire or Devon.”



Contents.

	PAGE
JAMES THOMSON.....	1
Winter.....	3
Hymn of the Seasons.....	5
ALLAN RAMSAY.....	11
Patie and Roger.....	13
Parting.....	19
REV. ROBERT BLAIR.....	21
The Grave.....	23
WILLIAM FALCONER.....	53
The Shipwreck.	55
DR. JAMES BEATTIE.....	57
The Hermit.....	59
Morning Landscape.....	61
JAMES MACPHERSON (Ossian).....	63
Oina-Morul.....	65
Address to the Sun.....	69
HECTOR MACNEILL.....	71
Will and Jean.....	73

	PAGE
MICHAEL BRUCE.....	103
Sir James the Rose.....	105
Ode to the Cuckoo.....	115
Elegy written in Spring.....	117
The Husbandman.....	122
JOHN LOGAN.....	123
The Braes of Yarrow.....	125
The Prayer of Jacob.....	127
Jesus Christ.....	128
Reign of Messiah.....	129
The Dying Christian.....	131
On the Death of Christian Friends.....	132
The Complaint of Nature.....	133
God.....	136
Heavenly Wisdom.....	138
ROBERT BURNS.....	139
Cottar's Saturday Night.....	141
Highland Mary.....	149
Verses left at a Friend's house in the room where the Author slept.....	151
To Mary in Heaven.....	152
Farewell to Ayrshire.....	154
REV. JAMES GRAHAM.....	155
The Sabbath.....	157
SIR WALTER SCOTT.....	193
Fitz James and Rhoderick Dhu.....	195
Loch Katrine.....	199
Hymn of the Hebrew Maid.....	201
The Sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill.....	203
My Native Land.....	204
JAMES HOGG.....	205
The Skylark.....	207
Address to Jehovah.....	208
Culloden or Lochiel's Farewell.....	209
Covenanter's Scaffold Song.....	211
ROBERT TANNAHILL.....	213
The Braes of Gleniffer.....	215
Jessie, the Flower of Dumblane.....	216
Gloomy Winter.....	218
The Lament of Wallace.....	219
The Maniac's Song.....	220

CONTENTS.

XV

	PAGE
JOHN LEYDEN.....	221
The Mermaid.....	223
Ode to the Evening Star.....	235
Ode to an Indian Gold Coin.....	236
WILLIAM KNOX.....	239
Opening of the Songs of Israel.....	241
Dirge of Rachel.....	242
The Field of Gilboa.....	243
To-Morrow.....	245
Mortality.....	246
THOMAS CAMPBELL.....	249
The Soldier's Dream.....	251
To the Rainbow.....	253
The Last Man.....	256
Lines on Visiting a Scene in Argyleshire.....	259
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.....	261
A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.....	263
The Sun rises bright in France.....	264
A Fragment.....	266
THOMAS PRINGLE.....	267
The Bechuana Boy.....	269
Afar in the Desert.....	275
Song of the Wild Bushman.....	280
The Lion and Giraffe.....	281
The Hottentot.....	283
Farewell to Teviotdale.....	284
The Nameless Stream.....	286
ROBERT POLLOK.....	287
The Invitation.....	289
The Dying Mother.....	293
Simplicity.....	296
WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.....	297
When I beneath the cold red Earth am Sleeping.....	299
The Midnight Wind.....	301
The Wooing Song of Jarl Egill Skallagrim.....	302
Life.....	306
The Water! The Water.....	307
Jeannie Morrison.....	311
ROBERT GILFILLAN.....	315
The Happy Days o' Youth.....	317
Oh! Why Left I my Hame?.....	318
O! What is this World.....	320
O! This were a Bright World.....	321

	PAGE
The Autumn Winds are Blowing.....	323
Our Ain Burn Side.....	324
To the Memory of Scott.....	326
ALEXANDER BETHUNE.....	327
Musings of Convalescence.....	329
A Mother's Love.....	332
On his Brother's Death.....	334
ROBERT NICOLL.....	335
The Morning Star.....	337
A Dirge.....	340
The People's Anthem.....	341
The Linnet.....	342
Life's Pilgrimage.....	345
Death.....	349
Milton.....	352
DAVID MACBETH MOIR.....	353
Rural Scenery.....	355
Casa Wappy.....	356
Moonlight Churchyard.....	362
REV. THOMAS ROSS (Ossian).....	363
Carrie-Thura.....	364
Carraig-Thura.....	370
JAMES MONTGOMERY.....	371
The Common Lot.....	373
Love of Country.....	375
JOHN WILSON.....	377
A Lay of Fairy Land.....	379
Address to a Wild Deer.....	390
Hymn to Spring.....	398
The Evening Cloud.....	406
A Churchyard Scene.....	407
Lines Written at a Little Well by the Road Side, Langdale.....	410
The Past.....	414
To a Sleeping Child.....	415
WILLIAM EDMONDSTONE AYTOUN.....	417
Edinburgh after Flodden.....	419
WILLIAM THOM.....	435
Jennie's Grave.....	437
The Mitherless Bairn.....	438
Lines on hearing of a Mother and Child being found Dead.....	439
Dreamings of the Bereaved.....	440
To J. Robertson, Esq.....	442

JAMES THOMSON.

1699—1746.

Thomson was born at Ednam, near Kelso, in Roxburghshire, of which parish his father was minister. A poet from his boyhood, he abandoned the ecclesiastical profession, to which he had been destined, and in 1725 went to London to seek a sphere for his more congenial pursuit. The publication of his "Winter" raised him to the greatest celebrity, and acquired him the friendship of Pope and other distinguished literary men. But his celebrity did not enrich him, and he was only rescued from severe embarrassment by being employed to travel with the son of Chancellor Talbot, who rewarded him with a sinecure office, which his indolence lost at his patron's death. The sentiments of some of his pieces, and his connection with the opposition party, particularly with Mr. (afterwards Lord) Lyttleton,* excluded him from prospects of court patronage. Lyttleton procured for him, however, a pension from the Prince of Wales, the patron of the opposition against Walpole's ministry. On the fall of that statesman, Thomson's friend, now in power, conferred on the poet a situation which, while it yielded him a competent revenue, he could execute by proxy, so that the concluding years of his life were spent in luxurious ease in a comfortable cottage in the neighborhood of London. He died in 1748 of a fever contracted by a cold. Few have been more lamented by friendship than James Thomson. His benevolent nature, and his numberless

* He is to be distinguished from his infamous son.

admirable qualities, independent of his shining genius, endeared him to all.

Besides the "Seasons," he left a long and somewhat tedious poem, "Liberty;" some tragedies, the most successful of which was "Tancred and Sigismunda;" several elegies and smaller pieces; and the "Castle of Indolence," a composition replete with beauty of imagery and melody of verse.



WINTER.

'Tis done! dread winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd Year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man:
See here thy pictured life; pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes

Of happiness? those longings after fame?
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts
Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life?
All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal never-failing friend of Man,
His guide to happiness on high. And see!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
Of heaven and earth! awakening nature hears
The new-creating word, and starts to life,
In every heightened form, from pain and death
Forever free. The great eternal scheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
To reason's eye refined clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power
And Wisdom oft arraign'd; see now the cause,
Why unassuming Worth in secret lived,
And died, neglected: why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul;
Why the lone widow and her orphans pined
In starving solitude; while Luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
To form unreal wants; why heaven-born truth
And Moderation fair wore the red marks
Of Superstition's scourge: why licensed Pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,

Embitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress'd!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil is no more:
The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

HYMN.

THESE, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER, these
Are but the varied GOD. The rolling year
Is full of THEE. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, THY tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes THY glory in the summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then THY sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
And oft THY voice in dreadful thunder speaks:
And oft at dawn, deep moon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales
THY bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful THOU! with clouds and storms

Around THEE thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, THOU bidst the world adore,
And humblest Nature with THY northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined;
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole:
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not THEE, marks not the mighty hand
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring:
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join, every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raise
One general song! To HIM, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes:
Oh, talk of HIM in solitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.

And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound:
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise; whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roaring fail.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to HIM; whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave, to HIM;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy CREATOR, ever pouring wide,
From world to world the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam His praise.
The Thunder rolls: he hush'd the prostrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills: ye mossy rocks,

Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the GREAT SHEPHERD reigns;
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, the tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn; in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass;
And as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardor rise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove:
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the GOD of SEASONS, as they roll!
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or winter rises in the blackening east;
Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!

Should fate command me to the farthest verge

Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on th' Atlantic isles; 'tis naught to me:
 Since GOD is ever present, ever felt,
 In the void waste as in the city full;
 And where HE vital breathes there must be joy.
 When e'en at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
 Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
 Where Universal Love not smiles around,
 Sustaining all your orbs, and all their suns;
 From seeming Evil still educing Good,
 And better thence again, and better still,
 In infinite progression. But I lose
 Myself in Him, in Light ineffable!
 Come then, expressive Silence muse HIS praise.

INDOLENCE.

"It was not by vile loitering in ease
 That Greece obtain'd the brighter palm of art,
 That soft ye ardent Athens learnt to please,
 To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,

In all supreme! complete in every part!
It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart:
For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
Renown is not the child of indolent repose.

“Had unambitious mortals minded nought,
But in loose joy their time to wear away;
Had they alone the lap of dalliance sought,
Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
Rude Nature's state had been our state to-day;
No cities e'er their towery fronts had rais'd,
No arts had made us opulent and gay;
With brother-brutes the human race had graz'd;
None e'er had soar'd to fame, none honor'd been, none
 prais'd.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

1686—1758.

ALLAN RAMSAY was born in the village of Leadhills, Lanarkshire, where his father held the situation of manager of Lord Hopeton's mines. At fifteen he was put apprentice to a wig-maker in Edinburgh. In 1712 he married and commenced the more congenial business of book-selling. In 1725 appeared his pastoral drama of the *Gentle Shepherd*. It was received with universal approbation, and was republished both in London and Dublin. It is by far the best of Ramsay's works, and perhaps the finest pastoral drama in the world. It is a genuine picture of Scottish life, but of life passed in simple, rural employments, apart from the guilt and fever of large towns, and reflecting only the pure and unsophisticated emotions of our nature.

PATIE AND ROGER.

(FROM THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.)

BENEATH the south side of a craigy beild,
Where crystal springs their halesome waters yield,
Twa youthfu' Shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, till hollow echoes ring;
But blyther Patie likes to laugh an' sing.

Patie. This sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
And puts all nature in a jovial mood.
How heartsome it's to see the rising plants!
To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants!
How halesome it's to snuff the cauler air,
And a' the sweets it bears, when void o' care!
What ails ye, Roger, then? what gars ye grane?
Tell me the cause o' thy ill-season'd pain.

Roger. I'm born, O Patie, to a thrawart fate!
I'm born to strive wi' hardships sad and great.
Tempests may cease to jaw the rowan flood,
Corbies an' tods to grien for lambkin's blood;
But I, opprest wi' never-ending grief,
Maun ay despair o' lighting on relief.

Patie. The bees shall loathe the flow'r, and quit the hive,
The saughs on boggy ground shall cease to thrive,
Ere scornfu' queens, or loss o' warldly gear,
Shall spoil my rest, or ever force a tear.

Roger. Sae might I say; but it's no easy done
By ane whase saul's sae sadly out o' tune.
You have sae saft a voice, an' slid a tongue,
You are the darling o' baith auld and young.
If I but ettle at a sang, or speak,
They dit their lugs, syne up their leglens cleek,
And jeer me hameward frae the lone or bught,
While I'm confus'd wi' mony a vexing thought.
Yet I am tall, and as weel built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a lass's eye,
For ilka sheep ye hae, I'll number ten,
An' should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

Patie. But aiblins, neibour, ye have not a heart,
And downa eithly wi' your cunzie part.
If that be, what signifies your gear?
A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

Roger. My byar tumbl'd, nine braw nowt were smoored,
Three elf-shot were; yet I these ills endur'd:
In winter last my cares were very sma',
Tho' scores o' wathers perish'd in the snaw.

Patie. Were your bein rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,
Less ye wad lose, and less ye wad repine.
He that has just enough can soundly sleep;
The o'ercome only fashes fouk to keep.

Roger. May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
That thou may'st thole the pangs of mony a loss!
O may'st thou doat on some fair paughty wench,
That ne'er will lout thy lowan drowth to quench,
Till, bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool,
And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool!

Patie. Sax good fat lambs, I sald them ilka clute
At the West-port, and bought a winsome flute,
O' plum-tree made, with ivory virles round;
A dainty whistle, with a pleasant sound;
I'll be mair scanty wi't, and ne'er cry dool,
Than you, wi' a' your cash, ye dowie fool!

Roger. Na, Patie, na! I'm nae sic churlish beast:
Some other thing lies heavier at my breast;
I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,
That gars my flesh a' creep yet wi' the fright.

Patie. Now, to a friend, how silly's this pretence,
To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens;
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your weel-seen love, an' dorty Jenny's pride:
Tak courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,
And safely think nane kens them but yoursel.

Roger. Indeed, now, Patie, ye hae guess'd owre true,
And there is naething I'll keep up frae you.
Me dorty Jenny looks upon asquint,
To speak but till her I daur hardly mint;
In ilka place she jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bombaz'd, and unco blate.

But yesterday I met her yont a knowe,
She fled, as frae a shelly-coated cow:
She Bauldy loes, Bauldy that drives the car,
But geeks at me, and says I smell o' tar.

Patie. But Bauldy loes not her, right weel I wat,
He sighs for Neps—sae that may stand for that.

Roger. I wish I cou'dna loe her—but, in vain,
I still maun doat, and thole her proud disdain.
My Bawty is a cur I dearly like,
Even while he fawn'd, she strak the poor dumb tyke;
If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
She wad hae shawn mair kindness to my beast.
When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
Wi' a' her face she shaws a cauldrie scorn.
Last night I play'd, (ye never heard sic spite!)
O'er Bogie was the spring, and her delyte;
Yet, tauntingly, she at her cousin speer'd,
Gif she cou'd tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd.
Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

Patie. E'en do sae, Roger, wha can help misluck,
Saebeins she be sic a thrawn-gabbit chuck?
Yonder's a craig, sin' ye hae tint a' houp,
Gae till't your ways, and tak the lover's loup.

Roger. I needna mak sic speed my blood to spill,
I'll warrant death come soon eneugh a-will.

Patie. Daft gowk! leave aff that silly whinging way;
Seem careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.



Hear how I serv'd my lass I looe as weel,
As ye do Jenny, and wi' heart as leal.
Last morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowring about;
I saw my Meg come linking o'er the lee;
I saw my Meg, but Maggy saw nae me;
For yet the sun was wading thro' the mist,
And she was close upon me e'er she wist;

* * * * *

Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,
As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green:
Blythesome, I cry'd, "My bonny Meg, come here,
I ferly wherefore ye're sae soor asteen;

But I can guess, ye're gawn to gather dew:"
 She scour'd awa, an' said, "What's that to you?"
 "Then fare ye weel, Meg Dorts, and e'en's ye like,"
 I careless cry'd, and lap in o'er the dyke;
 I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
 She cam with a right thieveless errand back;
 Misca'd me first, then bade me hound my dog,
 To wear up three waff ewes stray'd on the bog.

* * * * *

Dear Roger, when your joe puts on her gloom,
 Do ye sae too, and never fash your thumb,
 Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood;
 Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wud.

Roger. Kind Patie, now fair fa' your honest heart,
 Ye're ay sae cadgy, and hae sic an art
 To hearten ane: for now, as clean's a leek,
 Ye've cherish'd me since ye began to speak.
 Sae, for your pains, I'll mak you a propine,
 (My mother, rest her saul! she made it fine;)
 A tartan plaid, spun of good hawslock woo,
 Scarlet an' green the sets, the borders blue:
 Wi' sprains like gowd an' siller, cross'd wi' black;
 I never had it yet upon my back.
 Weel are ye wordy o't, wha hae sae kind
 Redd up my ravel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

Patie. Weel, haud ye there—and since ye've frankly made
 To me a present o' your bran new plaid,

My flutes be yours, and she too that's sae nice,
Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak my advice,

Roger. As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't;
But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't.
Now tak it out, and gies a bonny spring—
For I'm in tift to hear ye play and sing.

Patie. But first we'll tak a turn up to the height,
And see gif a' our flocks be feeding right:
By that time bannocks, and a shave o' chcese
Will make a breakfast that a laird might please;
Might please the daintiest gabs, were they sae wise
To season meat wi' health instead of spice.
When we hae taen the grace-drink at the well,
I'll whistle syne, and sing t'ye like mysell.

PARTING.

SPEAK on, speak thus, and still my grief,
Haud up a heart that's sinking under
These fears, that soon will want relief,
When Pate maun frae his Peggy sunder:
A gentler face, and silk attire,
A lady rich, in beauty's blossom,
Alake, poor me! will now conspire
To steal thee frae thy Peggy's bosom.

Nae mair the shepherd, to excell

The rest, whase wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy's praises tell:

Ah! I can die, but never sunder.

Ye meadows where we aften strayed,

Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
Sweet-scented rucks round which we play'd,
You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.

Again, ah! shall I never creep

Around the knowe wi' silent duty,
Kindly to watch thee while asleep,

And wonder at thy manly beauty?

Hear, Heaven, while solemnly I vow,

Tho' thou shou'dst prove a wandering lover,
Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.

REV. ROBERT BLAIR.

1699—1746.

THE life of a Scottish country clergyman seldom presents materials for biography beyond the record of his active virtues. Blair was minister of Athelstaneford in Haddingtonshire, and was an accomplished gentleman as well as an amiable man. His poem *The Grave* has been one of the most popular in the English language, at least among the people of Scotland. Its stern tone of reflection, its vigorous and hard-featured diction, so different in its unforced simplicity from the strained grandeur of Young; and its sepulchral and terrible imagery,—rank it among the most impressive of religious poems.



THE GRAVE.

The House appointed for all living.—JOB

WHILST some affect the sun, and some the shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage;
Their aims are various as the roads they take

In journeying through life;—the task be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb;
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These travellers meet.—Thy succors I implore,
Eternal King! whose potent arm sustains
The keys of hell and death.—The Grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou'rt named: Nature, appall'd,
Shakes off her wonted firmness.—Ah! how dark
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes!
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark night,
Dark as was Chaos, ere the infant Sun
Was rolled together, or had tried his beams
Athwart the gloom profound.—The sickly taper,
By glimm'ring through thy low-brow'd misty vaults,
Furr'd round with mouldy damp, and ropy slime,
Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
And only serves to make thy night more irksome.
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms;
Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold Moon (as fame reports)
Embodied, thick, perform their mystic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree, is thine.

See yonder hallow'd fane! the pious work
Of names once famed, now dubious or forgot,
And buried 'midst the wreck of things which were;
There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.

The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Methinks
Till now, I never heard a sound so dreary:
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
Rook'd in the spire, screams loud; the gloomy aisles,
Black plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of 'scutcheons,
And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound,
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead.—Roused from their slumbers,
In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and, obstinately sullen,
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
Again the screech-owl shrieks: ungracious sound!
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.

Quite round the pile, a row of rev'rend elms,
(Coëval near with that,) all ragged show,
Long lash'd by the rude winds: some rift half down
Their branchless trunks: others so thin a top,
That scarce two crows could lodge in the same tree.
Strange things, the neighbors say, have happen'd here:
Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs;
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;
And the great bell has roll'd, unrun, untouch'd.
(Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossiping,
When it draws near to witching time of night.)

Oft, in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moonshine, chequering thro' the trees,
The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,

And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown,)
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels;
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till, out of breath, he overtakes his fellows;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-open'd grave; and, strange to tell!
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

The new-made widow, too, I've sometimes spied,
Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead:
Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,
While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
Fast-falling down her now untasted cheek.
Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man
She drops; whilst busy meddling memory,
In barbarous succession, musters up
The past endearments of their softer hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
She sees him, and, indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

Invidious Grave! how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweetner of life, and solder of society!
I owe thee much, Thou hast deserved from me,
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I proved the labors of thy love,
And the warm effort of the gentle heart,
Anxious to please. Oh! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors through the underwood,
Sweet murmuring; methought, the shrill-tongued thrush
Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note;
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assumed a dye more deep; whilst every flow'r
Vied with its fellow-plant in luxury
Of dress.—Oh! then, the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste; still the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

Dull Grave! thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood,
Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And ev'ry smirking feature from the face;
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
Where are the jesters now? The men of health

Complexionally pleasant? Where the droll,
Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,
And made ev'n thick-lipp'd musing melancholy
To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them.

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
The Roman Cæsars, and the Grecian chiefs,
The boast of story? Where the hot-brained youth,
Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
From kings of all the then discover'd globe;
And cried, forsooth, because his arm was hamper'd,
And had not room enough to do its work?
Alas! how slim, dishonorably slim!
And cramm'd into a space we blush to name.
Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes,
Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now,
Like new-born infant wound up in its swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon his back,
That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife:
Mute must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
And coward insults of the base-born crowd,
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,

But only hoped for in the peaceful grave,
Of being unmolested and alone.
Arabia's gums, and odoriferous drugs,
And honors by the heralds duly paid
In mode and form, ev'n to a very scruple;
O cruel irony! these come too late;
And only mock whom they meant to honor.
Surely, there's not a dungeon-slave that's buried
In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,
But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he,
Sorry pre-eminence of high descent,
Above the baser born, to rot in state!



But see! the well-plumed hearse comes nodding on,
Stately and slow; and properly attended
By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch

The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their persons by the hour
To mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad!
How rich the trappings, now they're all unfurl'd
And glitt'ring in the sun! Triumphant entries
Of conquerors, and coronation pomps,
In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people
Retard th' unwieldy show; whilst from the casements,
And houses tops, ranks behind ranks, close wedged,
Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste?
Why this ado in earthing up a carcase
That's fallen into disgrace, and in the nostril
Smells horrible?—Ye undertakers, tell us,
'Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
You make this mighty stir.—'Tis wisely done:
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter casts discreetly into shades.

Proud lineage, now how little thou appear'st!
Below the envy of the private man!
Honor, that meddlesome officious ill,
Pursues thee e'en to death, nor there stops short.
Strange persecution! when the grave itself
Is no protection from rude sufferance.

Absurd! to think to overreach the Grave,
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours!
The best-concerted schemes men lay for fame,
Die fast away: only themselves die faster.

The far-famed sculptor, and the laurel'd bard,
Those bold insurances of deathless fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
The tap'ring pyramid, th' Egyptian's pride,
And wonder of the world, whose spiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long out-liv'd
The angry shaking of the winter's storm;
Yet spent at last by th' injuries of heaven,
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years.
The mystic cone with hieroglyphics crusted,
Gives way. O lamentable sight! At once
The labor of whole ages lumbers down,
A hideous and misshapen length of ruins.
Sepulchral columns wrestle, but in vain,
With all-subduing Time; her cank'ring hand,
With calm deliberate malice, wasteth them:
Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes,
The busto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,
Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge.
Ambition, half-convicted of her folly,
Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.

Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
Who swam to sov'reign rule through seas of blood;
Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
Who ravaged kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
And, in a cruel wantonness of power,
Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
To want the rest; now, like a storm that's spent,

Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind thy covert.
Vain thought! to hide them from the gen'ral scorn,
That haunts and dogs them, like an injur'd ghost
Implacable. Here too, the petty tyrant,
Whose scant domains geographer ne'er noticed,
And, well for neighb'ring grounds, of arm as short,
Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
And gripp'd them like some lordly beast of prey,
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
And piteous plaintive voice of misery;
(As if a slave was not a shred of nature,
Of the same common nature as his lord);
Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,
Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his kinsman;
Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground
Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,
Grossly familiar, side by side consume.

When self-esteem, or others' adulation,
Would cunningly persuade us we were something
Above the common level of our kind;
The grave gainsays the smooth-complexion'd flatt'ry,
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

Beauty! thou pretty plaything, dear deceit,
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulse unknown before,
The grave discredits thee: thy charms expunged,
Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers

Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?
Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid,
Whilst, surfeited upon the damask cheek,
The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unscared. For this, was all thy caution?
For this thy painful labors at thy glass?
T' improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
For which the spoiler thanks thee not. Foul feeder!
Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
And leave as keen a relish on the sense.

Look how the fair one weeps! the conscious tears
Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flowers:
Honest effusion! the swollen heart in vain
Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.

Strength, too—thou surly, and less gentle boast
Of those that laugh loud at the village ring!
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down,
With greater ease than e'er thou didst ~~the~~ stripling
That rashly dared thee to th' unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard? deep groan indeed!
With anguish heavy laden; let me trace it;
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
By stronger arm belabor'd, gasps for breath
Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play! what now avail
The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-spread shoulders?
See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,

Mad with his pain! Eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
Just like a creature drowning! hideous sight!
Oh! how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly,
Whilst the distemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up. Heard you that groan?
It was his last. See how the great Goliath,
Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,
Lies still.—What! mean'st thou then, O mighty boaster!
To vaunt of nerves of thine? What! means the bull,
Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man;
That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well-invented knife?

With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
The star-surveying sage, close to his eye
Applies the sight-invigorating tube;
And travelling thro' the boundless length of space,
Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs,
That roll with regular confusion there,
In ecstacy of thought. But ah! proud man,
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head;
Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails;
And down thou dropp'st into that darksome place,
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.

Here the tongue-warrior lies, disabled now,
Disarm'd, dishonor'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,

And cannot tell his ails to passers by.
Great man of language, whence this mighty change?
This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?
Though strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,
And sly insinuation's softer arts
In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue:
Alas! how chop-fall'n now! Thick mists and silence
Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast
Unceasing.—Ah! where is the lifted arm,
The strength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tuned voice,
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?
Ah! fled forever, as they ne'er had been!
Razed from the book of fame; or, more provoking,
Perchance some hackney, hunger-bitten scribbler,
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhymes,
With heavy halting pace that drawl along;
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.

Here the great masters of the healing art,
These mighty mock defrauders of the tomb!
Spite of their juleps and catholicons,
Resign to fate. Proud Æsculapius' son!
Where are thy boasted implements of art,
And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of health?
Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ship could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,

Escaped thy rifling hand: from stubborn shrubs
Thou wrung'st their shy retiring virtues out,
And vex'd them in the fire;—nor fly, nor insect,
Nor writhy snake, escaped thy deep research.
But why this apparatus? why this cost?
Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave!
Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
With the long list of vouchers for thy cures?
Alas! thou speak'st not.—The bold impostor
Looks not more silly when the cheat's found out.

Here, the lank-sided miser, worst of felons!
Who meanly stole, (discreditable shift!)
From back and belly too, their proper cheer;
Eased of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcase, now lies cheaply lodged;
By clam'rous appetites no longer teased,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But, ah! where are his rents, his comings in?
Ay! now you've made the rich man poor indeed:
Robb'd of his goods, what has he left behind?
O cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his int'rest in both worlds?
First starved in this, then damn'd in that to come.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions;
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come!
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul

Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain! How wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer hers!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
Oh! might she stay to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage?—Mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood;—and every groan
She heaves is big with horror. But the foe,
Like a staunch murd'rer, steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through every lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
Till, forced at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! my soul!
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end thou hast the gulf in view!
That awful gulf no mortal e'er repass'd
To tell what's doing on the other side.
Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight,
And every life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting;
For part they must: body and soul must part;
Fond couple! link'd more close than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its Almighty Source,
The witness of its actions, now its judge:
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher of no use.

If death were nothing, and nought after death;

If, when men died, at once they ceased to be,
Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
Whence first they sprung; then might the debauchee
Untrembling mouth the heavens; then might the drunkard
Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
At the poor bugbear Death; then might the wretch
That's weary of the world, and tired of life,
At once give each inquietude the slip,
By stealing out of being when he pleased,
And by what way; whether by hemp or steel;
Death's thousand doors stand open. Who could force
The ill-pleased guest to sit out his full time,
Or blame him if he goes? Sure he does well
That helps himself as timely as he can,
When able. But if there's an hereafter,
And that there is, conscience, uninfluenced,
And suffer'd to speak out, tells ev'ry man,
Then must it be an awful thing to die;
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
Self-murder! name it not; our island's shame,
That makes her the reproach of neighb'ring States.
Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,
Self-preservation, fall by her own act?
Forbid it, heav'n! Let not, upon disgust,
The shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er
With blood of its own lord. Dreadful attempt!
Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage,

To rush into the presence of our Judge;
As if we challenged him to do his worst,
And matter'd not his wrath! Unheard-of tortures
Must be reserved for such: these herd together;
The common damn'd shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd;
How long, how short, we know not: this we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till Heaven shall give permission;
Like sentries that must keep their destined stand,
And wait th' appointed hour, till they're relieved.
Those only are the brave that keep their ground,
And keep it to the last. To run away
Is but a coward's trick: to run away
From this world's ills, that at the very worst
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves
By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark; 'tis mad:
No frenzy half so desperate as this.

Tell us, ye dead; will none of you, in pity
To those you left behind, disclose the secret?
Oh! that some courteous ghost would blab it out;
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.
I've heard, that souls departed have sometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death: 'twas kindly done
To knock and give the alarm. But what means

This stinted charity?—'Tis but lame kindness
That does its work by halves. Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis to die? Do the strict laws
Of your society forbid you speaking
Upon a point so nice? I'll ask no more;
Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shrine
Enlightens but yourselves: Well—'tis no matter;
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.

Death's shafts fly thick:—Here falls the village swain,
And there his pamper'd lord.—The cup goes round,
And who so artful as to put it by?
'Tis long since death had the majority;
Yet, strange! the living lay it not to heart.
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The Sexton, hoary-headed chronicle!
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand,
Digs thro' whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,
By far his juniors.—Scarce a skull's cast up,
But well he knew its owner; and can tell
Some passage of his life. Thus hand in hand,
The sot has walk'd with death twice twenty years;
And yet ne'er younker on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a smuttier tale:—When drunkards meet,
None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
More willing to his cup. Poor wretch! he minds not.

That some trusty brother of the trade
Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.

On this side, and on that, men see their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegen'rate days
Could scarce have leisure for.—Fools that we are,
Never to think of death and of ourselves
At the same time; as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours. O more than sottish!
For creatures of a day, in gamesome mood,
To frolic on eternity's dread brink,
Unapprehensive; when, for aught we know,
The very first swollen surge shall sweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
With a resistless, unremitting stream;
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize. What is this world?
What but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strewed with death's spoils, the spoils of animals,
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones.
The very turf on which we tread once lived;
And we that live must lend our carcasses
To cover our own offspring; in their turns
They too must cover theirs. 'Tis here all meet,
The shivering Iclander, and sun-burnt Moor;

Men of all climes, that never met before;
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.
Here the proud prince, and favorite yet prouder,
His sovereign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight. Here lie abash'd
The great negotiators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,
Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of courts.
Now vain their treaty-skill; Death scorns to treat.
Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burthen
From his gall'd shoulders; and, when the stern tyrant,
With all his guards and tools of pow'r about him,
Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
Mocks his short arm, and, quick as thought, escapes
Where tyrants vex, not and the weary rest.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the bubbling stream,
(Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of love,)
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down,
Unblasted by foul tongue. Here friends and foes
Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-robed prelate, and plain presbyter,
Ere while that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like sister-streams
That some rude interposing rock has split.
Here is the large-limb'd peasant; here the child
Of a span long, that never saw the sun,

Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch.
Here is the mother, with her sons and daughters;
The barren wife, and long demurring maid,
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smiled like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude severe, and gay coquette,
The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth disclosed. Strange medley here!
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,
Whose every day was made of melody,
Hears not the voice of mirth.—The shrill-tongued shrew,
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave;
The just, the good, the worthless, the profane;
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred;
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean;
The supple statesman, and the patriot stern;
The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years.

Poor man! how happy once in thy first state,
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,
He stamp'd thee with his image, and, well pleased,
Smiled on his last fair work.—Then all was well:
Sound was the body, and the soul serene;

Like two sweet instruments ne'er out of tune,
That play their several parts. Nor head, nor heart,
Offer'd to ache; nor was there cause they should;
For all was pure within: no fell remorse,
Nor anxious castings up of what may be,
Alarmed his peaceful bosom. Summer seas
Show not more smooth, when kissed by southern winds,
Just ready to expire. Scarce importuned,
The generous soil, with a luxuriant hand,
Offer'd the various produce of the year,
And everything most perfect in its kind.

Blessed, thrice blessed days! but, ah! how short!
Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men,
But fugitive, like those, and quickly gone.
O slippery state of things! What sudden turns!
What strange vicissitudes, in the first leaf
Of man's sad history! To-day most happy,
And ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject.
How scant the space between these vast extremes!
Thus fared it with our Sire: Not long he enjoy'd
His paradise.—Scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets
Or sum them up, when straight he must be gone,
Ne'er to return again.—And must he go?
Can nought compound for the first dire offence
Of erring man? Like one that is condemn'd,
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,

And parley with his fate. But 'tis in vain.
Not all the lavish odors of the place,
Offer'd in incense, can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom, A mighty angel,
With flaming sword, forbids his longer stay;
And drives the loiterer forth; nor must he take
One last and farewell round. At once he lost
His glory and his God. If mortal now,
And sorely maim'd, no wonder! Man has sinn'd;
Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he would needs try; nor tried in vain.
(Dreadful experiment! Destructive measure!
Where the worst thing could happen, is success.)
Alas! too well he sped; the good he scorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost,
Not to return; or, if it did, its visits,
Like those of angels, short and far between:
Whilst the black demon, with his hell-scap'd train
Admitted once into its better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
Lording it o'er the man; who now, too late,
Saw the rash error which he could not mend:
An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs
Inglorious bondage! Human nature groans
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
And its vast body bleeds through every vein.

What havoc hast thou made, foul monster, sin!
Greatest and first of ills! The fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimensions! But for thee,
Sorrow had never been. All-noxious thing,
Of vilest nature! Other sorts of evils,
Are kindly circumscribed, and have their bounds.
The fierce volcano, from its burning entrails,
That belches molten stone and globes of fire,
Involved in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
Mars the adjacent fields, for some leagues round,
And there it stops. The big-swollen inundation,
Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
Buries whole tracts of country, threat'ning more;
But that too has its shore it cannot pass.
More dreadful far than these! sin has laid waste,
Not here and there a country, but a world;
Dispatching, at a wide-extended blow,
Entire mankind; and, for their sakes, defacing
A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;
Blasting the foodful grain, the loaded branches,
And marking all along its way with ruin.

Accursed thing! Oh! where shall fancy find
A proper name to call thee by, expressive
Of all thy horrors? Pregnant womb of ills!
Of temper so transcendently malign,
That toads and serpents of most deadly kind,
Compared to thee, are harmless. Sickneses

Of every size and symptom, racking pains,
And bluest plagues, are thine! See how the fiend
Profusely scatters the contagion round!
Whilst deep-mouth'd slaughter, bellowing at her heels,
Wades deep in blood new spilt; yet for to-morrow,
Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
And inly pines till the dread blow is struck.

But, hold, I've gone too far; too much discover'd
My father's nakedness and nature's shame.
Here let me pause—and drop an honest tear,
One burst of filial duty and condolence,
O'er all those ample deserts Death hath spread,
This chaos of mankind. O great man-eater!
Whose ev'ry day is carnival, not sated yet!
Unheard-of epicure, without a fellow!
The veriest gluttons do not always cram;
Some intervals of abstinence are sought
To edge the appetite: Thou seekest none.
Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd,
And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up,
This, less than this, might gorge thee to the full.
But, ah! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more;
Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,
On whom lank hunger lays her skinny hand,
And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings.
As if diseases, massacres, and poison,
Famine, and war, were not thy caterers.

But know, that thou must render up the dead,
And with high interest too.—They are not thine;
But only in thy keeping for a season,
Till the great promised day of restitution;
When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump
Of strong-lung'd cherub, shall alarm thy captives,
And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,
Day-light and liberty.—

Then must thy gates fly open, and reveal
The mines that lay long forming under ground,
In their dark cells immured; but now full ripe,
And pure as silver from the crucible,
That twice has stood the torture of the fire,
And inquisition of the forge. We know
The Illustrious Deliverer of mankind,
The Son of God, thee foil'd. Him in thy power
Thou couldst not hold; self-vigorous he rose,
And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent:
(Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall!)

Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,
And show'd himself alive to chosen witnesses,
By proofs so strong, that the most slow assenting
Had not a scruple left. This having done,
He mounted up to heaven. Methinks I see him
Climb the aërial heights, and glide along
Athwart the severing clouds; but the faint eye,

Flung backwards in the chase, soon drops its hold;
Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in;
Nor are his friends shut out: As a great prince
Not for himself alone procures admission,
But for his train.—It was his royal will,
That where he is, there should his followers be.
Death only lies between.—A gloomy path!
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears;
But not untrod, nor tedious; the fatigue
Will soon go off. Besides, there's no by-road
To bliss. Then, why, like ill-conditioned children,
Start we at transient hardships in the way
That leads to purer air and softer skies,
And a ne'er setting sun? Fools that we are!
We wish to be where sweets unwith'ring bloom,
But strait our wish revoke, and will not go.
So have I seen, upon a summer's even,
Fast by the riv'let's brink, a youngster play:
How wishfully he looks to stem the tide!
This moment resolute, next unresolved:
At last he dips his foot; but as he dips,
His fears redouble, and he runs away
From th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now
Of all the flowers that paint the further bank,
And smiled so sweet of late. Thrice welcome death!
That, after many a painful bleeding step,

Conducts us to our home; and lands us safe
On the long-wish'd-for shore. Prodigious change!
Our bane turn'd to a blessing! Death, disarm'd,
Loses it fellness quite. All thanks to Him
Who scourg'd the venom out. Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace! How calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him in the evening tide of life,
A life well spent, whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his green;
By unperceived degrees he wears away;
Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting!
(High in his faith and hope,) look how he reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away;
Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the fast-coming harvest. Then, O then!
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought. Oh! how he longs
To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd!
'Tis done, and now he's happy! The glad soul
Has not a wish uncrown'd. Ev'n the lag flesh
Rests too in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to sunder more.
Nor shall it hope in vain:—The time draws on,

When not a single spot of burial earth,
Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
But must give back its long-committed dust,
Inviolate; and faithfully shall these
Make up the full account; not the least atom
Embezzled, or mislaid, of the whole tale.
Each soul shall have a body ready furnish'd;
And each shall have his own. Hence, ye profane!
Ask not, how this can be? Sure the same pow'r
That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts,
And put them as they were. Almighty God
Has done much more; nor is his arm impair'd
Thro' length of days, and what he can, he will;
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.

When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumb'ring dust,
(Not unattentive to the call,) shall wake;
And ev'ry joint possess its proper place,
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul
Mistake its partner; but, amidst the crowd,
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall rush, with all the impatience of a man
That's new come home, and, having long been absent,
With haste runs over every different room,
In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.

'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night;
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.

Thus, at the shut of even, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cov'rs down, and dozes till the dawn of day;
Then claps his well-fledged wings, and bears away.



WILLIAM FALCONER.

1750—1770.

WILLIAM FALCONER, a Scotch sailor, born of humble parents in Edinburgh, published in 1762 his *Shipwreck*,—a poem which depicted an actual disaster, and introduced into literature the technicalities of seamanship.

The *Shipwreck* is a composition of singular merit from a man with Falconer's opportunities. The scene of the disaster is Cape Colonna (the ancient Sunium) in Greece, and the poet alludes with power and beauty to the classic objects of these shores. The characters are drawn with vigor and graphicness of lineament. The technical terms of a ship's management are interwoven with great skill into a harmonious versification; and, in his description of the storm and of the catastrophe, the poet rises into sublimity, while the whole scene is mellowed by the most amiable and tender affections of humanity.

Falconer perished on board an East India merchantman, which was supposed to have foundered in the Indian Ocean.



THE SHIPWRECK.

(FROM CANTO III.)

BUT now Athenian mountains they descry,
And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high;
'Beside the Cape's projecting verge are placed
A range of columns long by time defac'd;
First planted by Devotion to sustain,
In elder times, Tritonia's sacred fane.
Foams the wild beach below with madd'ning rage,
Where waves and rocks a dreadful combat wage.
The sickly heaven, fermenting with its freight,
Still vomits o'er the main the feverish weight.

* * * * *

The vessel, while the dread event draws nigh,
Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly:
Fate spurs her on:—thus issuing from afar,
Advances to the sun some blazing star;
And, as it feels th' attraction's kindling force,
Springs onward with accelerated course.

* * * * *

In vain the cords and axes were prepar'd,
For now th' audacious seas insult the yard;
High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,
And o'er her burst in terrible cascade.
Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
Her shatter'd top half-buried in the skies,
Then headlong plunging, thunders on the ground,
Earth groans! air trembles! and the deeps resound!
Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,
And quivering with the wound, in torment reels;
So reels, convuls'd with agonizing throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murd'rer's blows;—
Again she plunges! hark! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock:
Down on the vale of Death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims, shuddering, roll their eyes
In wild despair; while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak:
Till like the mine, in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn, her frame divides,
And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the tides.

DR. JAMES BEATTIE.

1755—1803.

JAMES BEATTIE was of humble origin, being the son of a small farmer in the parish of Laurencekirk in Forfarshire, but he wrought himself up more by the sterling Christian qualities of his character, than by any attributes of the highest genius, to a most estimable position in the literary ranks of his country. "About the age of twenty-six he obtained the professorship of moral philosophy in Marischal College, Aberdeen." His early poetry did not give promise of very great eminence in the art, and he himself subsequently burned every copy of the edition on which he could lay his hands. His "Minstrel," exhibiting the development of the poetical faculty in the mind of a youthful genius, is a poem of great gracefulness and elegance, and is read with delight from the scholar-like beauty and correctness of its construction, though it does not reach the higher circle of the poetical idea. The poet and philosopher, after a life of exemplary Christian usefulness, died broken-hearted under the severe pressure of domestic afflictions, in the loss of his favorite children, and the incurable insanity of his wife.



THE HERMIT.

At the close of day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove;
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began:
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

"Ah! why, thus abandon'd to darkness and woe,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall!
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthrall.
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn;
O, sooth him whose pleasures like thine pass away:
Full quickly they pass, but they never return.

"Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays:
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendor again,
But man's faded glory, what change shall renew!
Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

"'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew:
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save.
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn!
O! when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!

"'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betray'd,
That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind:

My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me and sorrow behind.

'O pity, great Father of light,' then I cried,

'Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee;
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:

From doubt and from darkness thou only can'st free.'

"And darkness and doubt are now flying away;

No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn:

So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,

The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.

See Truth, Love, and Mercy in triumph descending,

And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!

On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending.

And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

MORNING LANDSCAPE.

(FROM THE "MINSTREL.")

EVEN now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,

As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,

Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,

Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,

A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are borne.

But who the melodies of morn can tell?

The wild brook bubbling down the mountain side;

The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crowned with her pail, the tripping milkmaid sings;
The whistling plowman stalks afield; and hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings;
Through the rustling corn the hare astonished springs;
Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whizzing wings,
Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tower.

JAMES MACPHERSON.

1738—1796.

JAMES MACPHERSON was born in Kingussie, a village in Inverness-shire, in 1738. He was intended for the church, and received the necessary education at Aberdeen. For a short time he taught the school of Ruthven, but subsequently became tutor in the family of Mr. Graham, of Balgowan. While in this position, he published a little volume of sixty pages, entitled *Fragments of Ancient Poetry*, translated from the Gaelic or Erse language, which attracted much attention. A subscription was at once organized to enable him to make a tour in the Highlands to collect other pieces. In 1762 he presented the world with *Fingal*, an ancient epic poem in six books; and in 1763 *Temora*, another epic poem in eight books. The sale of these works was immense. The possibility that, in the third or fourth century, among the wild rural mountains of Scotland, there existed a people exhibiting all the high and Christian feelings of refined valor, generosity, magnanimity and virtue, was eminently calculated to excite astonishment, while the idea that these poems had been handed down by tradition through so many centuries among rude and barbarous tribes, was no less astounding. Many doubted, others disbelieved, but a still greater number indulged the pleasing supposition that "Fingal fought and Ossian sung." In 1779 the poet purchased an estate in his native town, where he died on the 17th February, 1796, leaving a handsome fortune, which is still enjoyed by his family.

The fierce controversy that raged for some time as to the authenticity of the poems of Ossian, the incredulity of Johnson, and the

obstinate silence of Macpherson, are well known. There seems to be no doubt, that a great body of traditional poetry was floating over the Highlands, which Macpherson collected and wrought up into regular poems. How much of the published work is ancient, and how much fabricated, cannot now be ascertained. There is not a single line among the papers left by Macpherson that throws any light on the controversy.

Since the foregoing was written, the Editor of this volume has had such evidence placed before him as leave him no longer room to doubt that Ossian was a veritable person, and that Macpherson was, what he pretended to be, only a translator of the Gaelic poems of that remarkable poet. The Rev. John Thomson, of New York, has copies of many of these poems in the original Gaelic, which were taken down from the lips of those who had received them from their ancestors. Mr. Thomson has kindly furnished for this volume, at the request of the Editor, a sketch of his father-in-law, Dr. Ross, who made a translation in blank verse of many of the poems of Ossian, and also a specimen of this translation. For further information on this curious subject, the reader is referred to the sketch of Dr. Ross, on page 363.



OINA-MORUL.

ARGUMENT.—After an address to Malvina, the daughter of Toscar, Ossian proceeds to relate his own expedition to Fuärfed, an island of Scandinavia. Mal-orchol, king of Fuärfed, being hard pressed in war by Ton-thormod, chief of Sar-dronto (who had demanded in vain the daughter of Mal-orchol in marriage), Fingal sent Ossian to his aid. Ossian, on the day after his arrival, came to battle with Ton-thormod, and took him prisoner. Mal-orchol offers his daughter Oina-morul to Ossian; but he, discovering her passion for Ton-thormod, generously surrenders her to her lover, and brings about a reconciliation between the two kings.

As flies the inconstant sun over Larmon's grassy hill,
 so pass the tales of old along my soul by night! When
 bards are removed to their place, when harps are hung in
 Selma's hall, then comes a voice to Ossian, and awakes
 his soul! It is the voice of years that are gone! they
 roll before me with all their deeds! I seize the tales as
 they pass, and pour them forth in song. Nor a troubled

stream is the song of the king, it is like the rising of music from Lutha of the strings. Lutha of many strings, not silent are thy streamy rocks, when the white hands of Malvina move upon the harp! Light of the shadowy thoughts that fly across my soul, daughter of Toscar of helmets, wilt thou not hear the song? We call back, maid of Lutha, the years that have rolled away! It was in the days of the king, while yet my locks were young, that I marked Con-cathlin* on high, from ocean's nightly wave. My course was towards the isle of Fuärfed, woody dweller of seas! Fingal had sent me to the aid of Mal-orchol, king of Fuärfed wild: for war was around him, and our fathers had met at the feast.

In Col-coiled I bound my sails. I sent my sword to Mal-orchol of shells. He knew the signal of Albion, and his joy arose. He came from his own high hall, and seized my hand in grief. "Why comes the race of heroes to a falling king? Ton-thormod of many spears is the chief of wavy Sar-dronlo. He saw and loved my daughter, white-bosomed Oina-morul. He sought. I denied the maid, for our fathers had been foes. He came with battle to Fuärfed; my people are rolled away. Why comes the race of heroes to a fallen king?"

"I come not," I said, "to look, like a boy, on the strife. Fingal remembers Mal-orchol, and his hall for strangers. From his waves the warrior descended on thy woody isle:

* Con-cathlin, "mild beam of the wave." What star was so called of old is not easily ascertained. Some now distinguish the pole-star by that name.

thou wert no cloud before him. Thy feast was spread with songs. For this my sword shall rise, and thy foes perhaps may fail. Our friends are not forgot in their danger, though distant is our land."

"Descendant of the daring Trenmor, thy words are like the voice of Cruth-Loda, when he speaks from his parting cloud, strong dweller of the sky! Many have rejoiced at my feast; but they all have forgot Mal-orchol. I have looked towards all the winds, but no white sails were seen! but steel resounds in my hall, and not the joyful shells. Come to my dwelling, race of heroes! dark-skirted night is near. Hear the voice of songs from the maid of Fuärfed wild."

We went. On the harp arose the white hands of Oina-morul. She waked her own sad tale from every trembling string. I stood in silence; for bright in her locks was the daughter of many isles! Her eyes were two stars, looking forward through a rushing shower. The mariner marks them on high, and blesses the lovely beams. With morning we rushed to battle, to Tormul's resounding stream: the foe moved to the sound of Ton-thormod's bossy shield. From wing to wing the strife was mixed. I met Ton-thormod in fight. Wide flew his broken steel. I seized the king in war. I gave his hand, fast bound with thongs, to Mal-orchol, the giver of shells. Joy rose at the feast of Fuärfed, for the foe had failed. Ton-thormod turned his face away from Oina-morul of isles.

"Son of Fingal," began Mal-orchol, "not forgot shalt thou pass from me. A light shall dwell in thy ship, Oina-morul of slow-rolling eyes. She shall kindle gladness along thy mighty soul. Nor unheeded shall the maid move in Selma through the dwelling of kings."

In the hall I lay in night. Mine eyes were half closed in sleep. Soft music came to mine ears. It was like the rising breeze, that whirls at first the thistle's beard, then flies dark-shadowy over the grass. It was the maid of Fuärfed wild! she raised the nightly song; she knew that my soul was a stream that flowed at pleasant sounds. "Who looks," she said, "from his rock on ocean's closing mist? His long locks like the raven's wing, are wandering on the blast.—Stately are his steps in grief! The tears are in his eyes! His manly breast is heaving over his bursting soul! Retire, I am distant afar, a wanderer in lands unknown. Though the race of kings are around me, yet my soul is dark. Why have our fathers been foes, Ton-thormod, love of maids!"

"Soft voice of the streamy isle," I said, "why dost thou mourn by night? The race of daring Trenmor are not the dark in soul. Thou shalt not wander by streams unknown, blue-eyed Oina-morul! within this bosom is a voice: it comes not to other ears: it bids Ossian hear the hapless in their hour of woe. Retire, soft singer by night! Ton-thormod shall not mourn on his rock!"

With morning I loosed the king. I gave the long-haired maid. Mal-orchol heard my words in the midst

of his echoing halls. "King of Fuärfed wild, why should Ton-thormod mourn? He is of the race of heroes, and a flame in war. Your fathers have been foes, but now their dim ghosts rejoice in death. They stretch their hands of mist to the same shell in Loda. Forget their rage, ye warriors! It was the cloud of other years."

Such were the deeds of Ossian, while yet his locks were young; though loveliness, with a robe of beams, clothed the daughter of many isles. We call back, maid of Lutha, the years that have rolled away!



ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O THOU that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O Sun! thy everlasting light! Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave; but thou thyself movest alone. Who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years, the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven, but thou art forever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests, when thunder rolls and

WILL AND JEAN.

Part First.

WHa was ance like Willie Gairlace?
Wha in neeboring town or farm?
Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,
Deadly strength was in his arm!

Wha wi' Will could rin or wrastle?
Throw the sledge or toss the bar?
Hap what wou'd, he stood a castle,
Or for safety, or for war.

Warm his heart, and mild as manfu',
Wi' the bauld he bauld could be;
But to friends wha had their handfu',
Purse and service aye ware free.

Whan he first saw Jeanie Miller,
Wha wi Jeanie cou'd compare?—
Thousands had mair braws and siller,
But ware ony half sae fair?

Saft her smile raise like May morning,
Glinton owre Demait's brow;
Sweet! wi' opening charms adorning
Strevlin's lovely plains below!

Kind and gentle was her nature;
At ilk place she bore the bell;—
Sic a bloom, and shape, and stature!
But her look nae tongue can tell!

Sic was Jean whan Will first, mawing,
Spy'd her on a thraward beast;
Flew like fire, and, just whan fa'ing,
Kepp'd her on his manly breast,

Light he bare her, pale as ashes,
Cross the meadow, fragrant, green,
Plac'd her on the new-mawn rashes,
Watching sad her opening een.

Such was Will, when poor Jean, fainting,
Draught into a lover's arms;
Waken'd to his saft lamenting;
Sigh'd, and blush'd a thousand charms.

Soon they loo'd and soon ware buckl'd,
Nane took time to think and rue:—
Youth and worth and beauty coupl'd,
Luve had never less to do.

Three short years flew by fu' canty,
Jean and Will thought them but ane;
Ilka day brought joy and plenty,
Ilka year a dainty wean.



Will wrought sair, but aye wi' pleasure;
Jean the hale day span and sang;
Will and weans her constant treasure,—
Blest wi' them, nae day seem'd lang.

Trig her house, and oh! to busk aye
Ilk sweet bairn was a' her pride!
But at this time NEWS and WHISKY
Sprang nae up at ilk roadside.

Luckless was the hour whan Willie,
Hame returning frae the fair,
Ow'rtook Tam, a neebor billie,
Sax miles frae their hame and mair.

Simmer's heat had lost its fury;
Calmly smil'd the sober een;
Lasses on the bleachfield hurry,
Skelping bare-fit owre the green:

Labor rang wi' laugh and clatter,
Canty hairst was just begun,
And on mountain, tree, and water,
Glinted saft the setting sun.

Will and Tam, wi' hearts a' lowpin,
Markt the hale, but could nae bide;
Far frae hame, nae time for stopping,—
Baith wish'd for their ain fireside.

On they travell'd, warm and drouthy,
Cracking owre the news in town;
The mair they crack'd, the mair ilk youth aye
Pray'd for drink to wash news down.

Fortune, wha but seldom listens
To poor Merit's modest pray'r,
And on fools heaps needless blessings,
Harken'd to our drouthy pair.

In a howm, whase bonnie burnie
Whimperin row'd its crystal flood,
Near the road whar travellers turn aye,
Neat and bield a cot-house stood:

White the wa's wi' roof new theekit,
Window broads just painted red;
Lown 'mang trees and braes it reekit,
Hafins seen and hafins hid,

Up the gavel-end thick spreading,
Crap the clasping ivy green,
Back ower, firs the high craigs cleadin,
Rais'd a' round a cozey screen.

Down below, a flow'ry meadow
Join'd the burnie's rambling line;
Here it was that Howe, the widow,
That same day set up her sign.

Brattling down the brae, and near its
Bottom, Will first marv'ling sees,
"PORTER, ALE, and BRITISH SPIRITS,"
Painted bright between twa trees.

“Dear me, Tam! here’s walth for drinking!—
Wha can this new comer be!”—
“Hout!” quo’ Tam, “there’s drouth in thinking—
Let’s in, Will, and syne we’ll see.”

Nae mair time they took to speak or
Think of ought but reaming jugs,
Till three times in humming liquor,
Ilk lad deeply laid his lugs.

Slocken’d now, refreshed, and talking,
In cam Meg, (weel skill’d to please,)
“Sirs, ye’re surely tir’d wi’ walking—
Ye maun taste my bread and cheese.”

“Thanks,” quo’ Will, “I canna tarry,
Pick-mirk night is setting in;
Jean, poor thing’s, her lane, and eery—
I maun to the road and rin.”

“Hout!” quo’ Tam, “what’s a’ the hurry?
Hame’s now scarce a mile o’ gate—
Come, sit down—Jean winna wearie:
No, I’m sure its no sae late.”

Will o’ercome wi’ Tam’s oration,
Baith fell to and ate their fill:
“Tam,” quo’ Will, “in mere discretion,
We maun hae the widow’s gill.”

After ae gill cam anither—

Meg sat craking 'tween them twa;
Bang! cam in Mat Smith and's brither,
Geordie Brown and Sandy Shaw.

Neebors wha ne'er thought to meet here,
Now sat down wi' double glee;
Ilka gill grew sweet and sweeter,—
Will gat hame 'tween twa and three.

Jean, poor thing! had lang been greeting;
Will, neist morning, blam'd Tam Lowes:
But ere lang a weekly meeting
Was set up at Maggie Howe's.

Part Second.

Maist things hae a sma' beginning,
But wha kens how things will end?
Weekly clubs are nae great sinnin,
If folk hae enough to spend:

But nae man o' sober thinking
Ere will say that things can thrive,
If there's spent in weekly drinking,
What keeps wife and weans alive.

Drink maun aye hae *conversation*,
Ilka social soul allows;
But in this *reforming nation*,
Wha can speak without the NEWS?

News, first meant for State Physicians,
Deeply skill'd in courtly drugs,
Now *when a' are politicians*,
Just to set folk by the lugs—

Maggie's club, wha could get nae light
On some things that should be clear,
Found e'er lang the fau't, and ae night,
Clubb'd and gat the GAZETTEER.

Twice a week to Maggie's cot-house,
Swift by post the papers fled;
Thoughts spring up like plants in hot-house
Every time the news are read.

Ilk ane's wiser than anither,—
“Thing's are no ga'en right,” quo' Tam;
“Let us aftener meet thegither—
Hand me bye anither dram.”

See them now in grave convention,
To mak a thing square and even
Or at least wi' firm intention
To drink sax nights out o' seven.

'Mid this sitting up and drinkin,
Gathering a' the news that fell,
Will, wha was nae yet past thinkin,
Had some battles wi' himsel.

On ae hand, drink's deadly poison
Bare ilk firm resolve awa;
On the ither, Jean's condition
Rave his very heart in twa.

Weel he saw her smother'd sorrow;
Weel he saw her bleaching cheek;
Mark't the smile she strave to borrow,
When, poor thing, she could na speak!

Jean, at first, took little heed o'
Weekly clubs 'mang three or four,
Thought, kind soul! that Will had need o'
Heartsome hours when wark was owre.

But whan now that nightly meetings
Sat and drank frae sax till twa,
When she found that hard earn'd gettings
Now on drink ware thrown awa;

Saw her Will, wha ance sae cheerie
Raise ilk morning wi' the lark,
Now grown mauchless, dowf, and sweer aye
To look near his farm or wark;

Saw him tyne his manly spirit,
 Healthy bloom and sprightly ee;
And o' luv and hame grown wearit,
 Nightly frae his family flee;

Wha could blame her heart's complaining?
 Wha condemn her sorrows meek?
Or the tears that now ilk e'ening
 Bleach'd her lately crimson'd cheek?

Will, wha lang had ru'd and swither'd,
 (Aye asham'd o' past disgrace,)
Markt the roses as they wither'd
 Fast on Jeanie's lovely face?

Markt—and felt wi' inward racking
 A' the wyte lay wi' himsel,—
Swore neist night he'd make a breakin—
 Leave the club at hame to dwell.

But, alas! when habit's rooted,
 Few hae pith the root to pu';
Will's resolves war aye nonsuited,—
 Promis'd aye—but aye gat fu'.

Aye at first at the convening
 Moraliz'd on what was right;
Yet o'er clavers entertaining,
 Doz'd and drank till brade day-light.

Things at length drew near an ending;
Cash rins out; Jean quite unhappy,
Sees that Will is now past mending,
Tynes a' heart, and taks—a drappy.

Ilka drink deserves a posey;
Port maks men rude; *Claret* civil;
Beer mak's Britons stout and rosy;
Whisky maks ilk wife—a devil.

Jean, wha lately bare affliction
Wi' sae meek and mild an air,
School'd by whisky, learns new tricks soon,
Flytes, and storms, and rugs Will's hair.

Jean, sae late the tenderest mither,
Fond o' ilk dear dauted wean;
Now, heart hardened a' thegither,
Skelps them round frae morn till e'en.

Jean, wha, vogie, loo'd to busk aye
In her hame-spun, thrifty wark,
Now sells a' her braws for Whisky,
To her last gown, coat, and sark!

Robin Burns, in mony a ditty,
Loudly sings in Whisky's praise;
Sweet his sang—the mair's the pity
E'er on it he wared sic lays.

O' a' the ills poor Caledonia
E'er yet pree'd, or e'er will taste,
Brew'd in hell's black Pandemonia,
Whisky's ill will skaith her maist!

"Wha was ance like Willie Gairlace?
Wha in neeboring town or farm?
Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,
Deadly strength was in his arm.

When he first saw Jeanie Miller,
Wha wi' Jeanie could compare?
Thousand's had mair brows and siller,
But war ony half sae fair?"

See them *now*!—how chang'd wi' drinking!
A' their youthfu' beauty gane!
Daver'd, doited, daiz'd, and blinking—
Worn to perfect skin and bane!

In the cauld month o' November,
(Claise and cash and credit out,)
Cow'ring owre a dying ember,
Wi' ilk face as white's a clout!

Bond and bill and debts a' stoppit,
Ilka sheaf selt on the bent;
Cattle, beds, and blankets roupit,
Now to pay the laird his rent.

No anither night to lodge here?

No a friend their cause to plead!—
He ta'en on to be a sodger,
She wi' weans to beg her bread!

“O' a' the ills poor Caledonia
E'er yet pree'd, or e'er will taste,
Brew'd in hell's black Pandemonia,
Whisky's ill will skaith her maist!”



Part Third.

Oh! that folk wad weel consider
What it is to tyne a—Name,
What this warl is a' thegither,
If bereft of honest fame!

Poortith ne'er can bring dishonor,
Hardships ne'er breed Sorrow's smart,
If bright *Conscience* tak's upon her
To shed sunshine round the heart:

But, wi' a' that wealth can borrow,
Guilty Shame will aye look down;
What maun then, Shame, Want, and Sorrow,
Wandering sad frae town to town!

Jeanie Miller, ance sae cheerie,
Ance sae happy, good, and fair,
Left by Will, neist morning drearie
Taks the road o' black Despair.

Could the blast!—the day was sleeting;
Pouch and purse without a plack!
In ilk hand a bairnie greeting,
And the third tied on her back!

Wan her face! and lean and haggard!
Ance sae sonsy, ance sae sweet!
What a change!—unhoused and beggared,
Starving—without claise or meat?

Far frae ilk kent spot she wandered,
Skulking like a guilty thief;
Here and there, uncertain, daundered,
Stupefied wi' shame and grief:

But soon shame for bygane errors,
Fled owre fast for ee to trace,
Whan grim Death, wi' a' his terrors
Cam o'er ilk sweet bairnie's face!

Spent wi' toil, and cauld, and hunger,
Baith down drapt! and down Jean sat!
"Dais'd and doited" now nae langer,
Thought—and felt—and, bursting, grat.

Gloaming fast, wi' mirky shadow,
Crap o'er distant hill and plain;
Darkened wood, and glen, and meadow,
Adding fearfu' thoughts to pain!

Round and round, in wild distraction,
Jeanie turned her tearfu' ee!
Round and round for some protection!
Face nor house she could na see!

Dark and darker grew the night aye;
Loud and sair the cauld winds thud:
Jean now spied a sma' bit lightie
Blinking through a distant wood.

Up wi' frantic haste she started;
Cauld nor fear, she felt nae mair;
Hope, for ae bright moment, darted
Through the gloom o' dark Despair!

Fast o'er fallowed lea she brattled;
Deep she wade through bog and burn;
Sair wi' steep and craig she battled,
Till she reached the hoped sojourn,

Proud, 'mang scenes o' simple Nature,
Stately auld, a mansion stood
On a bank, whase sylvan feature,
Smiled out-o'er the roaring flood.

Summer here, in varied beauty,
Late her flowery mantle spread,
Where auld chesnut, aik, and yew-tree,
Mingling, lent their friendly shade:

Blasted now wi' Winter's ravage—
A' their gaudy livery cast;
Wood and glen, in wailings savage,
Howl and murmur to the blast.

Darkness stalked wi' fancy's terror;
Mountains moved and castle rocked!
Jean, half dead wi' toil and horror,
Reached the door, and loudly knocked.

"Wha thus loudly wakes the sleeping?"
Cried a voice wi' angry grane;—
"Help! oh help!" quo' Jeanie, weeping,
"Help my infants, or they're gane!

“Nipt wi’ cauld!—wi’ hunger fainting!

Baith lie speechless on the lea!

Help!” quo’ Jeanie, loud lamenting,

“Help my lammies! or they’ll die!”

“Wha thus travels, cauld and hungry,

Wi’ young bairns sae late at e’en?

Beggars!” cried the voice, mair angry,

“Beggars! wi’ their brats, I ween.

“Beggars *now*, alas! wha lately

Helpt the beggar and the poor!”

“Fye, gudeman!” cried ane, discreetly,

“Taunt na poortith at our door.

“Sic a night and tale thegither,

Plead for mair than Anger’s din:—

Rise, Jock!” cried the pitying mither,

“Rise, and let the wretched in!”

“Beggars now, alas! wha lately

Helpt the beggar and the poor!—”

“Enter!” quo’ the youth fu’ sweetly,

While up flew the open door.

“Beggar, or what else, sad mourner!

Enter without fear or dread;

Here, thank God! there’s aye a corner

To defend the houseless head!

“For your bairnies cease repining;
If in life, ye’ll see them soon.”
Aff he flew; and brightly shining,
Through the dark clouds brak the moon.

Part Fourth.

Here, for ae night’s kind protection,
Leave we Jean and weans awhile;
Tracing Will in ilk direction,
Far frae Britain’s fostering isle!

Far frae scenes o’ saft’ning pleasure,
Luve’s delights and Beauty’s charms;
Far frae friends and social leisure,
Plunged in murdering WAR’s alarms!

Is it Nature, Vice, or Folly,
Or Ambition’s feverish brain,
That sae aft, wi’ melancholy,
Turns, sweet PEACE! thy joys to pain?

Strips thee of thy robes o’ ermin,
(Emblems of thy spotless life,)
And on war’s grim look alarming,
Arms thee with the murd’rer’s knife!

A' thy gentle mind upharrows!
Hate, revenge, and rage appears!
And for hope and joy, (twin marrows,)
Leaves the mourner drowned in tears.

Willie Gairlace, without siller,
Credit, claise, or aught beside,
Leaves his ance-lov'd Jeanie Miller,
And sweet bairns, to warld wide!

Leaves his native, cozy dwellin,
Sheltered haughs and birken braes;
Greenswaird hows and dainty mealin,
Ance his profit, pride, and praise!

Deckt wi' scarlet, sword, and musket,
Drunk wi' dreams as fause as vain,
Fleeched and flattered, roosed and buskit,
Wow! but Will was wond'rous fain!

Rattling, roaring, swearing, drinking,
How could Thought her station keep?
Drams and drumming (faes to thinking)
Dozed Reflection fast asleep.

But in midst o' toils and dangers,
Wi' the cauld ground for his bed—
Compass'd round wi' faes and strangers—
Soon Will's dreams o' Fancy fled.

Led to Battle's blood-dy'd banners,
Waving to the widow's moan,
Will saw Glory's boasted honors
End in life's expiring groan!

Round Valenciennes' strong-wa'd city,
Thick o'er Dunkirk's fatal plain,
Will (though dauntless) saw wi' pity
Britain's valiant sons lie slain!

Fired by Freedom's burning fever,
Gallia strack Death's slaughtering knell,
Frae the Scheld to Rhine's deep river,
Britons fought—but Britons fell!

Fell unaided! though cemented
By the faith o' Friendship's laws;
Fell unpitied—unlamented!
Bleeding in a thankless cause!

In the thrang o' comrades deeing,
Fighting foremost o' them a',
Swift! Fate's winged ball cam fleeing,
And took Willie's leg awa!

Thrice frae aff the ground he started,
Thrice to stand he strave in vain;
Thrice, as fainting strength departed,
Sighed—and sank 'mang hundreds slain

Battle fast on battle raging,
Wed our stalwart youths awa';
Day by day fresh faes engaging,
Forced the weary back to fa'!

Driven at last frae post to pillar,
Left by friends wha ne'er prov'd true;
Trick't by knaves, wha *pouch'd our siller*,
What could worn-out valor do?

Myriads, dark lik gathering thunder,
Bursting, spread o'er land and sea:
Left alane, alas! nae wonder
Britain's sons were forced to flee!

Cross the Waal and Yssel frozen,
Deep through bogs and drifted snaw,
Wounded—weak—and spent! our chosen
Gallant men now faint and fa'!

On a cart wi' comrades bluiding,
Stiff wi' gore, and cauld as clay,
Without cover, bed, or bedding,
Five lang nights Will Gairlace lay!

In a sick-house, damp and narrow,
(Left behind, wi' mony mair,)
See Will next, in pain and sorrow,
Wasting on a bed of care.

Wounds, and pain, and burning fever,
Doctors cured wi' healing art;
Cured, alas!—but never, never
Cooled the fever at his heart!

For whan a' were sound and sleeping,
Still and on, baith ear' and late,
Will in briny grief lay steeping,
Mourning o'er his hapless fate!

A' his gowden prospects vanished!
A' his dreams o' warlike fame!
A' his glittering phantoms banished!
Will could think o' nought but hame!

Think o' nought but rural quiet,
Rural labor, rural ploys;
Far frae carnage, blood, and riot,
War, and a' its murdering joys!

Part Fifth.

Back to Britain's fertile garden,
Will's returned, (exchanged for faes,)
Wi' ae leg, and no ae farden,
Friend or credit, meat or claise.

Lang through county, burgh, and city,
Crippling on a wooden leg,
Gathering alms frae melting pity,
See! poor Gairlace forced to beg!

Placed at length on Chelsea's bounty,
Now to langer beg thinks shame,
Dreams ance mair o' smiling plenty—
Dreams o' former joys, and hame!

Hame! and a' its fond attractions!
Fast to Will's warm bosom flee;
While the thoughts o' dear connections
Swell his heart, and blind his ee.—

“Monster! wha could leave neglected
Three sma' infants and a wife,
Naked—starving—unprotected!
Them, too, dearer ance than life!

“Villain! wha wi' graceless folly,
Ruined her he ought to save!
Changed her joys to melancholy,
Beggary, and—perhaps a grave!”

Starting!—wi' Remorse distracted—
Crushed wi' Grief's increasing load,
Up he banged; and, sair afflicted,
Sad and silent took the road.

Sometimes briskly, sometimes flaggin,
Sometimes helpit, Will gat forth;
On a cart, or in a wagon,
Hirpling aye towards the North.

Tired ae e'ening, stepping hooly,
Pondering on his thraward fate,
In the bonny month o' July,
Willie, heedless, tint his gate.

Saft the southland breeze was blawing,
Sweetly sugh'd the green aik wood;
Loud the din o' streams fast fa'ing,
Strack the ear wi' thundering thud:

Ewes and lambs on braes ran bleeting;
Linties chirped on ilka tree;
Frae the West, the sun, near setting,
Flamed on Roslin's' towers sae hie!

Roslin's towers! and braes sae bonny!
Craigs and water! woods and glen!
Roslin's banks! unpeered by ony,
Save the muse's Hawthornden!¹

Ilka sound and charm delighting;
Will (though hardly fit to gang)

¹ Roslin Castle.

² The ancient seat of the celebrated poet, William Drummond, who flourished in 1585.

Wandered on through scenes inviting,
List'ning to the mavis' sang.

Faint at length, the day fast closing,
On a fragrant strawberry steep,
Esk's sweet stream to rest composing,
Wearied Nature drapt asleep.

"Soldier rise!—the dews o' e'ening
Gathering fa' wi' deadly skaith!—
Wounded soldier! if complaining,
Sleep na here, and catch your death.

"Traveller, waken!—night advancing,
Cleads wi' grey the neighboring hill;
Lambs nae mair on knows are dancing—
A' the woods are mute and still."

"What hae I," cried Willie, waking,
What hae I frae night to dree?
Morn, through clouds in splendor breaking,
Lights nae bright'ning hope to me.

"House, nor hame, nor farm, nor steddin!
Wife nor bairns hae I to see!
House nor hame, nor bed nor bedding!—
What hae I frae night to dree?"

"Sair, alas! and sad and many
Are the ills poor mortals share!—

Yet, though hame nor bed ye hae nae,
Yield na, Soldier, to despair!

“What’s this life, sae wae and wearie,
If Hope’s bright’ning beams should fail?
See! though night comes, dark and eerie,
Yon sma’ cot-light cheers the dale!

“There, though wealth and waste ne’er riot,
Humbler joys their comforts shed,
Labor—health—content and quiet—
Mourner! there ye’ll find a bed!

“Wife, ’tis true, wi’ bairnies smiling,
There, alas! ye need na seek—
Yet there bairns, ilk wae beguiling,
Paint wi’ smiles a mother’s cheek!

“A’ her earthly pride and pleasure
Left to cheer her widow’d lot!
A’ her warldly wealth and treasure
To adorn her lanely cot!

“Cheer! then Soldier! midst affliction
Bright’ning joys will aften shine;
Virtue aye claims Heaven’s protection—
Trust to Providence divine!”

Part Sixth.

Sweet as Rosebank's¹ woods and river,
Cool when summer's sunbeams dart,
Came ilk word, and cooled the fever
That lang burned at Willie's heart.

Silent stept he on, poor fallow!
Listening to his guide before,
O'er green know and flowery hallow,
Till they reached the cot-house door.

Laigh it was; yet sweet, though humble;
Deckt wi' honeysuckle round;
Clear below Esk's waters rumble,
Deep glens murmuring back the sound.

Melville's towers, sae white and stately,
Dim by gloaming, glint to view;
Through Lasswade's dark woods keek sweetly
Skies sae red and lift sae blue!

Entering now, in transport mingle,
Mother fond, and happy wean,
Smiling round a canty ingle,
Bleasing on a clean hearth-stane.

¹ Rosebank, near Roslin, the author's place of nativity.



“Soldier, welcome! come! be cheerie—
Here ye’s rest, and tak your bed—
Faint, waes me! ye seem and wearie,
Pale’s your cheek, sae lately red!”

“Changed I am,” sighed Willie till her;
“Changed nae doubt, as changed can be;
Yet, alas! does Jeanie Miller
Nought o’ Willie Gairlace see?”

Hae ye markt the dew’s o’ morning
Glittering in the sunny ray,
Quickly fa’, when, without warning,
Rough blasts came and shook the spray?

Hae ye seen the bird fast fleeting

Drap, when pierced by Death mair fleet!

Then see Jean wi' color deeing,

Senseless drap at Willie's feet!

After three lang years' affliction,

(A' their waes now hushed to rest,)

Jean ance mair, in fond affection,

Clasps her Willie to her breast.

Tells him a' her sad, sad sufferings!

How she wandered, starving poor,

Gleaning Pity's scanty offerings,

Wi' three bairns, from door to door!

How she served—and toiled—and fevered,

Lost her health, and syne her bread;

How that Grief, when scarce recovered,

Took her brain, and turned her head.

How she wandered round the county

Mony a live-lang night her lane;

Till at last an angel's bounty,

Brought her senses back again!

Gae her meat—and claise—and siller;

Gae her bairnies wark and lear;

Lastly, gae this cot-house till her,

Wi' four sterling pounds a year!

Willie, harkening, wiped his e'en aye;—

“Oh! what sins hae I to rue!

But say, wha's this angel, Jeanie?”

“Wha,” quo' Jeanie, “but Buccleugh!”

“Here, supported—cheered—and cherished,

Nine blest months I've lived and mair;

Seen these infants clad and nourished,

Dried my tears, and tint despair:

“Sometimes serving, sometimes spinning,

Light the lanesome hours gae round;

Lightly too ilk quarter rinning,

Brings yon angel's helping pound!”

“Eight pounds mair,” cried Willie, fondly,

“Eight pounds mair will do nae harm!

And, O Jean! gin friends were kindly,

Twall pounds soon might stock a farm.

“There, ance mair, to thrive by plewin,

Freed frae a' that peace destroys,

Idle waste and *drunken ruin!*

War, and a' its murdering joys!”

Thrice he kissed his lang-lost treasure;

Thrice ilk bairn—but could na speak;

Tears of love, and hope, and pleasure,

Streamed in silence down his cheek!

1 The Duchess of Buccleugh, the unwearied patroness and supporter of the afflicted and the poor.

MICHAEL BRUCE.

1746—1767.

MICHAEL BRUCE, a young Scottish poet of rich promise, was born at Kineswood, in Kinross-shire. His father was an humble tradesman—a weaver, who was burdened with a family of eight children, of whom the poet was the fifth. The dreariest poverty and obscurity hung over the infancy of the poet. His father was a good and pious man, and trained all his children to a knowledge of their letters, and a deep sense of religious duty. In the summer months Michael was put out to herd cattle. His education was retarded by this employment; but his training as a poet was benefited by solitary communion with nature, amidst scenery that overlooked Lochleven and its fine old ruined castle. At the age of fifteen he was left a legacy of eleven pounds, which was piously devoted to his education, and with which he proceeded to Edinburgh, and was enrolled as a student of the University. Here he was soon distinguished for proficiency in his studies, and for his taste for poetry. Having been three sessions at college, supported by his parents and kind friends, Bruce engaged in teaching school, for which service he received about eleven pounds per annum! His school-room was low-roofed and damp, and the poor youth, confined for five or six hours a day in this unwholesome atmosphere, depressed by poverty and disappointment, soon lost health and spirits. A pulmonary complaint settled on him, and he was forced to return to his father's cottage, which he never again left. With death full in his view, he wrote his *Elegy to Spring*, the finest of all his productions. He displayed the utmost cheerfulness to the last. After his death, his Bible, found

beneath his pillow, was marked at Jer. xxii. 10, "Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him."

The author of the "Genius of Scotland," Rev. R. Turnbull, says of him: "In his personal appearance he is said to have resembled Shelley; having yellowish curling hair, a long neck and narrow chest, skin white and shining, and his cheeks 'tinged with red rather than ruddy.' He was 'early smitten with the love of song,' and began occasionally to write verses. Possessed of a fine musical ear, he was impatient to get hold of all sorts of old ballads and songs; and while the other children of the village or school were amusing themselves with play, or spending their money on trash, he was poring with delighted eyes over 'Chevy Chase,' or 'The Flowers of the Forest.' When he had made himself familiar with the music and sentiments of these ballads, he would endeavor 'to supply his lack of novelty with verses of his own.' It is in this way, probably, that his fine ballad of 'Sir James the Rose,' and some of his pastorals, originated."



SIR JAMES THE ROSE.

OF all the Scottish northern chiefs,
Of high and warlike name,
The bravest was Sir James the Rose,
A knight of meikle fame.

His growth was as the tufted fir,
That crowns the mountain's brow;
And, waving o'er his shoulders broad,
His locks of yellow flew.

The chieftain of the brave clan Ross,
A firm undaunted band;
Five hundred warriors drew their sword,
Beneath his high command.

In bloody fight thrice had he stood,
Against the English keen,
Ere two and twenty opening springs
This blooming youth had seen.

The fair Matilda dear he loved,
A maid of beauty rare;
Ev'n Margaret on the Scottish throne
Was never half so fair.

Lang had he wooed, lang she refused,
With seeming scorn and pride;
Yet aft her eyes confessed the love
Her fearful words denied.

At last she blessed his well-tried faith,
Allowed his tender claim:
She vowed to him her virgin heart,
And owned an equal flame.

Her father, Buchan's cruel lord,
Their passion disapproved;
And bade her wed Sir John the Graeme,
And leave the youth she loved.

Ae nicht they met, as they were wont,
Deep in a shady wood,
Where, on a bank beside a burn,
A blooming saugh-tree stood.

Concealed among the underwood,
The crafty Donald lay,
The brother of Sir John the Graeme;
To hear what they would say.

When thus the maid began: "My sire
Your passion disapproves,
And bids me wed Sir John the Graeme;
So here must end our loves.

"My father's will must be obeyed;
Nocht boots me to withstand;
Some fairer maid, in beauty's bloom,
Must bless thee with her hand.

"Matilda soon shall be forgot,
And from thy mind effaced:
But may that happiness be thine,
Which I can never taste."

"What do I hear? Is this thy vow?"
Sir James the Rose replied:
"And will Matilda wed the Graeme,
Though sworn to be my bride?"

“His sword shall sooner pierce my heart
Than reave me of thy charms.”

Then clasped her to his beating breast,
Fast lock'd into his arms.

“I spake to try thy love,” she said;

“I'll ne'er wed man but thee:

My grave shall be my bridal bed,
Ere Graeme my husband be.

“Take then, dear youth, this faithful kiss,
In witness of my truth;

And every plague become my lot,
That day I break my oath!”

They parted thus: the sun was set:

Up hasty Donald flies;

And, “Turn thee, turn thee, beardless youth!”
He loud insulting cries.

Soon turn'd about the fearless chief,

And soon his sword he drew;

For Donald's blade, before his breast,
Had pierced his tartans through.

“This for my brother's slighted love;
His wrongs sit on my arm.”

Three paces back the youth retired,
And saved himself from harm.

Returning swift, his hand he reared,
Frae Donald's head above,
And through the brain and crashing bones
His sharp-edged weapon drove.

He staggering reeled, then tumbled down,
A lump of breathless clay:
"So fall my foes!" quoth valiant Rose,
And stately strode away.

Through the green-wood he quickly hied,
Unto Lord Buchan's hall;
And at Matilda's window stood,
And thus began to call:

"Art thou asleep, Matilda dear?
Awake, my love, awake!
Thy luckless lover on thee calls,
A long farewell to take.

"For I have slain fierce Donald Graeme;
His blood is on my sword:
And distant are my faithful men,
Nor can assist their lord.

"To Skye I'll now direct my way,
Where my two brothers hide,
And raise the valiant of the Isles,
To combat on my side."

"O do not so," the maid replies;
"With me till morning stay;
For dark and dreary is the night,
And dangerous the way.

"All night I'll watch thee in the park;
My faithful page I'll send,
To run and raise the Ross's clan,
Their master to defend."

Beneath a bush he laid him down,
And wrapped him in his plaid;
While, trembling for her lover's fate,
At distance stood the maid.

Swift ran the page o'er hill and dale,
Till, in a lonely glen,
He met the furious Sir John Graeme,
With twenty of his men.

"Where go'st thou, little page?" he said;
"So late who did thee send?"
"I go to raise the Ross's clan,
Their master to defend;

"For he hath slain Sir Donald Graeme;
His blood is on his sword:
And far, far distant are his men,
That should assist their lord."

"And has he slain my brother dear?"

The furious Graeme replies:

"Dishonor blast my name, but he

By me, ere morning, dies!

"Tell me where is Sir James the Rose;

I will thee well reward."

"He sleeps into Lord Buchan's park;

Matilda is his guard."

They spurred their steeds in furious mood,

And scoured along the lee;

They reached Lord Buchan's lofty towers,

By dawning of the day.

Matilda stood without the gate;

To whom the Graeme did say,

"Saw ye Sir James the Rose last night?

Or did he pass this way?"

"Last day, at noon," Matilda said,

Sir James the Rose passed by:

He furious pricked his sweaty steed,

And onward fast did hie.

"By this he is at Edinburgh,

If horse and man hold good."

"Your page, then, lied, who said he was

Now sleeping in the wood."

She wrung her hands, and tore her hair:

“Brave Rose, thou art betrayed;
And ruined by those means,” she cried,
“From whence I hoped thine aid!”

By this the valiant knight awoke;
The virgin’s shrieks he heard;
And up he rose and drew his sword,
When the fierce band appeared.

“Your sword last night my brother slew.
His blood yet dims its shine:
And, ere the setting of the sun,
Your blood shall reek on mine.”

“You word it well,” the chief replied;
“But deeds approve the man:
Set by your band, and, hand to hand,
We’ll try what valor can.

“Oft boasting hides a coward’s heart;
My weighty sword you fear,
Which shone in front of Flodden field,
When you kept in the rear.”

With dauntless step he forward strode,
And dared him to the fight:
But Graeme gave back, and feared his arm;
For well he knew its might.

Four of his men, the bravest four,
Sunk down beneath his sword:
But still he scorned the poor revenge,
And sought their haughty lord.

Behind him basely came the Graeme,
And pierc'd him in the side;
Out spouting came the purple tide,
And all his tartans dyed.

But yet his sword quat not the grip,
Nor dropt he to the ground,
Till through his enemy's heart his steel
Had forced a mortal wound.

Graeme, like a tree with wind o'erthrown,
Fell breathless on the clay;
And down beside him sank the Rose,
And faint and dying lay.

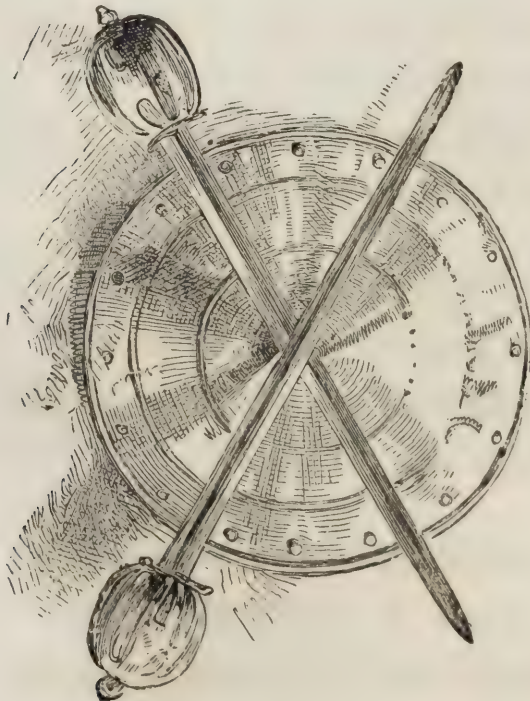
The sad Matilda saw him fall:
"Oh, spare his life!" she cried;
"Lord Buchan's daughter begs his life;
Let her not be denied!"

Her well-known voice the hero heard;
He raised his death-closed eyes,
And fixed them on the weeping maid,
And weakly thus replies:

"In vain Matilda begs the life,
By death's arrest denied:
My race is run—adieu, my love—"
Then closed his eyes and died.

The sword, yet warm, from his left side
With frantic hand she drew:
"I come, Sir James the Rose," she cried;
"I come to follow you!"

She leaned the hilt against the ground,
And bared her snowy breast;
Then fell upon her lover's face,
And sunk to endless rest.



TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee,
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet,
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy wandering through the wood,
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts the new voice of spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy local vale,

Another guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.





ELEGY WRITTEN IN SPRING.

'Tis past: the iron North has spent his rage;
Stern Winter now resigns the lengthening day;
The stormy howlings of the winds assuage,
And warm o'er ether western breezes play.

Of genial heat and cheerful light the source,
From southern climes, beneath another sky,
The sun, returning, wheels his golden course:
Before his beams all noxious vapors fly.

Far to the north grim Winter draws his train,
To his own clime, to Zembla's frozen shore;
Where, throned on ice, he holds eternal reign;
Where whirlwinds madden, and where tempests roar

Loosed from the bands of frost, the verdant ground
Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,
Again puts forth her flowers; and all around
Smiling, the cheerful face of spring is seen.

Behold! the trees new deck their withered boughs;
The ample leaves, the hospitable plane,
Their taper elm, and lofty ash disclose;
The blooming hawthorn variegates the scene.

The lily of the vale, of flowers the queen,
Puts on the robe she neither sewed nor spun;
The birds on ground, or on the branches green,
Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun,

Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,
From her low nest the tufted lark upsprings;
And, cheerful singing, up the air she steers;
Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she sings

On the green furze, clothed o'er with golden blooms
That fill the air with fragrance all around,
The linnet sits, and tricks his glossy plumes,
While o'er the wild his broken notes resound.

While the sun journeys down the western sky,
Along the green sward, marked with Roman mound,
Beneath the blithesome shepherd's watchful eye,
The cheerful lambkins dance and frisk around.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love,
Who love to walk in Virtue's flowery road,
Along the lovely paths of spring to rove,
And follow Nature up to Nature's God.



Thus Zoroaster studied Nature's laws;
Thus Socrates, the wisest of mankind;
Thus heaven-taught Plato traced the Almighty cause,
And left the wondering multitude behind.

Thus Ashley gathered academic bays;
Thus gentle Thomson, as the seasons roll,
Taught them to sing the great Creator's praise,
And bear their poet's name from pole to pole.

Thus have I walked along the dewy lawn ;
My frequent foot the blooming wild hath worn ;
Before the lark I've sung the beauteous dawn,
And gathered health from all the gales of morn.

And, even when winter chilled the aged year,
I wandered lonely o'er the hoary plain :
Though frosty Boreas warned me to forbear,
Boreas, with all his tempests, warned in vain.

Then, sleep my nights, and quiet blessed my days ;
I feared no loss, my mind was all my store ;
No anxious wishes e'er disturbed my ease ;
Heaven gave content and health—I asked no more.

Now, Spring returns ; but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known ,
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shivering in the inconstant wind,
Meager and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclined,
And count the silent moments as they pass :

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest ;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them at rest.

Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate ;
And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true ;
Led by pale ghosts, I enter Death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of life and light adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe ;
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly sleep below,
Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
Enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the shut of eve,
When sleep sits dewy on the laborer's eyes ;
The world and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with Wisdom where my Daphne lies.

There let me sleep, forgotten in the clay,
When death shall shut these weary, aching eyes :
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

(FROM A LONG POEM ENTITLED "LOCHLEVEN.")

“How blest the man, who, in these peaceful plains,
Ploughs his paternal field; far from the noise,
The care and bustle of a busy world!
All in the sacred, sweet, sequestered vale
Of solitude, the secret primrose path
Of rural life he dwells; and with him dwells
Peace and content, twins of the sylvan shade,
And all the graces of the golden age.
Such is Agricola, the wise, the good,
By nature formed for the calm retreat,
The silent path of life. Learned, but not fraught
With self-importance, as the starched fool
Who challenges respect by solemn face,
By studied accent, and high-sounding phrase,
Enamored of the shade, but not morose,
Politeness raised in courts by frigid rules
With him spontaneous grows. Not books alone,
But man his study, and the better part;
To tread the ways of virtue, and to act
The various scenes of life with God’s applause.

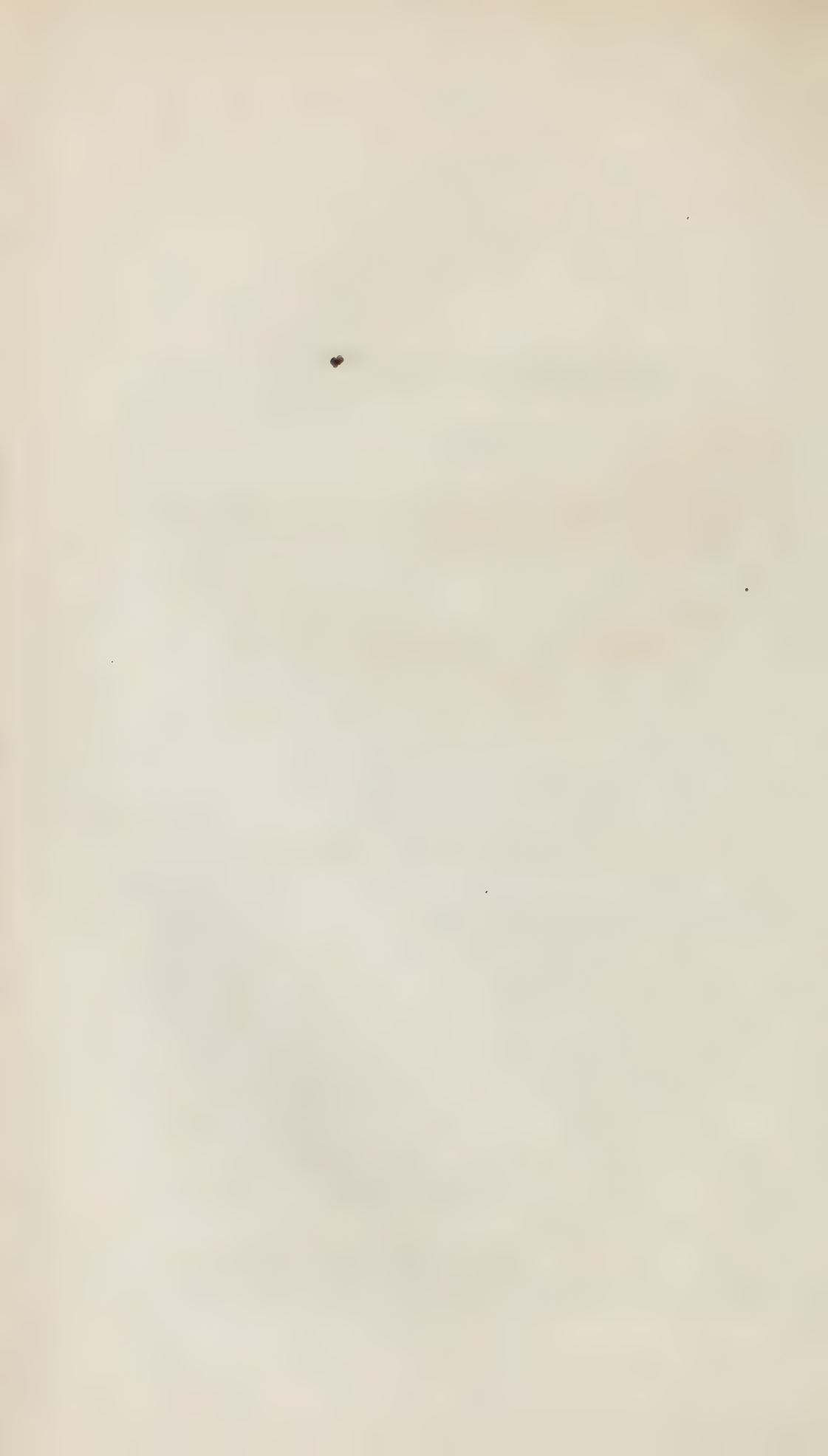
JOHN LOGAN.

1748—1788.

JOHN LOGAN was born at Soutra, in the parish of Fala, Mid Lothian. His father, a small farmer, educated him for the church, and, after he had obtained a license to preach, he distinguished himself so much for pulpit eloquence, that he was appointed one of the ministers of South Leith. He published some poems in 1781, which were well received, and in 1783 he produced the tragedy of *Runnimeide*, founded on the signing of the Magna Charta. His parishoners were opposed to such an exercise of his talents, and unfortunately Logan had lapsed into irregular and dissipated habits. The consequence was, that he resigned his charge on receiving a small annuity, and proceeded to London, where he resided till his death, in 1788.

One act in Logan's life casts a shade over his literary character, we refer to his editorial supervision of the poems of his friend Michael Bruce. He left out several pieces by Bruce, and, as he states in his preface, "to make up a miscellany," poems by different authors were inserted. Many of these he claimed, and published afterwards as his own. With respect to the best of the disputed pieces, "The Ode to the Cuckoo," whose "magical stanzas of picture, melody and sentiment," as D'Israeli calls them, have been so much admired, we think there is sufficient evidence to show that it was written by Bruce. It is unfavorable for the case of Logan that he retained some of the manuscripts of Bruce, and his conduct through the whole affair was careless and unsatisfactory.

That Logan was a man of genius, both his published sermons, which have been exceedingly popular, and his poems, sufficiently testify.





THE BRAES OF YARROW.

“THY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream!

When first on them I met my lover;

Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream!

When now thy waves his body cover!

Forever now, O Yarrow stream!

Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;

For never on thy banks shall I

Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

“He promised me a milk-white steed,

To bear me to his father's bowers;

He promised me a little page,
To squire me to his father's towers;
He promised me a wedding-ring,—
The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow;—
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas! his watery grave, in Yarrow!

“Sweet were his words when last we met,
My passion I as freely told him!
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him!
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow!

“His mother from the window look'd,
With all the longing of a mother;
His little sister weeping walk'd
The green-wood path to meet her brother;
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow!

“No longer from thy window look,
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!
No longer walk, thou lovely maid!
Alas! thou hast no more a brother!

No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the forest thorough;
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corpse in Yarrow.

“The tear shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow;
I’ll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I’ll sleep in Yarrow.”
The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.



THE PRAYER OF JACOB.

O God of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:
Our vows, our pray’rs, we now present
Before thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wand'ring footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
O spread thy cov'ring wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble pray'rs implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

J E S U S C H R I S T .

WHERE high the heav'nly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The guardian of mankind appears.
He who for men their surety stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heav'n his mighty plan,
The Saviour and the friend of man.

Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
Our fellow-suff'rer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, his agonies and cries.

In ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the suff'rer sends relief.
With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aids of heav'nly pow'r
To help us in the evil hour.



THE REIGN OF MESSIAH.

BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain-tops above the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.

To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to his house we'll go.

The beam that shines from Zion's hill
Shall lighten ev'ry land;
The King who reigns in Salem's tow'rs
Shall all the world command.
Among the nations he shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.

No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.
No longer hosts encount'ring hosts
Shall crowds of slain deplore:
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

Come then, O house of Jacob! come
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

• THE hour of my departure's come;
I hear the voice that calls me home,
At last, O Lord! let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.
The race appointed I have won;
The combat's o'er, the prize is won;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.

Not in mine innocence I trust;
I bow before thee in the dust;
And through my Saviour's blood alone
I look for mercy at thy throne.
I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I held so dear;
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a friend.

I come, I come, at thy command,
I give my spirit to thy hand;
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.

The hour of my departure's come;
I hear the voice that calls me home;
Now, O my God! let trouble cease;
Now let thy servant die in peace.

ON THE DEATH OF CHRISTIAN FRIENDS.

TAKE comfort, Christians, when your friends
In Jesus fall asleep;
Their better being never ends;
Why then dejected weep?
Why inconsolable, as those
To whom no hope is giv'n,
Death is the messenger of peace,
And calls the soul to heav'n.

As Jesus died, and rose again
Victorious from the dead;
So his disciples rise, and reign
With their triumphant Head.
The time draws nigh, when from the clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend,
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heav'ns and earth shall rend.

Then they who live shall changed be,
And they who sleep shall wake;
The graves shall yield their ancient charge,
And earth's foundations shake.
The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high;
The heav'nly hosts with praises loud
Shall meet them in the sky.

Together to their Father's house
With joyful hearts they go;
And dwell forever with the Lord,
Beyond the reach of woe.
A few short years of evil past,
We reach the happy shore,
Where death-divided friends at last
Shall meet, to part no more.



THE COMPLAINT OF NATURE.

FEW are thy days, and full of woe,
O man, of woman born!
Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return."

Behold the emblem of thy state
In flow'rs that bloom and die,
Or in the shadow's fleeting form,
That mocks the gazer's eye.

Guilty and frail, how shalt thou stand
Before thy sov'reign Lord?
Can troubled and polluted springs
A hallow'd stream afford?
Determin'd are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;
The number'd hour is on the wing
That lays thee with the dead.

Great God! afflict not in thy wrath
The short allotted span,
That bounds the few and weary days
Of pilgrimage to man.
All nature dies, and lives again;
The flow'r that paints the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield,

Resign the honors of their form
At Winter's stormy blast,
And leave the naked leafless plain
A desolated waste.

Yet soon reviving plants and flow'rs
Anew shall deck the plain;
The woods shall hear the voice of Spring,
And flourish green again.

But man forsakes this earthly scene,
Ah! never to return:
Shall any foll'wing spring revive
The ashes of the urn?
The mighty flood that rolls along
Its torrents to the main,
Can ne'er recall its waters lost
From that abyss again.

So days, and years, and ages past,
Descending down to night,
Can henceforth never more return
Back to the gates of light
And man, when laid in lonesome grave,
Shall sleep in Death's dark gloom,
Until th' eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.

O may the grave become to me
The bed of peaceful rest,
Whence I shall gladly rise at length,
And mingle with the blest!

Cheer'd by this hope, with patient mind,
I'll wait Heav'n's high decree,
Till the appointed period come,
When death shall set me free.



G O D.

WHO can resist th' Almighty arm
That made the starry sky?
Or who elude the certain glance
Of God's all-seeing eye?
From him no covering veils our crimes;
Hell opens to his sight;
And all Destruction's secret snares
Lie full disclos'd in light.

Firm on the boundless void of space
He pois'd the steady pole,
And in the circle of his clouds
Bade secret waters roll.
While nature's universal frame
Its Maker's pow'r reveals,
His throne, remote from mortal eyes,
An awful cloud conceals.

From where the rising day ascends,
To where it sets in night,
He compasses the floods with bounds,
And checks their threat'ning might.
The pillars that support the sky
Tremble at his rebuke;
Through all its caverns quakes the earth
As though its centre shook.

He brings the waters from their beds,
Although no tempest blows,
And smites the kingdom of the proud
Without the hand of foes.
With bright inhabitants above
He fills the heav'nly land,
And all the crooked serpent's breed
Dismay'd before him stand.

Few of his works can we survey;
These few our skill transcend:
But the full thunder of his pow'r
What heart can comprehend?

H E A V E N L Y W I S D O M .

O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice;
And who celestial Wisdom makes
His early, only choice.
For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy days;
Riches, with splendid honors join'd,
Are what her left displays.
She guides the young with innocence,
In pleasure's paths to tread,
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labors rise.
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

ROBERT BURNS.

1759—1796.

ROBERT BURNS was born near Ayr, in the yet-venerated clay-built cottage which his father's hands had constructed. Reared amidst a religious and virtuous household's struggles with poverty and toil, he enjoyed little even of the ordinary education of a Scottish peasant. A smattering of French, a little mathematics, some half dozen English authors, some exercise in local debating clubs, the fireside religious instruction of his father, the songs of his mother, and the traditional legends of an old female domestic,—these constituted the early intellectual stock in trade of the ploughman poet. From his youth song burst from him uncontrollably. A nature susceptible, wayward, impetuous, proud, and, even in youth, shadowed with hypochondria, could not give promise of a life of prudence and steadiness. His father had died in embarrassment and distress; a farm leased by Robert and his brother Gilbert was, like the family's former agricultural speculations, totally unsuccessful; this, combined with the consequences of the poet's own indiscretion or criminality, forced him to think of seeking a more propitious fortune in the West Indies. The publication of his poems at Kilmarnock had, however, blown his reputation to Edinburgh. On the point of embarking for Jamaica, he was advised to try what patronage and fame might do for him in the Scottish capital. He was received with unbounded applause by rank and learning; nor was his bearing or his conversation unworthy of the spheres in which he mingled; nobility owned the title of low-born genius to a patent to higher respect than birth can confer; and learning was amazed by the power of the gigantic judgment, the untaught eloquence, and the

splendid wit, that enabled the unacademic rustic to cope with her acquirements. The Edinburgh edition of his poems yielded the poet, it is said, nearly £900. Rescued thus from poverty, he retired to the farm of Elliesland on the Nith in Dumfriesshire, with his wife (formerly Miss Armour—"Bonnie Jean") and her four children. The disadvantages of his farm, added to his own careless management, compelled him in two or three years to throw up his lease, and rely on the prospect of promotion in the excise, in which he had procured an humble situation. The jealousy excited by some parts of his conduct, by former satires on the royal family, and by imprudent political *jeux-d'esprit*, prevented his advancement. Meanwhile, his health was daily undermined by dissipation—a dissipation no doubt increased by the nature of his profession, and by the importunities of hundreds who sought him for the charms of his conversation. He died at Dumfries in utter poverty, but without one farthing of debt. The sorrow of his country was universal. The mausoleums erected to his memory would have amply "stowed his pantry;" the patronage denied to the unfortunate poet has been generously extended to his family.

Professor Wilson, in his eloquent Essay on the Life and Genius of Burns, speaking of his closing days, remarks:—"But he had his Bible with him in his lodgings, and he read it almost continually—often when seated on a bank, from which he had difficulty in rising without assistance, for his weakness was extreme, and in his emaciation he was like a ghost. The fire of his eye was not dimmed—indeed fever had lighted it up beyond even its natural brightness; and though his voice, once so various, was now hollow, his discourse was still that of a poet. To the last he loved the sunshine, the grass, and the flowers; to the last he had a kind look and word for the passers-by, who all knew it was Burns. Laboring men, on their way from work, would step aside to the two or three houses called the Brow, to know if there was any hope of his life; and it is not to be doubted that devout people remembered him, who had written the *Cotter's Saturday Night* in their prayers. His sceptical doubts no longer troubled him; they had never been more than shadows; and he had at last the faith of a confiding Christian."



THE COIJAR'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure,
 Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.—GAY.

MY lov'd, my honor'd, much respected friend!
 No mercenary bard his homage pays;
 With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise;
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequestered scene;

The native feelings strong, the guileless ways,
What Aiken in a cottage would have been :
Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween !

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sough ;
The shortening winter-day is near a close ;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh ;
The blackening train o' craws to their repose :
The toil-worn Cottar frae his labor goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher through
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drappin' in,
At service out amang the farmers roun' ;
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town :

Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,
Or deposit her sair-worn penny fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
And each for other's welfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
Each tells the uncoss that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopefu' years:
Anticipation forward points the view:
The Mother, wi' her needle and her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The Father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's and their mistress's command
The youngers a' are warned to obey;
And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
And ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk or play;
"And O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
And mind your duty duly morn and night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore His counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright."

But, hark! a rap comes gently to the door:
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,

Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees a conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
Wi' heart-struck anxious care inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak,
Weel-pleas'd the mother hears it's nae wild worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben:
A strappan youth; he taks the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen;
The father cracks o' horses, pleughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
But mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave;
Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy love, where love like this is found!
O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
And sage Experience bids me this declare:
"If Heav'n a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening
gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—

A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!

That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring heart,

Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?

Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth!

Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?

Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,

Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?

Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild.

But now the supper crowns their simple board,

The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food;

The soup their only hawkie does afford,

That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cud:

The dame brings forth in complimentary mood,

To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck fell,

And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it gude;

The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,

How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,

They round the ingle form a circle wide;

The sire turns o'er wi' patriarchal grace,

The big Ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride:

His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,

His lyart haffets wearin' thin and bare;

Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care,
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy o' the name;
Or noble Elgin beets the heav'nward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compar'd wi' these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they wi' our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or, rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire:
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head;

How His first followers and servants sped,
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's
command.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband, prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days;
There, ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
The Pow'r, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear well-pleas'd the language of the soul;
And in his book of life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their several way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest,

The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request,
That He, who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide:
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God;"
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil;
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
When, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide,
That stream'd through Wallace's undaunted heart;
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God peculiarly Thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard.

FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE.

FAREWELL old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare;
Farewell, the bonnie banks of Ayr!

HIGHLAND MARY.

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flow'rs,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry!
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder:

But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower so early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now those rosy lips,
I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly;
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

VERSES

LEFT AT A FRIEND'S HOUSE IN THE ROOM WHERE THE AUTHOR SLEPT.

O THOU dread Pow'r, who reign'st above!
I know thou wilt me hear;
When for this scene of peace and love,
I make my pray'r sincere.

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long, be pleas'd to spare!

To bless his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
With tender hopes an' fears,
O bless her with a mother's joys,
But spare a mother's tears!

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth
In manhood's dawning blush;
Bless him, thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish!

The beauteous, seraph sister-band
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on every hand,
Guide thou their steps alway:

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driv'n,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A family in heav'n!

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU lingering star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn;
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast;
That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface,
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!
Ayr gurgling kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning, green:
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd amorous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,

Till too, too soon, the glowing west,
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.
Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

JAMES GRAHAM.

1765—1811.

THE Rev. James Graham was born in Glasgow. He studied the law, and practiced at the Scottish bar for several years, but afterwards took orders in the Church of England, and was successively curate of Shipton and Sedgefield. Ill health compelled him to abandon his curacy, where his virtues and talents had attracted notice, and rendered him a popular and useful preacher, and on revisiting Scotland, he died on the 14th September, 1811. "The Sabbath" is the best of his productions. There is no author, excepting Burns, whom an intelligent Scotchman, residing abroad, would read with more delight than Graham. He paints the charms of a retired cottage life, the sacred calm of a Sabbath morning, a walk in the fields, or even a bird's nest, with such unfeigned delight and accurate observation, that the reader is constrained to see and feel with the writer.

On the first publication of the Sabbath, which was issued anonymously, none of his family were acquainted with the secret of its composition. He took a copy home with him one day, and left it on the table. His wife began reading it, while the sensitive author walked up and down the room. At length she broke out into praise of the little volume, adding, "Oh, James, if you could but produce a poem like this!" The joyful acknowledgment of his being the author was then made, no doubt with the most exquisite pleasure on both sides.

ARGUMENT.

Description of a Sabbath morning in the country.—The laborer at home.—The town mechanic's morning walk;—his meditation.—The sound of bells.—Crowd proceeding to Church.—Interval before the service begins.—Scottish service.—English service.—Scriptures read.—The organ, with the voices of the people.—The sound borne to the sick man's couch:—his wish.—The worship of God in the solitude of the woods.—The shepherd boy among the hills.—People seen on the heights returning from Church.—Contrast of the present times with those immediately preceding the Revolution.—The persecution of the Covenanters:—A Sabbath conventicle:—Cameron:—Renwick:—Psalms.—Night conventicles during storms.—A funeral according to the rites of the Church of England.—A female character.—The Suicide.—Expostulation.—The incurable of an hospital.—A prison scene.—Debtors.—Divine service in the prison-hall.—Persons under sentence of death.—The public guilt of inflicting capital punishments on persons who have been left destitute of religious and moral instruction.—Children proceeding to a Sunday school.—The father.—The impress.—Appeal on the indiscriminate severity of criminal law.—Comparative mildness of the Jewish law.—The year of Jubilee.—Description of the commencement of the jubilee.—The sound of the trumpets through the land.—The bondman and his family returning from their servitude to take possession of their inheritance.—Emigrants to the wilds of America.—Their Sabbath worship.—The whole inhabitants of Highland districts who have emigrated together, still regret their country.—Even the blind man regrets the objects with which he had been conversant.—An emigrant's contrast between the tropical climates and Scotland.—The boy who had been born on the voyage.—Description of a person on a desert island.—His Sabbath.—His release.—Missionary ship.—The Pacific Ocean.—Defence of Missionaries.—Effects of the conversion of the primitive Christians.—Transition to the slave trade.—The Sabbath in a slave ship.—Appeal to England on the subject of her encouragement to this horrible complication of crimes.—Transition to war.—Unfortunate issue of the late war—in France—in Switzerland.—Apostrophe to TELL.—The attempt to resist too late.—The treacherous foes already in possession of the passes.—Their devastating progress.—Desolation.—Address to Scotland.—Happiness of seclusion from the world.—Description of a Sabbath evening in Scotland.—Psalmody.—An aged man.—Description of an industrious female reduced to poverty by old age and disease.—Disinterested virtuous conduct to be found chiefly in the lower walks of life.—Test of charity in the opulent.—Recommendation to the rich to devote a portion of the Sabbath to the duty of visiting the sick.—Invocation to Health—to Music.—The Beguine nuns.—Lazarus.—The Resurrection.—Dawnings of faith.—Its progress.—Consummation.

THE SABBATH.

How still the morning of the hallow'd day!
Mute is the voice of rural labor, hush'd
The ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yester-morn bloom'd waving in the breeze.
Sounds the most faint attract the ear—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating midway up the hill.
Calmness sits throned on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen;
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,
The voice of psalms—the simple song of praise.
With dove-like wings, Peace o'er yon village broods;
The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din

Hath ceased; all, all around is quietness.
Less fearful on this day, the limping hare
Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,
Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large;
And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.

But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
On other days the man of toil is doom'd
To eat his joyless bread, lonely; the ground
Both seat and board; screen'd from the winter's cold
And summer's heat, by neighboring hedge or tree;
But on this day, embosom'd in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves he shares the heart-felt joy
Of giving thanks to God—not thanks of form,
A word and a glance, but rev'rently,
With cover'd face and upward earnest eye.

Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air, pure from the city's smoke;
While, wandering slowly up the river side,
He meditates on Him, whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around its roots; and while he thus surveys,
With elevated joy, each rural charm,

He hopes, yet fears presumption in the hope,
That heaven may be one Sabbath without end.

But now his steps a welcome sound recalls:
Solemn the knell, from yonder ancient pile,
Fills all the air, inspiring joyful awe:
Slowly the throng moves o'er the tomb-paved ground:



The aged man, the bowed down, the blind,
Led by the thoughtless boy, and he who breathes
With pain, and eyes the new-made grave well pleased;
These, mingled with the young, the gay, approach
The house of God; these, spite of all their ills,
A glow of gladness feel; with silent praise
They enter in. A placid stillness reigns,
Until the man of God, worthy the name,
Arise and read the anointed shepherd's lays.

His locks of snow, his brow serene, his look
Of love, it speaks, "Ye are my children all;
The gray-hair'd man, stooping upon his staff,
As well as he, the giddy child, whose eye
Pursues the swallow flitting thwart the dome.
Loud swells the song: O how that simple song,
Though rudely chanted, how it melts the heart,
Commingling soul with soul in one full tide
Of praise, of thankfulness, of humble trust!
Next comes the unpremeditated prayer,
Breathed from the inmost heart, in accents low,
But earnest.—Alter'd is the tone: to man
Are now address'd the sacred speaker's words.
Instruction, admonition, comfort, peace,
Flow from his tongue: O chief, let comfort flow!
It is most needed in this vale of tears:
Yes, make the widow's heart to sing for joy;
The stranger to discern the Almighty's shield
Held o'er his friendless head; the orphan child
Feel, 'mid his tears, I have a father still!
'Tis done. But hark that infant querulous voice!
Plaint not discordant to a parent's ear;
And see the father raise the white-robed babe
In solemn dedication to the Lord:
The holy man sprinkles with forth-stretched hand
The face of innocence; then earnest turns,
And prays a blessing in the name of him
Who said, *Let little children come to me:*

Forbid them not: The infant is replaced
 Among the happy band; they, smilingly,
 In gay attire, hie to the house of mirth,
 The poor man's festival, a jubilee day,
 Remember'd long.



Nor would I leave unsung
 The lofty ritual of our sister land:
 In vestment white, the minister of God
 Opens the book, and reverentially
 The stated portion reads. A pause ensues.
 The organ breathes its distant thunder-notes,

Then swells into a diapason full:
The people rising, sing, *With harp, with harp,*
And voice of psalms; harmoniously attuned
The various voices blend; the long drawn aisles,
At every close, the lingering strain prolong.
And now the tubes a mellow'd stop controls,
In softer harmony the people join,
While liquid whispers from yon orphan band
Recall the soul from adoration's trance,
And fill the eye with pity's gentle tears.
Again the organ-peal, loud-rolling, meets
The halleluiahs of the choir: Sublime,
A thousand notes symphoniously ascend,
As if the whole were one, suspended high,
In air, soaring heavenward: afar they float,
Wafting glad tidings to the sick man's couch:
Raised on his arm, he lists the cadence close,
Yet thinks he hears it still: his heart is cheer'd;
He smiles on death; but, ah! a wish will rise,—
“Would I were now beneath that echoing roof!
No lukewarm accents from my lips should blow;
My heart would sing; and many a Sabbath-day
My steps should thither turn; or, wandering far
In solitary paths, where wild flowers flow,
There would I bless his name, who led me forth
From death's dark vale, to walk amid those sweets,
Who gives the bloom of health once more to glow
Upon this cheek, and lights this languid eye.

It is not only in the sacred fane
That homage should be paid to the Most High;
There is a temple, one not made with hands—
The vaulted firmament; Far in the woods,
Almost beyond the sound of city-chime,
At intervals heard through the breezeless air;
When not the limberest leaf is seen to move,
Save where the linnet lights upon the spray;
When not a floweret bends its little stalk,
Save where the bee alights upon the bloom;—
There, rapt in gratitude, in joy, and love,
The man of God will pass the Sabbath noon;
Silence his praise; his disembodied thoughts,
Loosed from the load of words, will high ascend
Beyond the empyrean.—

Nor yet less pleasing at the heavenly throne,
The Sabbath-service of the shepherd-boy.
In some lone glen, where every sound is lull'd
To slumber, save the tinkling of the rill,
Or bleat of lamb, or hovering falcon's cry,
Stretch'd on the sward, he reads of Jesse's son.
Or sheds a tear o'er him to Egypt sold,
And wonders why he weeps; the volume closed,
With thyme-sprig laid between the leaves, he sings
The sacred lays, his weekly lesson, conn'd
With meikle care beneath the lowly roof,
Where humble lore is learnt, where humble worth
Pines unrewarded by a thankless state.

Thus reading, hymning, all alone, unseen,
The shepherd-boy the Sabbath holy keeps,
Till on the heights he marks the straggling bands
Returning homeward from the house of prayer.
In peace they home resort. O blissful days!
When all men worship God as conscience wills.
Far other times our fathers' grandsires knew,
A virtuous race, to godliness devote.
What though the sceptic scorn hath dared to soil
The record of their fame! what though the men
Of worldly minds have dared to stigmatize
The sister-cause, Religion and the Law,
With Superstition's name! yet, yet their deeds,
Their constancy in torture and in death,—
These on Tradition's tongue still live; these shall
On History's honest page be pictured bright
To latest times. Perhaps some bard, whose muse
Disdains the servile strain of Fashion's quire,
May celebrate their unambitious names.
With them each day was holy, every hour
They stood prepared to die, a people doom'd
To death;—old men, and youths, and simple maids.
With them each day was holy; but that morn
On which the angel said, *See where the Lord*
Was laid, joyous arose; to die that day
Was bliss. Long ere the dawn, by devious ways,
O'er hills, through woods, o'er dreary wastes, they sought
The upland muirs, where rivers, there but brooks,

Dispart to different seas: Fast by such brooks
A little glen is sometimes scoop'd, a plat
With green sward gay, and flowers that strangers seem
Amid the heathery wild, that all around
Fatigues the eye; in solitudes like these,
Thy persecuted children, Scotia foil'd
A tyrant's and a bigot's bloody laws:
There, leaning on his spear, (one of the array,
Whose gleam, in former days, had scathed the rose
On England's banner, and had powerless struck
The infatuate monarch and his wavering host,)
The lyart veteran heard the word of God
By Cameron thunder'd or by Renwick pour'd
In gentle stream; then rose the song, the loud
Acclaim of praise. The wheeling plover ceased
Her plaint; The solitary place was glad,
And on the distant cairns the watcher's ear
Caught doubtfully at times the breeze-borne note.
But years more gloomy follow'd; and no more
The assembled people dared, in face of day,
To worship God, or even at the dead
Of night, save when the wintry storm raved fierce,
And thunder-peals compell'd the men of blood
To couch within their dens; then dauntlessly
The scatter'd few would meet, in some deep dell
By rocks o'er canopied, to hear the voice,
Their faithful pastor's voice: He by the gleam
Of sheeted lightning oped the sacred book,

And words of comfort spake: Over their souls
His accents soothing came,—as to her young
The heathfowl's plumes, when, at the close of eve,
She gathers in, mournful, her brood dispersed
By murderous sport, and o'er the remnant spreads
Fondly her wings; close nestling 'neath her breast,
They, cherish'd, cower amid the purple blooms.
But wood and wild, the mountain and the dale,
The house of prayer itself,—no place inspires
Emotions more accordant with the day,
Than does the field of graves the land of rest:—
Oft at the close of evening prayer, the toll,
The solemn funeral toll, pausing, proclaims
The service of the tomb: the homeward crowds
Divide on either hand; the pomp draws near;
The choir to meet the dead go forth, and sing,
I am the resurrection and the life.
Ah me! these youthful bearers robed in white,
They tell a mournful tale; some blooming friend
Is gone, dead in her prime of years:—'Twas she,
The poor man's friend, who, when she could not give,
With angel tongue pleaded to those who could;
With angel tongue and mild beseeching eye,
That ne'er besought in vain, save when she pray'd
For longer life, with heart resign'd to die,—
Rejoiced to die; for happy visions blessed
Her voyage's last days, and hovering round.
Alighted on her soul, giving presage

That heaven was nigh:—O what a burst
Of rapture from her lips! what tears of joy
Her heavenward eyes suffused! Those eyes are closed;
But all her loveliness is not yet flown:
She smiled in death, and still her cold pale face
Retains that smile; as when a waveless lake,
In which the wintry stars all bright appear,
Is sheeted by a nightly frost with ice,
Still it reflects the face of heaven unchanged,
Unruffled by the breeze or sweeping blast.
Again that knell! The slow procession stops:
The pall withdrawn, Death's altar, thick emboss'd
With melancholy ornaments,—(the name,
The record of her blossoming age,)—appears
Unveil'd and on it dust to dust is thrown,
The final rite. Oh! hark that sullen sound!
Upon the lower'd bier the shovell'd clay
Falls fast, and fills the void.—

But who is he
That stands aloof, with haggard wistful eye,
As if he coveted the closing grave?
And he does covet it—his wish is death:
The dread resolve is fix'd; his own right hand
Is sworn to do the deed: The day of rest
No peace, no comfort, brings his woe-worn spirit:
Self-cursed, the hallow'd dome he dreads to enter;
He dares not pray; he dares not sigh a hope;
Annihilation is his only heaven.

Loathsome the converse of his friends; he shuns
The human face; in every careless eye
Suspicion of his purpose seems to lurk.
Deep piny shades he loves, where no sweet note
Is warbled, where the rook unceasing caws:
Or far in moors, remote from house or hut,
Where animated nature seems extinct.
Where even the hum of wandering bee ne'er breaks
The quiet slumber of the level waste;
Where vegetation's traces almost fail,
Save where the leafless cannachs wave their tufts
Of silky white, or massy oaken trunks
Half-buried lie, and tell where greenwoods grew,—
There on the heathless moss outstretch'd he broods
O'er all his ever-changing plans of death:
The time, place, means, sweep like a stormy rack,
In fleet succession, o'er his clouded soul;—
The poniard,—and the opium draught, that brings
Death by degrees, but leaves an awful chasm
Between the act and consequence,—the flash
Sulphureous, fraught with instantaneous death;—
The ruin'd tower perched on some jutting rock,
So high that, 'tween the leap and dash below,
The breath might take its flight in midway air,—
This pleases for a while; but on the brink,
Back from the toppling edge his fancy shrinks
In horror: Sleep at last his breath becalms,—
He dreams 'tis done; but starting wild awakes,

Resigning to despair his dream of joy.

Then hope, faint hope, revives—hope, that Despair
May to his aid let loose the demon Frenzy,
To lead scared Conscience blindfold o'er the brink
Of self-destruction's cataract of blood.

Most miserable, most incongruous wretch!

Darest thou to spurn thy life, the boon of God,
Yet darest to approach this holy place?

O dare to enter in! may be some word,
Or sweetly chanted strain, will in thy heart
Awake a chord in unison with life.

What are thy fancied woes to his, whose fate
Is (sentence dire!) incurable disease,—

The outcast of a lazar-house, homeless.

Or with a home where eyes do scowl on him!

Yet he, even he, with feeble steps draws near,
With trembling voice joins in the song of praise.

Patient he waits the hour of his release;

He knows he has a home beyond the grave.

Or turn thee to that house with studded doors,
And iron-vizor'd windows; even there

The Sabbath sheds a beam of bliss, though faint,
The debtor's friends (for still he has some friends)

Have time to visit him; the blossoming pea,
That climbs the rust-worn bars seems fresher tinged,
And on the little turf, this day renewed,

The lark, his prison-mate, quivers the wing
With more than wonted joy. See, through the bars,

That pallid face, retreating from the view,
That glittering eye following, with hopeless look,
The friends of former years, now passing by
In peaceful fellowship to worship God:
With them, in days of youthful years, he roam'd
O'er hill and dale, o'er broomy knowe; and wist
As little as the blithest of the band
Of this his lot; condemn'd, condemn'd unheard,
The party for his judge;—among the throng,
The Pharisaical hard-hearted man
He sees pass on, to join the heaven-taught prayer,
Forgive our debts as we forgive our debtors:
From unforgiving lips most impious prayer!
O happier far the victim than the hand
That deals the legal stab! The *injured* man
Enjoys internal, settled calm; to him
The Sabbath bell sounds peace; he loves to meet
His fellow-sufferers to pray and praise:
And many a prayer, as pure as e'er was breathed
In holy fanes, is sigh'd in prison-halls.
Ah me! that clank of chains, as kneel and rise
The death-doom'd row. But see, a smile illumines
The face of some; perhaps they're guiltless: Oh!
And must high-minded honesty endure
The ignominy of a felon's fate!
No, 'tis not ignominious to be wrong'd:
No; conscious exultation swells their hearts,
To think the day draws nigh, when in the view

Of angels, and of just men perfect made,
The mark which rashness branded on their names
Shall be effaced;—when wafted on life's storm,
Their souls shall reach the Sabbath of the skies;—
As birds from bleak Norwegia's wintry coast
Blown out to sea, strive to regain the shore,
But, vainly striving, yield them to the blast.—
Swept o'er the deep to Albion's genial isle,
Amazed they light amid the bloomy sprays
Of some green vale, there to enjoy new loves,
And join in harmony unheard before.

The land is groaning 'neath the guilt of blood
Spilt wantonly: for every death-doom'd man,
Who, in his boyhood, has been left untaught,
That Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace, unjustly dies.
But, ah! how many are thus left untaught,—
How many would be left, but for the band
United to keep holy to the Lord
A portion of his day, by teaching those
Whom Jesus loved with forth-stretched hand to bless!
Behold yon motley train, by two and two,
Each with a Bible 'neath its little arm,
Approach well-pleased, as if they went to play,
The dome where simple lore is learnt unbought:
And mark the father 'mid the sideway throng;
Well do I know him by his glistening eye,
That follows steadfastly one of the line.

A dark seafaring man he looks to be;
And much it glads his boding heart to think,
That when once more he sails the valleyed deep,
His child shall still receive Instruction's boon.
But hark,—a noise,—a cry,—a gleam of swords!—
Resistance is in vain,—he's borne away,
Nor is allow'd to clasp his weeping child.

My innocent, so helpless, yet so gay!
How could I bear to be thus rudely torn
From thee;—to see thee lift thy little arm,
And impotently strike the ruffian man,—
To hear thee bid him chidingly—begone!

O ye who live at home, and kiss each eve
Your sleeping infants ere you go to rest,
And, 'wakened by their call, lift up your eyes
Upon their morning smile,—think, think of those,
Who, torn away without one farewell word
To wife or children, sigh the day of life
In banishment from all that's dear to man;—
O raise your voices in one general peal
Remonstrant, for the oppress'd. And ye, who sit
Month after month devising impost-laws,
Give some small portion of your midnight vigils
To mitigate, if not remove the wrong

Relentless Justice! with fate-furrow'd brow;
Wherefore to various crimes of various guilt,
One penalty, the most severe, allot?
Why, pall'd in state, and mitred with a wreath

Of nightshade, dost thou sit portentously,
Beneath a cloudy canopy of sighs,
Of fears, of trembling hopes, of boding doubts;
Death's dart thy mace!—Why are the laws of God,
Statutes promulged in characters of fire,
Despised in deep concerns, where heavenly guidance
Is most required? The murderer—let *him* die,
And him who lifts his arm against his parent,
His country,—or his voice against his God.
Let crimes less heinous dooms less dreadful meet
Than loss of life! so said the law divine;
That law beneficent, which mildly stretch'd,
To men forgotten and forlorn, the hand
Of *restitution*: yes, the trumpet's voice
The Sabbath of the jubilee announced:
The freedom-freighted blast, through all the land
At once, in every city, echoing rings,
From Lebanon to Carmel's woody cliffs,
So loud, that far within the desert's verge
The couching lion starts, and glares around.
Free is the bondman now, each one returns
To his inheritance: the man grown old,
In servitude far from his native fields,
Hastes joyous on his way; no hills are steep,
Smooth is each rugged path; his little ones
Sport as they go, while oft the mother chides
The lingering step, lur'd by the wayside flowers;
At length the hill, from which a farewell look,

And still another parting look, he cast
On his paternal vale, appears in view:
The summit gain'd, throbs hard his heart with joy
And sorrow blent, to see that vale once more:
Instant his eager eye darts to the roof
Where first he saw the light; his youngest born
He lifts, and pointing to the much-loved spot,
Says,—“There thy fathers lived, and there they sleep.”
Onward he wends; near and more near he draws:
How sweet the tinkle of the palm-bower'd brook!
The sunbeam slanting through the cedar grove
How lovely, and how mild! but lovelier still
The welcome in the eye of ancient friends,
Scarce known at first! and dear the fig-tree shade
'Neath which on Sabbath eve his father told
Of Israel from the house of bondage freed,
Led through the desert to the promised land;—
With eager arms the aged stem he clasps,
And with his tears the furrow'd bark bedews:
And still, at midnight hour, he thinks he hears
The blissful sound that brake the bondman's chains,
The glorious peal of freedom and of joy!

Did ever law of *man* a power like this
Display? power marvellous as merciful,
Which, though in *other* ordinances still
Most plainly seen, is yet but little mark'd
For what it truly is,—a miracle!
Stupendous, ever new, perform'd at once

In every region,—yea, on every sea
Which Europe's navies plough;—yes, in all lands
From pole to pole, or civilized or rude,
People there are, to whom the *Sabbath* morn
Dawns, shedding dews into their drooping hearts:
Yes, far beyond the high-heaved western wave,
Amid Columbia's wildernesses vast,
The words which God in thunder from the Mount
Of Sinai spake, are heard, and are obey'd.
Thy children, Scotia, in the desert land,
Driven from their homes by fell Monopoly,
Keep holy to the Lord the seventh day.
Assembled under loftiest canopy
Of trees primeval, soon to be laid low,
They sing, *By Babel's streams we sat and wept.*

What strong mysterious links enchain the heart
To regions where the morn of life was spent!
In foreign lands, though happier be the clime,
Though round our board smile all the friends we love,
The face of nature wears a stranger's look.
Yea, though the valley which we love be swept
Of its inhabitants, none left behind,
Not even the poor blind man who sought his bread
From door to door, still, still there is a want;
Yes, even he, round whom a night that knows
No dawn is ever spread, whose native vale
Presented to his closed eyes a blank,—
Deplores its distance now. There well he knew

Each object, though unseen; there could he wend
His way, guideless, through wilds and mazy woods;
Each aged tree, spared when the forest fell,
Was his familiar friend, from the smooth birch,
With rind of silken touch, to the rough elm:
The three gray stones that mark'd where heroes lay,
Mourn'd by the harp, mourn'd by the melting voice
Of Cona, oft his resting-place had been;
Oft had they told him that his home was near:
The tinkle of the rill, the murmuring
So gentle of the brook, the torrent's rush,
The cataract's din, the ocean's distant roar,
The echo's answer to his foot or voice,—
All spoke a language which he understood,
All warn'd him of his way. But most he feels,
Upon the hallow'd morn, the saddening change:
No more he hears the gladsome village bell
Ring the bless'd summons to the house of God:
And—for the voice of psalms, loud, solemn, grand,
That cheer'd his darkling path, as with slow step
And feeble, he toiled up the spire-topt hill,—
A few faint notes ascend among the trees.

What though the cluster'd vine there hardly tempts
The traveller's hand; though birds of dazzling plume
Perch on the loaded boughs;—"Give me thy woods,
(Exclaims the banish'd man,) thy barren woods,
Poor Scotland! Sweeter there the reddening haw,
The sloe, or rowan's⁷ bitter bunch, than here

The purple grape; dearer the red-breast's note,
That mourns the fading year in Scotia's vales,
Than Philomel's, where spring is ever new;
More dear to me the redbreast's sober suit,
So like a wither'd leaflet, than the glare
Of gaudy wings, that make the Iris dim."

Nor is regret exclusive to the old:

The boy whose birth was midway o'er the main,
A ship his cradle, by the billows rock'd,—
"The nursling of the storm,"—although he claims
No native land, yet does he wistful hear
Of some far distant country still call'd *home*,
Where lambs of whitest fleece sport on the hills;
Where gold-speck'd fishes wanton in the streams:
Where little birds, when snow-flakes dim the air,
Light on the floor, and peck the table crumbs,
And with their singing cheer the winter day.

But what the loss of country to the woes
Of banishment and solitude combined?
Oh! my heart bleeds to think there now may live
One hapless man, the remnant of a wreck,
Cast on some desert island of that main
Immense, which stretches from the Cochian shore
To Acapulco. Motionless he sits,
As is the rock his seat, gazing whole days.
With wandering eye, o'er all the watery waste;
Now striving to believe the albatross
A sail appearing on the horizon's verge;

Now vowing ne'er to cherish other hope
Than hope of death. Thus pass his weary hours,
Till welcome evening warn him that 'tis time
Upon the shell-notch'd calendar to mark
Another day, another dreary day,—
Changeless;—for, in these regions of the sun,
The wholesome law that dooms mankind to toil,
Bestowing grateful interchange of rest
And labor, is annulled; for there the trees,
Adorn'd at once with bud, and flower, and fruit,
Drop, as the breezes blow, a shower of bread
And blossoms on the ground. But yet by him,
The Hermit of the Deep, not unobserved
The Sabbath passes. 'Tis his great delight,
Each seventh eve he marks the farewell ray,
And loves, and sighs to think,—that setting sun
Is now empurpling Scotland's mountain tops,
Or, higher risen, slants athwart her vales,
Tinting with yellow light the quivering throat
Of day-spring lark, while woodland birds below
Chant in the dewy shade. Thus all night long
He watches, while the rising moon describes
The progress of the day in happier lands.
And now he almost fancies that he hears
The chiming from his native village church;
And now he sings, and fondly hopes the strain
May be the same that sweet ascends at home
In congregation full,—where, not without a tear,

They are remembered who in ships behold
The wonders of the deep: he sees the hand,
The widow'd hand, that veils the eye suffused;
He sees his orphan'd boy look up, and strive
The widow's heart to soothe. His spirit leans
On God. Nor does he leave his weekly vigil,
Though tempests ride o'er welkin-lashing waves
On winds of cloudless wing; though lightnings burst
So vivid, that the stars are hid and seen
In awful alternation: Calm he views
The far-exploding firmament, and dares
To hope—one bolt in mercy is reserved
For his release: and yet he is resign'd
To live; because full well he is assured,
Thy hand does lead him, thy right hand upholds.
And Thy right hand does lead him. Lo! at last
One sacred eve, he hears, faint from the deep,
Music remote, swelling at intervals,
As if the embodied spirits of such sounds
Came slowly floating on the shoreward wave:
The cadence well he knows,—a hymn of old,
Where sweetly is rehearsed the lowly state
Of Jesus, when his birth was first announced,
In midnight music, by an angel choir,
To Bethlehem's shepherds, as they watch'd their flocks.
Breathless, the man forlorn listens, and thinks
It is a dream. Fuller the voices swell.
He looks, and starts to see, moving along,

A fiery wave, (so seems it,) crescent form'd,
Approaching to the land; straightway he sees
A towering whiteness; 'tis the heaven-fill'd sails
That waft the mission'd men, who have renounced
Their homes, their country, nay, almost the world,
Bearing glad tidings to the farthest isles
Of ocean, that *the dead shall rise again*.
Forward the gleam-girt castle coastwise glides;
It seems as it would pass away. To cry
The wretched man in vain attempts, in vain,
Powerless his voice as in a fearful dream:
Not so his hand: he strikes the flint,—a blaze
Mounts from the ready heap of wither'd leaves:
The music ceases, accents harsh succeed,
Harsh, but most grateful: downward drop the sails;
Ingulf'd the anchor sinks; the boat is launch'd;
But cautious lies aloof till morning dawn:
O then the transport of the man unused
To other human voice beside his own,—
His native tongue to hear! he breathes at home,
Though earth's diameter is interposed.
Of perils of the sea he has no dread,
Full well assured the mission'd bark is safe,
Held in the hollow of the Almighty's hand
(And signal thy deliverances have been
Of these thy messengers of peace and joy.)
From storms that loudly threaten to unfix
Islands rock-rooted in the ocean's bed,

Thou dost deliver them,—and from the calm,
More dreadful than the storm, when motionless
Upon the purple deep the vessel lies
For days, for nights, illum'd by phosphor lamps;
When sea-birds seem in nests of flame to float;
When backward starts the boldest mariner
To see, while o'er the side he leans, his face
As if deep-tinged with blood.—

Let worldly men

The cause and combatants contemptuous scorn,
And call fanatics them who hazard health
And life in testifying of the truth,
Who joy and glory in the cross of Christ?
What were the Galilean fishermen
But messengers, commission'd to announce
The resurrection, and the life to come!
They, too, though clothed with power of mighty works
Miraculous, were oft received with scorn;
Oft did their words fall powerless, though enforced
By deeds that mark'd Omnipotence their friend:
But, when their efforts fail'd, unweariedly
They onward went, rejoicing in their course.
Like helianthus, borne on downy wings
To distant realms, they frequent fell on soils
Barren and thankless; yet oft-times they saw
Their labors crown'd with fruit an hundred fold,
Saw their new converts testify their faith
By works of love,—the slave set free, the sick

Attended, prisoners visited, the poor
Received as brothers at the rich man's board.
Alas! how different now the deeds of men
Nursed in the faith of Christ!—the free made slaves!
Torn from their country, borne across the deep,
Enchain'd, endungeon'd, forced by stripes to live,
Doom'd to behold their wives, their little ones,
Tremble beneath the white man's fiend-like frown!
Yet even to scenes like these, the Sabbath brings
Alleviation of the enormous woe:—
The oft-reiterated stroke is still;
The clotted scourge hangs hardening in the shrouds.
But see, the demon man, whose trade is blood,
With dauntless front, convene his ruffian crew
To hear the sacred service read. Accursed,
The wretch's vile-tinged lips profane the word
Of God: accursed, he ventures to pronounce
The decalogue, nor falters at that law
Wherein 'tis written, *Thou shalt do no murder*:
Perhaps, while yet the words are on his lips,
He hears a dying mother's parting groan;
He hears her orphan'd child, with lisping plaint,
Attempt to rouse her from the sleep of death.

O England! England! wash thy purpled hands
Of this foul sin, and never dip them more
In guilt so damnable! *then* lift them up
In supplication to that God, whose name
Is Mercy; then thou mayest without the risk

Of drawing vengeance from the surcharged clouds
Implore protection to thy menaced shores;
Then, God will blast the tyrant's arm that grasps
The thunderbolt of ruin o'er thy head:
Then will he turn the wolvisk race to prey
Upon each other; then will he arrest
The lava torrent, causing it regorge
Back to its source with fiery desolation.

Of all the murderous trades by mortals plied,
'Tis war alone that never violates
The hallow'd day by simulate respect,—
By hypocritic rest: no, no, the work proceeds.
From sacred pinnacles are hung the flags,
That gives the sign to slip the leash from slaughter.
The bells, whose knoll a holy calmness pour'd
Into the good man's breast,—whose sound solaced
The sick, the poor, the old—perversion dire—
Pealing with sulphurous tongues, speak death-fraught words.
From morn to eve Destruction revels frenzied,
Till at the hour when peaceful vesper-chimes
Were wont to soothe the ear, the trumpet sounds
Pursuit and flight altern; and for the song
Of larks, descending to the grass-bower'd homes,
The croak of flesh-gorged ravens, as they slake
Their thirst in hoof-prints fill'd with gore, disturbs
The stupor of the dying man; while Death
Triumphantly sails down the ensanguined stream,

On corses throned, and crown'd with shiver'd boughs,
That erst hung imaged in the crystal tide.

And what the harvest of these bloody fields?
A double weight of fetters to the slave,
And chains on arms that wielded Freedom's sword.
Spirit of Tell! and art thou doom'd to see
Thy mountains, that confess'd no other chains
Than what the wintry elements had forged,—
Thy vales, where Freedom, and her stern compeer,
Proud virtuous Poverty, their noble state
Maintain'd, amid surrounding threats of wealth,
Of superstition, and tyrannic sway——
Spirit of Tell! and art thou doom'd to see
That land subdued by Slavery's boasted slaves;
By men, whose lips pronounce the sacred name
Of Liberty, then kiss the despot's foot?
Helvetia! hadst thou to thyself been true,
Thy dying sons had triumph'd as they fell:
But, 'twas a glorious effort, though in vain.
Aloft thy Genius, 'mid the sweeping clouds,
The flag of freedom spread; bright in the storm
The streaming meteor waved, and far it gleam'd:
But, ah! 'twas transient, as the Iris' arch,
Glanced from Leviathan's ascending shower,
When 'mid the mountain waves heaving his head.
Already had their friendly-seeming foe
Possess'd the snow-piled ramparts of the land:
Down like an avalanche they roll'd, they crush'd

The temple, palace, cottage, every work
Of art and nature, in one common ruin.
The dreadful crash is o'er, and peace ensues,—
The peace of desolation, gloomy, still:
Each day is hush'd as Sabbath; but, alas!
No Sabbath-service glads the seventh day!
No more the happy villagers are seen
Winding adown the rock-hewn paths, that wont
To lead their footsteps to the house of prayer;
But, far apart, assembled in the depth
Of solitudes, perhaps a little group,
Of aged men, and orphan boys, and maids,
Bereft, list to the breathings of the holy man,
Who spurns an oath of fealty to the power
Of rulers chosen by a tyrant's nod.
No more, as dies the rustling of the breeze,
Is heard the distant vesper-hymn; no more
At gloamin hour, the plaintive strain, that links
His country to the Switzer's heart, delights
The loosening team; or if some shepherd boy
Attempt the strain, his voice soon faltering stops;
He feels his country now a foreign land.

O Scotland! canst thou for a moment brook
The mere imagination, that a fate
Like this should ere be thine! that e'er these hills
And dear-bought vales, whence Wallace, Douglas, Bruce,
Repell'd proud Edward's multitudinous hordes,
A Gallic foe, that abject race, should rule!

No, no! let never hostile standard touch
Thy shore: rush, rush into the dashing brine,
And crest each wave with steel; and should the stamp
Of Slavery's footstep violate the strand,
Let not the tardy tide efface the mark;
Sweep off the stigma with a sea of blood!

Thrice happy he, who, far in Scottish glen
Retired, (yet ready at his country's call,)
Has left the restless emmet-hill of man:
He never longs to read the saddening tale
Of endless wars; and seldom does he hear
The tale of woe; and ere it reaches him,
Rumor, so loud when new, has died away
Into a whisper, on the memory borne
Of casual traveller:—as on the deep,
Far from the sight of land, when all around
Is waveless calm, the sudden tremulous swell,
That gentle heaves the ship, tells, as it rolls,
Of earthquakes dread, and cities overthrown.

O Scotland! much I love thy tranquil dales:
But most on Sabbath eve, when low the sun
Slants through the upland copse, 'tis my delight,
Wandering, and stopping oft, to hear the song
Of kindred praise arise from humble roofs;
Or, when the simple service ends, to hear
The lifted latch, and mark the gray-hair'd man,
The father and the priest, walk forth alone
Into his garden-plat, or little field,

To commune with his God in secret prayer,—
To bless the Lord, that in his downward years
His children are about him: sweet, meantime,
The thrush, that sings upon the aged thorn,
Brings to his view the days of youthful years
When that same aged thorn was but a bush.
Nor is the contrast between youth and age
To him a painful thought; he joys to think
His journey near a close,—Heaven is his home.
More happy for that man, though bowed down,
Though feeble be his gait, and dim his eye,
Than they, the favorites of youth and health,
Of riches, and of fame, who have renounced
The glorious promise of the life to come,
Clinging to death.—

Or mark the female face,
The faded picture of its former self,—
The garments coarse, but clean;—frequent at church
I've noted such a one, feeble and pale,
Yet standing, with a look of mild content,
Till beckon'd by some kindly hand to sit.
She had seen better days; there was a time
Her hands could earn her bread, and freely give
To those who were in want; but now old age,
And lingering disease, have made her helpless.
Yet she is happy, aye, and she is wise,
(Philosophers may sneer, and pedants frown,)
Although her Bible is her only book;

And she is rich, although her only wealth
Is recollection of a well-spent life—
Is expectation of the life to come.
Examine here, explore the narrow path
In which she walks; look not for virtuous deeds
In history's arena, where the prize
Of fame, or power, prompts to heroic acts.
Peruse the *lives* themselves of men obscure:—
There charity, that robs itself to give;
There fortitude in sickness, nursed by want;
There courage, that expects no tongue to praise;
There virtue lurks, like purest gold deep hid,
With no alloy of selfish motive mix'd.
The poor man's boon, that stints him of his bread,
Is prized more highly in the sight of him
Who sees the heart, than golden gifts from hands
That scarce can know their countless treasures less:
Yea, the deep sigh that heaves the poor man's breast
To see distress, and feel his willing arm
Palsied by penury, ascends to heaven;
While ponderous bequests of lands and goods
Ne'er rise above their earthly origin.
And should all bounty, that is clothed with power
Be deemed unworthy?—Far be such a thought!
Even when the rich bestow, there are sure tests
Of genuine charity;—yes, yes, let wealth
Give other alms than silver or than gold,—
Time, trouble, toil, attendance, watchfulness,

Exposure to disease;—yes, let the rich
Be often seen beneath the sick man's roof;
Or cheering, with inquiries from the heart,
And hopes of health, the melancholy range
Of couches in the public wards of woe:
There let them often bless the sick man's bed,
With kind assurances that all is well
At home, that plenty smiles upon the board,—
The while the hand that earn'd the frugal meal
Can hardly raise itself in sign of thanks.
Above all duties, let the rich man search
Into the cause he knoweth not, nor spurn
The suppliant wretch as guilty of a crime.

Ye, bless'd with *wealth*! (another name for *power*
Of doing good,) O would ye but devote
A little portion of each seventh day
To acts of *justice* to your fellow-men!
The house of mourning silently invites:
Shun not the crowded alley; prompt descend
Into the half-sunk cell, darksome and damp;
Nor seem impatient to be gone: inquire,
Console, instruct, encourage, soothe, assist;
Read, pray, and sing a new song to the Lord;
Make tears of joy down grief-worn furrows flow.

O Health! the sun of life, without whose beam
The fairest scenes of nature seem involved
In darkness, shine upon my dreary path
Once more; or, with thy faintest dawn, give hope,

That I may yet enjoy thy vital ray!
Though transient be the hope, 'twill be most sweet,
Like midnight music, stealing on the ear,
Then gliding past, and dying slow away.
Music! thou soothing power, thy charm is proved
Most vividly when clouds o'ercast the soul;
So light its loveliest effect displays
In lowering skies, when through the murky rack
A slanting sunbeam shoots, and instant limns
The ethereal curve of seven harmonious dyes,
Eliciting a splendor from the gloom:
O Music! still vouchsafe to tranquillize
This breast perturb'd; thy voice, though mournful, soothes;
And mournful, aye, are thy most beauteous lays,
Like fall of blossoms from the orchard boughs,—
The autumn of the spring. Enchanting power!
Who, by thy airy spell, canst whirl the mind
Far from the busy haunts of men, to vales
Where Tweed or Yarrow flows; or, spurning time
Recall red Flodden field; or suddenly
Transport, with alter'd strain, the deafen'd ear
To Linden's plain!—But what the pastoral lay,
The melting dirge, the battle's trumpet-peal,
Compared to notes with sacred numbers link'd
In union, solemn, grand! O then the spirit,
Upborne on pinions of celestial sound,
Soars to the throne of God, and ravish'd hears
Ten thousand times ten thousand voices rise

In halleluiahs;—voices, that erewhile
Were feebly tuned perhaps to low-breath'd hymns
Of solace in the chambers of the poor,—
The Sabbath worship of the friendless sick.

Bless'd be the female votaries, whose days
No Sabbath of their pious labors prove,
Whose lives are consecrated to the toil
Of ministering around the uncurtain'd couch
Of pain and poverty! Bless'd be the hands,
The lovely hands, (for beauty, youth, and grace,
Are oft conceal'd by Pity's closest veil,)
That mix the cup medicinal, that bind
The wounds which ruthless warfare and disease
Have to the loathsome lazarus-house consign'd.

Fierce Superstition of the mitred king!
Almost I could forget thy torch and stake,
When I this blessed sisterhood survey,—
Compassion's priestesses, disciples true
Of him whose touch was health, whose single word
Electrified with life the palsied arm,—
Of him who said, *Take up thy bed and walk*,—
Of him who cried to Lazarus, *Come forth*

And he who cried to Lazarus, *Come forth*,
Will, when the Sabbath of the tomb is past,
Call forth the dead, and re-unite the dust
(Transform'd and purified) to angel souls.
Ecstatic hope! belief! conviction firm!
How grateful 'tis to recollect the time

When hope arose to faith! Faintly at first
The heavenly voice is heard; then, by degrees,
Its music sounds perpetual in the heart.
Thus he, who all the gloomy winter long
Has dwelt in city crowds, wandering a-field
Betimes on Sabbath morn, ere yet the spring
Unfold the daisy's bud, delighted hears
The first lark's note, faint yet, and short the song,
Check'd by the chill ungenial northern breeze;
But, as the sun ascends, another springs,
And still another soars on loftier wing,
Till all o'erhead, the joyous choir unseen,
Poised welkin high, harmonious fills the air,
As if it were a link 'tween earth and heaven.



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1771—1832.

WALTER SCOTT, a younger son of a writer to the signet, was born in Edinburgh. Some of the poet's earliest years were passed with his paternal grandfather at the farm of Sandy Knowe, near the village of Smailholm in Roxburghshire. Here he acquired that taste for border lore and chivalric tradition which was so strongly developed in after life. In 1802-3 appeared his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," with his own imitations of the old ballads, and in 1804 his edition of the romance of "Sir Tristrem," ascribed to Thomas the Rhymer of Ercildoune; these works procured for him high reputation as a literary antiquary. He threw his genius more boldly into the sphere of original poetry, in the composition of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," a tale of Border warfare, illustrating the habits and superstitions of former centuries, and glorifying the ancestry of the Duke of Buccleuch, the chief of the clan Scott. Its publication in 1805 attracted universal and enthusiastic admiration. The theme and the style were so new and so original; the colors of forgotten phases of society were painted with such graphic splendor, that this metrical romance placed the author at once in the front rank of genius. The time was favorable for the experiment; the great poets of the nineteenth century had merely *begun* to sing, and, as Scott himself remarks, "The realms of Parnassus seemed to lie open to the first bold invader." "Marmion" appeared in 1808; in 1810, the "Lady of the Lake," illustrating the scenery and chivalry of the Highlands in the reign of James V.; these were followed by the "Vision of Don Roderic," "Rokeby," and, in 1814, "The Lord of the Isles." But Scott had reached his culminating point in his Highland poem. Byron's reputation was now paling

every other fire; and the anonymous publication of the *Bridal of Triermain*," and "*Harold the Dauntless*," by wakening no feeling correspondent to his former renown, convinced Scott that he had sung too long. And now he penetrated that rich mine in prose fiction which seemed but the continuation of his poetical vein, and whose treasures astonished the world. For nearly fifteen years he continued anonymously in rapid succession the series of his novels, and the "*Author of Waverley*" became a profound speculation, the subject of three-volumed works. The secret, however, was faithfully kept; and, though universally suspected, the poet held his incognito till commercial misfortune forced its withdrawal. Besides his poetry and novels, his other literary labors are miraculous in amount. They consist of reviews, histories, biographies, annotated editions of great writers, &c.

The following beautiful allusion to an interview with Scott is from an oration by the Hon. Edward Everett:—"I have made my pilgrimage to Melrose Abbey, in company with that modern magician, who, mightier than the magician of old that sleeps beneath the marble floor of its chancel, has hung the garlands of immortal poesy upon its shattered arches, and made its moss-clad ruins a shrine, to be visited by the votary of the muse from the remotest corners of the earth, to the end of time. Yes, sir, musing as I did, in my youth, over the sepulchre of the wizard, once pointed out by the bloody stain of the cross and the image of the archangel:—standing within that consecrated enclosure, under the friendly guidance of him whose genius has made it holy ground; while every nerve within me thrilled with excitement, my fancy kindled with the inspiration of the spot. I seemed to behold, not the vision so magnificently described by the minstrel,—the light, which, as the tomb was opened,

broke forth so gloriously,
Streamed upward to the chancel roof,
And through the galleries far aloof:

but I could fancy that I beheld, with sensible perception, the brighter light, which had broken forth from the master mind; which had streamed from his illumined page all-gloriously upward, above the pinnacles of worldly grandeur, till it mingled its equal beams with that of the brightest constellations in the intellectual firmament of England "



ELIZ JAMES AND RODERICK DUN.

THE shades of eve come slowly down,
The woods are wrapt in deeper brown,
The owl awakens from her dell,
The fox is heard upon the fell;
Enough remains of glimmering light
To guide the wanderer's steps aright,

Yet not enough from far to show
His figure to the watchful foe.
With cautious step, and ear awake,
He climbs the crag and threads the brake;
And not the summer solstice, there,
Temper'd the midnight mountain air,
But every breeze, that swept the wold,
Benumb'd his drenched limbs with cold.
In dread, in danger, and alone,
Famish'd and chill'd, through ways unknown,
Tangled and steep, he journey'd on;
Till, as a rock's huge point he turn'd,
A watch-fire close before him burn'd.

Beside its embers red and clear,
Bask'd, in his plaid, a mountaineer;
And up he sprung with sword in hand,—
"Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!"—
"A stranger."—"What dost thou require?"—
"Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
My life's beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chill'd my limbs with frost."
"Art thou a friend to Roderick?"—"No."—
"Thou darest not call thyself a foe?"—
"I dare! to him and all the band
He brings to aid his murderous hand."
"Bold words!—but, though the beast of game
The privilege of chase may claim,

Though space and law the stag we lend,
Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,
Whoever reck'd, where, how, or when,
'The prowling fox was trapp'd or slain?
Thus treacherous scouts,—yet sure they lie,
Who say thou camest a secret spy!"—
"They do, by Heaven!—Come Roderick Dhu,
And of his clan the boldest two,
And let me but till morning rest,
I write the falsehood on their crest."—
"If by the blaze I mark aright,
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight."—
"Then by these tokens mayst thou know
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe."—
"Enough, enough; sit down and share
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."

He gave him of his Highland cheer,
The harden'd flesh of mountain deer;
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
And bade the Saxon share his plaid.
He tended him like welcome guest,
Then thus his further speech address'd
"Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu,
A clansman born, a kinsman true;
Each word against his honor spoke,
Demands of me avenging stroke;

Yet more,—upon my fate, 'tis said,
A mighty augury is laid.
It rests with me to wind my horn,—
Thou art with numbers overborne;
It rests with me, here, brand to brand,
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand:
But, not for clan, nor kindred's cause,
Will I depart from honor's laws;
To assail a wearied man were shame,
And stranger is a holy name;
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
In vain he never must require.
Then rest thee here till dawn of day;
Myself will guide thee on the way,
O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,
Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,
As far as Coilantogle's ford;
From thence thy warrant is thy sword."
"I take thy courtesy, by Heaven,
As freely as 'tis nobly given!"—
"Well, rest thee; for the bittern's cry
Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."
With that he shook the gather'd heath,
And spread his plaid upon the wreath;
And the brave foemen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down like brothers tried,
And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream.



LOCH KAIRIE.

AND now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A far projecting precipice.
The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel saplings lent their aid;
And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,

One burnish'd sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him roll'd,
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Benvenue
Down on the lake in masses threw
Crag, knoll, and mound, confusedly hurl'd,
The fragments of an earlier world;
A wildering forest feather'd o'er
His ruin'd sides and summit hoar,
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

From the steep promontory gazed
The stranger, raptur'd and amazed.
And, "What a scene were here," he cried,
"For princely pomp, or churchman's pride!
On this bold brow, a lordly tower;
In that soft vale, a lady's bower;
On yonder meadow, far away,
The turrets of a cloister gray;
How blithely might the bugle-horn
Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn!
How sweet, at eve, the lover's lute
Chime, when the groves were still and mute!

And, when the midnight moon should lave
Her forehead in the silver wave,
How solemn on the ear would come
The holy matins' distant hum,
While the deep peal's commanding tone
Should wake in yonder islet lone,
A sainted hermit from his cell,
To drop a bead with every knell—
And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,
Should each bewilder'd stranger call
To friendly feast, and lighted hall.

HYMN OF THE HEBREW MAID.

WHEN Israel of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day along the astonish'd lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands
Return'd the fiery pillar's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answer'd keen;

And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays,
With priests' and warriors' voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.
And, ho! when stoops on Judah's path,
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn,
But Thou hast said, "The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, an humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice."

THE SUN UPON THE WIERDLAW-HILL.

THE sun upon the Wierdlaw-hill,
 In Ettrick's vale, is sinking sweet,
 The westland wind is hush and still,
 The lake lies sleeping at my feet.
 Yet not the landscape to mine eye
 Bears those bright hues that once it bore:
 Though evening, with her richest dye,
 Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore.

With listless look along the plain,
 I see Tweed's silver current glide,
 And coldly mark the holy fane
 Of Melrose rise in ruin'd pride.
 The quiet lake, the balmy air,
 The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree,—
 Are they still such as once they were,
 Or is the dreary change in me?

Alas, the warp'd and broken board,
 How can it bear the painter's dye!
 The harp of strain'd and tuneless chord,
 How to the minstrel's skill reply!

To aching eyes each landscape lowers,
To feverish pulse each gale blows chill;
And Araby's or Eden's bowers
Were barren as this moorland hill.

MY NATIVE LAND.

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung!

JAMES HOGG.

1773—1855.

JAMES HOGG was born in a sphere perhaps still more remote than that of Burns from the possibility of attaining the dignity of a popular and national poet. Born the descendant of an ancestry of shepherds in the wilds of Ettrick, his seventh year opened amidst the ruins of his father's small and painfully-acquired means. A rude shieling was the dwelling of his childhood; some six months "buckled in the sum" of his school education; till nearly his manhood the Bible was his only reading; but the sunshine of the poetical fancy seems early to have flitted about his mind. To his mother, like many great men, he owed the nursing of the talent which God had given. Literature slowly shed her showers on his intellect; and, after a youth passed in sequestered regions in the care of a few sheep, he appeared before his countrymen as a claimant of the successorship to the throne of Burns. The first wealth his pen yielded was expended on an unlucky farming speculation. Driven to Edinburgh and to literature as a means of subsistence, the publication of the "Queen's Wake" in 1813 at length vindicated his position as a poet. In that year, a grant of the farm of Altrive in Ettrick, from his patron the Duke of Buccleuch, restored him to his original occupation. He married; leased the larger adjoining farm of Mount Benger, the failure of which again reduced him in a few years to poverty. During these years he continued to write voluminously; he was intimately connected for a considerable time with Blackwood's Magazine; he claims, indeed, the merit of founding that periodical. His poetry consists chiefly of songs, ballads, and elfin legends; he was at home in the fairy world, and it is in these gorgeous and airy regions in which his genius is chiefly conspicuous.

THE SKY-LARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blythsome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms

Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!

A D D R E S S T O J E H O V A H .

BLESSED be thy name forever,
Thou of life the guard and giver;
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping;
Heal the heart long broke with weeping.
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy name forever!

Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest:
God of evening's parting ray,
Of midnight's gloom, and dawning day,
That rises from the azure sea,
Like breathings of eternity;
God of life! that fade shall never,
Blessed be thy name forever!



CULLODEN, OR LOCHIEL'S FAREWELL.

CULLODEN, on thy swarthy brow
Spring no wild flowers or verdure fair:
Thou feel'st not summer's genial glow
More than the freezing wintry air;
For once thou drank'st the hero's blood,
And War's unhallowed footsteps bore,
The deeds unholy nature view'd,
Then fled and curs'd thee evermore.

From Beauty's wild and woodland glen
How proudly Lovat's banners soar!
How fierce the plaided Highland clan
Rush onward with the broad claymore;
How hearts that high with honor heaves,
The volleying thunder there laid low,
Or scattered like the forest leaves
When wintry winds begin to blow.

Where now thy banners, brave Lochiel?
The braided plumes torn from thy brow,
What must thy haughty spirit feel
When skulking like the mountain roe?
What wild birds chant from Lochy's bowers
On April's eve their loves and joys?
The Lord of Lochy's loftiest towers
To foreign lands an exile flies.

To his blue hills that rose in view,
As o'er the deep his galley bore,
He often look'd and cried "Adieu,"
I ne'er shall see Lochaber more!
Though now thy wounds I cannot heal,
My dear, my injur'd native land!
In other climes, thy foe shall feel
The weight of Cameron's deadly brand.

Land of proud hearts and mountains gray,
Where Fingal fought and Ossian sung,

Mourn dark Culloden's fateful day,
That from thy chiefs the laurel wrung,
Where once they rul'd and roamed at will,
Free as their own dark mountain game,
Their sons are slaves, yet keenly feel
A longing for their fathers' fame.

Shades of the mighty and the brave,
Who, faithful to your Stuart, fell—
No trophies mark your common grave,
No dirges to your mem'ry swell;
But generous hearts will weep your fate,
When far has roll'd the tide of time,
And lands unborn shall renovate
Your fading fame in loftiest rhyme.



THE COVENANTER'S SCAFFOLD SONG.

SING with me! sing with me!
Weeping brethren, sing with me!
For now an open heaven I see,
And a crown of glory laid for me.
How my soul this earth despises!
How my heart and spirit rises!

Bounding from the flesh I sever!
World of sin, adieu forever!

Sing with me! sing with me!
Friends in Jesus, sing with me!
All my sufferings, all my woe,
All my griefs, I here forego.
Farewell terrors, sighing, grieving,
Praying, hearing, and believing,
Earthly trust and all its wrongings,
Earthly love and all its longings.

Sing with me! sing with me!
Blessed spirits, sing with me!
To the Lamb our songs shall be,
Through a glad eternity!
Farewell earthly morn and even,
Sun and moon and stars of heaven;
Heavenly portals ope before me,
Welcome, Christ, in all his glory!

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

1774—1810.

ROBERT TANNAHILL, a lyrical poet of superior order, whose songs rival all but Burns' best in popularity, was a native of Paisley. His education was limited, but he was a diligent reader and student. He was early sent to the loom, weaving being the staple trade of Paisley, and continued to follow his occupation in his native village until his twenty-sixth year, when he removed to Lancashire. There he remained two years, till the declining state of his father's health induced him to return home.

Whilst delighting all classes of his countrymen with his native songs, the poet fell into a state of morbid despondency, aggravated by bodily weakness, and a tendency to consumption. He had prepared a new edition of his poems for the press, and sent the MS. to Mr. Constable the publisher; but it was returned by that gentleman, in consequence of his having more new works on hand than he could undertake that season. His disappointment preyed on the spirits of the sensitive poet, and his melancholy became deep and habitual. He burned all his MS. and sunk into a state of mental derangement. Returning from a visit to Glasgow on the 17th May, 1810, the unhappy poet retired to rest; but suspicion having been excited, in about an hour afterwards it was discovered that he had stolen out unperceived. Search was made in every direction, and by the dawn of the morning the coat of the poet was discovered lying at the side of a neighboring stream, pointing out too surely where his body was to be found.

His lamentable death arose from no want or irregularity, but was solely caused by that morbid disease of the mind, which at last overthrew his reason





THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

KEEN blows the wind o'er the Braes o' Gleniffer,
The auld castle's turrets are cover'd wi' snaw;
How chang'd frae the time when I met wi' my lover
Amang the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw:
The wild flow'rs o' simmer were spread a' sae bonnie,
The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree:
But far to the camp they hae march'd my dear Johnnie,
And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blithesome and cheery,
Then ilk thing around us was bonny and braw;

Now naething is heard but the wind whistling dreary,
And naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw.
The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie,
They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee,
And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnnie,—
'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs along the bleak mountain,
And shakes the dark firs on the stey rocky brae,
While down the deep glen bawls the snaw-flooded fountain,
That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie and me.
'Tis no its loud roar on the wintry wind swellin',
'Tis no the cauld blast brings the tears i' my e'e,
For, O gin I saw but my bonny Scotch callan,
The dark days o' winter were simmer to me!



JESSIE, THE FLOW'R O' DUMBLANE.

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lanely I stray in the calm simmer gloamin'
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.
How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft faulding blossom,
And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;

Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's bonny;
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flow'r o' Dumblane.
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,
Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen;
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days 'till I met wi' my Jessie,
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain,
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
'Till charm'd with sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.
Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain;
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendor,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

G L O O M Y W I N T E R. .

GLOOMY winter's now awa',
 Saft the westlin' breezes blaw:
 'Mang the birks o' Stanley-shaw
 The mavis sings fu' cheerie, O.
 Sweet the craw-flower's early bell
 Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
 Blooming like thy bonny sel',
 My young, my artless dearie, O.

Come, my lassie, let us stray
 O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
 Blythely spend the gowden day
 'Midst joys that never wearie, O.
 Towering o'er the Newton woods,
 Laverocks fan the snaw-white clouds;
 Siller saughs, wi' downie buds,
 Adorn the banks sae brierie, O.

Round thè sylvan fairy nooks,
 Feath'ry braikens fringe the rocks,
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
 And ilka thing is cheerie, O.

Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,
Joy to me they canna bring,
Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O.



THE LAMENT OF WALLACE,

AFTER THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK.

THOU dark winding Carron, once pleasing to see,
To me thou can'st never give pleasure again;
My brave Caledonians lie low on the lea,
And thy streams are deep-ting'd with the blood of the slain.
Ah! base-hearted treachery has doom'd our undoing,—
My poor bleeding country, what more can I do?
Even valor looks pale o'er the red field of ruin,
And Freedom beholds her best warriors laid low.

Farewell, ye dear partners of peril! farewell!
Though buried ye lie in one wide bloody grave,
Your deeds shall ennoble the place where ye fell,
And your names be enroll'd with the sons of the brave!
But I, a poor outcast, in exile must wander,
Perhaps, like a traitor, ignobly must die!
On thy wrongs, O my country! indignant I ponder—
Ah! woe to the hour when thy Wallace must fly!

THE MANIAC'S SONG.

HARK! 'tis the poor maniac's song;
She sits on yon wild craggy steep,
And while the winds mournfully whistle along,
She wistfully looks o'er the deep;
And aye she sings, "Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby!"
To hush the rude billows asleep.

She looks to yon rock far at sea,
And thinks it her lover's white sail,
The warm tear of joy glads her wild glist'ning eye,
As she beckons his vessel to hail:
And aye she sings, "Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby!"
And frets at the boisterous gale.

Poor Susan was gentle and fair,
Till the seas robb'd her heart of its joy;
Then her reason was lost in the gloom of despair
And her charms then did wither and die;
And now her sad "Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby!"
Oft wakes the lone passenger's sigh.

JOHN LEYDEN.

1775—1811

LITERATURE has seldom to mourn more truly over genius early blighted by death than in the case of John Leyden. He was the son of humble parents, and born at Denholm, on the banks of the Teviot in Roxburghshire. His powerful talents, while he was yet young, amassed a singular amount of classical and oriental literature. He was destined for the church, but suddenly exchanged his profession for that of medicine, on a prospect of obtaining an appointment in the East. He proceeded to India, and acted in different capacities in various quarters of that country for several years, hiving up daily stores of oriental learning. In 1811 Leyden accompanied the governor-general to Java. His spirit of romantic adventure led him literally to rush upon death; for with another volunteer who attended the expedition, he threw himself into the surf, in order to be the first Briton of the expedition who should set foot in Java. When the success of the well-concerted movements of the invaders had given them possession of the town of Batavia, Leyden displayed the same ill-omened precipitation in his haste to examine a library, or rather a warehouse of books, in which many Indian manuscripts were said to be deposited. A library in a Dutch settlement was not, as might have been expected, in the best order, the apartment had not been regularly ventilated, and either from this circumstance, or already affected by the fatal sickness peculiar to Batavia, Leyden, when he left the place, declared the atmosphere was enough to give any mortal a fever. The presage was too just, he took to his bed, and died in three days (Aug. 28, 1811) on the eve of the battle that gave Java to the British Empire.



THE MERMAID.

ON Jura's heath how sweetly swell
The murmurs of the mountain bee!
How softly mourns the writhéd shell
Of Jura's shore its parent sea!

But softer, floating o'er the deep,
The Mermaid's sweet sea-soothing lay,
That charm'd the dancing waves to sleep,
Before the bark of Colonsay.

Aloft the purple pennons wave,
As, parting gay from Crinan's shore,
From Morven's wars the seamen brave
Their gallant chieftain homeward bore.

In youth's gay bloom, the grave Macphail
Still blamed the lingering bark's delay;
For her he chid the flagging sail,
The lovely maid of Colonsay.

And "Raise," he cried, "the song of love,
The maiden sung with tearful smile,
When first, o'er Jura's hills he rove,
We left afar the lonely isle!"

"When on this ring of ruby red
Shall die," she said, "the crimson hue,
Know that thy favorite fair is dead,
Or proves to thee and love untrue."

Now, lightly poised, the rising oar
Disperses wide the foamy spray,
And, echoing far o'er Crinan's shore,
Resounds the song of Colonsay.

"Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail,
Sooth to rest the furrowy seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale!

"Where the wave is tinged with red,
And the russet sea-leaves grow,
Mariners, with prudent dread,
Shun the shelving reefs below.

“As you pass through Jura’s sound,
Bend your course by Scarba’s shore,
Shun, O shun, the gulf profound,
Where Corrivrekin’s surges roar!

“If from that unbottom’d deep,
With wrinkled form and writhéd train,
O’er the verge of Scarba’s steep,
The sea-snake heave his snowy mane,

“Unwarp, unwind his oozy coils,
Sea-green sisters of the main,
And in the gulf where ocean boils
The unwieldy wallowing monster chain!

“Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail,
Sooth to rest the furrowed seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale!”

Thus, all to soothe the chieftain’s woe,
Far from the maid he loved so dear,
The song arose, so soft and slow,
He seem’d her parting sigh to hear.

The lonely deck he paces o’er,
Impatient for the rising day,
And still, from Crinan’s moonlight shore,
He turns his eyes to Colonsay.

The moonbeams crisp the curling surge,
That streaks with foam the ocean green;
While forward still the rowers urge
Their course, a female form was seen.

That Sea-maid's form, of pearly light,
Was whiter than the downy spray,
And round her bosom, heaving bright,
Her glossy yellow ringlets play.

Borne on a foamy-crested wave,
She reach'd amain the bounding prow,
Then, clasping fast the chieftain brave,
She plunging sought the deep below.

Ah! long beside thy feigned bier
The monks the prayers of death shall say,
And long for thee the fruitless tear
Shall weep the maid of Colonsay!

But downwards, like a powerless corse,
The eddying waves the chieftain bear;
He only heard the moaning hoarse
Of waters murmuring in his ear.

The murmurs sink by slow degrees;
No more the surges round him rave;
Lull'd by the music of the seas,
He lies within a coral cave.

In dreamy mood reclines he long,
Nor dares his tranced eyes uncloze,
Till, warbling wild, the Sea-maid's song
Far in the crystal cavern rose;

Soft as that harp's unseen control,
In morning dreams that lovers hear,
Whose strains steal sweetly o'er the soul,
But never reach the waking ear.

As sunbeams through the tepid air,
When clouds dissolve in dew's unseen,
Smile on the flowers, that bloom more fair,
And fields, that glow with livelier green.

So melting soft the music fell;
It seem'd to sooth the fluttering spray.
"Say, heard'st thou not these wild notes swell?"
"Ah! 'tis the song of Colonsay."

Like one that from a fearful dream
Awakes, the morning light to view,
And joys to see the purple beam,
Yet fears to find the vision true,—

He heard that strain, so wildly sweet,
Which bade his torpid languor fly!
He fear'd some spell had bound his feet,
And hardly dared his limbs to try.

“This yellow sand, this sparry cave,
Shall bend thy soul to beauty’s sway.
Can’st thou the maiden of the wave
Compare to her of Colonsay?”

Roused by that voice of silver sound,
From the paved floor he lightly sprung,
And, glancing wild his eyes around,
Where the fair Nymph her tresses wrung.

No form he saw of mortal mould;
It shone like ocean’s snowy foam,
Her ringlets waved in living gold,
Her mirror crystal, pearl her comb.

Her pearly comb the Syren took,
And careless bound her tresses wild;
Still o’er the mirror stole her look,
As on the wandering youth she smiled

Like music from the greenwood tree,
Again she raised the melting lay:
“Fair warrior, wilt thou dwell with me
And leave the maid of Colonsay?”

“Fair is the crystal hall for me,
With rubies and with emeralds set,
And sweet the music of the sea
Shall sing, when we for love are met.

“How sweet to dance with gliding feet
Along the level tide so green,
Responsive to the cadence sweet,
That breathes along the moonlight scene!

“And soft the music of the main
Rings from the motley tortoise-shell,
While moonbeams o’er the watery plain
Seem trembling in its fitful swell.

“How sweet, when billows heave their head,
And shake their snowy crests on high,
Serene in ocean’s sapphire bed,
Beneath the tumbling surge to lie;

“To trace with tranquil step the deep,
Where pearly drops of frozen dew
In concave shells unconscious sleep,
Or shine with lustre silvery blue!

“Then shall the summer sun from far
Pour through the wave a softer ray,
While diamonds, in a bower of spar,
At eve shall shed a brighter day.

“Nor stormy wind, nor wintry gale,
That o’er the angry ocean sweep,
Shall e’er our coral groves assail,
Calm in the bosom of the deep.

“Through the green meads beneath the sea,
Enamor’d, we shall fondly stray:
Then, gentle warrior, dwell with me,
And leave the maid of Colonsay!”—

“Though bright thy locks of glistering gold
Fair maiden of the foamy main!
Thy life-blood is the water cold,
While mine beats high in every vein.

“If I, beneath thy sparry cave,
Should in thy snowy arms recline,
Inconstant as the restless wave,
My heart would grow as cold as thine.”—

As cygnet-down, proud swell’d her breast;
Her eye confest the pearly tear;
His hand she to her bosom prest—
“Is there no heart for rapture here?

“These limbs, sprung from the lucid sea,
Does no warm blood their currents fill,
No heart-pulse riot, wild and free,
To joy, to love’s delirious thrill?”—

“Though all the splendor of the sea
Around thy faultless beauty shine,
That heart, that riots wild and free,
Can hold no sympathy with mine.

“These sparkling eyes, so wild and gay,
They swim not in the light of love:
The beauteous maid of Colonsay,
Her eyes are milder than the dove!

“E’en now, within the lonely isle,
Her eyes are dim with tears for me:
And canst thou think that Syren-smile
Can lure my soul to dwell with thee?”

An oozy film her limbs o’erspread;
Unfolds in length her scaly train;
She toss’d in proud disdain her head,
And lashed with webbed fin the main.

“Dwell here, alone!” the Mermaid cried,
“And view far off the Sea-nymphs play;
The prison-wall, the azure tide,
Shall bar thy steps from Colonsay.

“Whene’er, like ocean’s scaly brood,
I cleave with rapid fin the wave,
Far from the daughter of the flood
Conceal thee in this coral cave.

“I feel my former soul return;
It kindles at thy cold disdain:
And has a mortal dared to spurn
A daughter of the foamy main?”—

She fled; around the crystal cave
The rolling waves resume their road,
On the broad portal idly rave,
But enter not the Nymph's abode.

And many a weary night went by,
As in the lonely cave he lay,
And many a sun roll'd through the sky,
And pour'd its beams on Colonsay:

And oft, beneath the silver moon,
He heard afar the Mermaid sing,
And oft, to many a melting tune,
The shell-formed lyres of ocean ring:

And when the moon went down the sky,
Still rose in dreams his native plain,
And oft he thought his love was by,
And charm'd him with some tender strain:

And, heart-sick, oft he waked to weep,
When ceased that voice of silver sound,
And thought to plunge him in the deep,
That wall'd his crystal cavern round.

But still the ring of ruby red
Retain'd its vivid crimson hue,
And each despairing accent fled,
To find his gentle love so true.

When seven long lonely months were gone,
The Mermaid to his cavern came,
No more mishappen from the zone,
But like a maid of mortal frame.

“O give to me that ruby ring,
That on thy finger glances gay,
And thou shalt hear the Mermaid sing
The song, thou lov'st, of Colonsay.”

“This ruby ring, of crimson grain,
Shall on thy finger glitter gay,
If thou wilt bear me through the main,
Again to visit Colonsay.”—

“Except thou quit thy former love,
Content to dwell for aye with me,
Thy scorn my finny frame might move
To tear thy limbs amid the sea.”—

“Then bear me swift along the main,
The lonely isle again to see,
And when I here return again,
I plight my faith to dwell with thee.”

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread,
While slow unfolds her scaly train,
With gluey fangs her hands were clad,
She lash'd with webbed fin the main.

He grasps the Mermaid's scaly sides,
As with broad fin she oars her way;
Beneath the silent moon she glides,
That sweetly sleeps on Colonsay.

Proud swells her heart! she deems, at last,
To lure him with her silver tongue,
And, as the shelving rocks she past,
She raised her voice and sweetly sung.

In softer, sweeter strains she sung,
Slow gliding o'er the moonlight bay,
When light to land the chieftain sprung,
To hail the maid of Colonsay.

O sad the Mermaid's gay notes fell,
And sadly sink remote at sea!
So sadly mourns the writhéd shell
Of Jura's shore its parent sea.

And ever as the year returns,
The charm-bound sailors know the day;
For sadly still the Mermaid mourns
The lovely chief of Colonsay.

ODE TO THE EVENING STAR.

How sweet thy modest light to view,
Fair Star, to love and lovers dear!
While trembling on the falling dew,
Like beauty shining through a tear.

Or, hanging o'er that mirror-stream,
To mark that image trembling there,
Thou seem'st to smile with softer gleam,
To see thy lovely face so fair.

Though, blazing o'er the arch of night,
The moon thy timid beams outshine,
As far as thine each starry light;—
Her rays can never vie with thine.

Thine are the soft enchanting hours,
When twilight lingers on the plain,
And whispers to the closing flowers
That soon the sun will rise again.

Thine is the breeze that, murmuring bland
As music, wafts the lover's sigh,

And bids the yielding heart expand
In love's delicious ecstasy.

Fair Star! though I be doom'd to prove
That rapture's tears are mix'd with pain,
Ah, still I feel 'tis sweet to love!
But sweeter to be lov'd again.



ODE TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

SLAVE of the dark and dirty mine!
What vanity has brought thee here?
How can I love to see thee shine
So bright, whom I have bought so dear?
The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear,
For twilight converse arm in arm;
The jackal's shriek bursts on my ear,
When mirth and music went to cheer.

By Cheral's dark wandering streams,
Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
Of Teviot loved while still a child;

Of castled rocks stupendous piled
By Esk or Eden's classic wave,
Where loves of youth and friendship smiled
Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!
The perished bliss of youth's first prime,
That once so bright on fancy played,
Revives no more in after time.
Far from my sacred natal clime
I haste to an untimely grave;
The daring thoughts that soared sublime
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine, thy yellow light
Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear.
A gentle vision comes by night
My lonely widowed heart to cheer.
Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
That once were guiding-stars to mine;
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear!
I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
I left a heart that loved me true!
I crossed the tedious ocean wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new.

The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my withered heart; the grave
Dark and untimely met my view—
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! com'st thou now so late to mock
A wanderer's banished heart forlorn,
Now that his frame, the lightning shock
Of sun-rays tipt with death has borne?
From love, from friendship, country, torn,
To memory's fond regrets the prey:
Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn!
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

WILLIAM KNOX.

1789—1825.

WILLIAM KNOX, a young poet of considerable talent, who died in Edinburgh in 1825, at the age of thirty-six, was author of "The Lonely Hearth," "Songs of Israel," "The Harp of Zion," &c. Extravagance and dissipation marked his earlier years, and for a time clouded his genius, but he could never fully overcome the force of early religious impressions; and it is said, that even in the midst of the most deplorable dissipation, he was able to command his mind, at intervals, to the composition of verses alive with sacred fire, and breathing of Scriptural simplicity and tenderness. The feelings of the poet's heart at a particular crisis of his family history, are truly expressed in the first of the following pieces:

OPENING OF THE SONGS OF ISRAEL.

HARP of Zion, pure and holy,
Pride of Judah's eastern land,
May a child of guilt and folly,
Strike thee with a feeble hand?
May I to my bosom take thee,
Trembling from the prophet's touch,
And with throbbing heart awake thee
To the strains I love so much?

I have loved thy thrilling numbers,
Since the dawn of childhood's day;
Since a mother soothed my slumbers
With the cadence of thy lay;
Since a little blooming sister
Clung with transport round my knee,
And my glowing spirit blessed her
With a blessing caught from thee!

Mother—sister—both are sleeping
Where no heaving hearts respire,
Whilst the eve of age is creeping
Round the widowed spouse and sire.

He and his, amid their sorrow,
Find enjoyment in thy strain:
Harp of Zion, let me borrow,
Comfort from thy chords again!

DIRGE OF RACHEL.

(GENESIS XXXV. 19.)

AND Rachel lies in Ephrath's land,
Beneath her lonely oak of weeping;
With mouldering heart and withering hand,
The sleep of death forever sleeping.

The spring comes smiling down the vale,
The lilies and the roses bringing;
But Rachel never more shall hail
The flowers that in the world are springing.

The summer gives his radiant day,
And Jewish dames the dance are treading;
But Rachel on her couch of clay,
Sleeps all unheeded and unheeding.

The Autumn's ripening sunbeam shines,
And reapers to the field is calling;

But Rachel's voice no longer joins
The choral song at twilight's falling.

The winter sends his drenching shower,
And sweeps his howling blast around her,
But earthly storms possess no power
To break the slumber that hath bound her.

THE FIELD OF GILBOA.

THE sun of the morning looked forth from his throne,
And beamed on the face of the dead and the dying:
For the yell of the strife like the thunder had flown,
And red on Gilboa the carnage was lying.

And there lay the husband that lately was pressed
To the beautiful cheek that was tearless and ruddy—
Now the claws of the vulture were fixed in his breast.
And the beak of the vulture was busy and bloody.

And there lay the son of the widowed and sad,
Who yesterday went from her dwelling for ever—
Now the wolf of the hills a sweet carnival had
On the delicate limb that had ceased not to quiver.

And there came the daughter, the desolate child,
To hold up the head that was breathless and hoary ;
And there came the maiden, all frantic and wild,
To kiss the loved lips that were gasping and gory.

And there came the consort, that struggled in vain
To stem the red tide of a spouse that bereft her ;
And there came the mother, that sunk 'mid the slain;
To weep o'er the last human stay that was left her.

O bloody Gilboa ! a curse ever lie

Where the king and his people were slaughtered to-
gether !

May the dew and the rain leave thy herbage to die
Thy flocks to decay, and thy forests to wither !



T O - M O R R O W

To-MORROW—mortal, boast not thou
Of time and tide that are not now!
But think in one revolving day
How earthly things may pass away!

To-day—while hearts with rapture spring
The youth to beauty's lip may cling;
To-morrow—and that lip of bliss
May sleep unconscious of his kiss.

To-day the blooming spouse may press
Her husband in a fond caress;
To-morrow—and the hands that pressed
May wildly strike her widowed breast.

To-day—the clasping babe may drain
The milk-stream from its mother's vein;
To-morrow—like a frozen rill,
That bosom-current may be still.

To-day—thy merry heart may feast
On herb, and fruit, and bird and beast:

To-morrow—spite of all thy glee,
The hungry worms may feast on thee.

To-morrow! mortal, boast not thou
Of time and tide that are not now!
But think, in one revolving day,
That e'en thyself may pass away.

M O R T A L I T Y.

OH, why should the spirit of mortal be proud!
Like a fast flitting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave—
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willows shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The child whom a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each—all are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king who the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest who the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats to the steep,
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes—like the flower and the weed
That wither away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes—even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same things that our fathers have been,
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
And we run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think,
From the death we are shrinking from, they too would
shrink,

To the life we are clinging too, they too would cling,
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved—but their story we cannot unfold.
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold,
They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers may come,
They joyed—but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay, they died! and we things that are now
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea; hope and despondence, and pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile, and the tear, and the song, and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye; 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud!

1777-1844

THOMAS CAMPBELL, LL.D.

1777—1844.

CAMPBELL was the youngest son of a Glasgow merchant, who traced his descent to a distinguished family of Argyleshire. Commercial misfortunes had reduced his father to comparative poverty, but he was able to give his favorite and promising son an education in Glasgow university. Through the classes of that seminary the youth passed with great reputation, especially for Greek literature; and, abandoning his original prospect of church preferment, he came to Edinburgh with some hazy intentions of studying law. Poetical sympathies and want of opportunity fortunately threw his energies in another direction. The publication of the "Pleasures of Hope," in 1799, at the early age of twenty-one, elevated him to the rank of a popular poet. The emolument yielded by his poem enabled him to travel in Germany: he witnessed the battle of Hohenlinden, which he has so nobly commemorated. Ultimately he married his cousin, Miss Matilda Sinclair, and settled in the neighborhood of London. His married life was happy, but the death of one son and the madness of another, cast a dark shadow on Campbell's existence. He continually struggled with narrowness of circumstances, caused in a great measure by his generosity to his destitute mother, sisters, and other relations. His health was seldom vigorous, while his subsistence demanded the incessant exercise of his pen, chiefly in the task-work of compilation. For a number of years (1820-1831) he edited the *New Monthly Magazine*. He was frequently on the continent, and the death of his wife in 1828, leaving the poet stripped of his last domestic comfort, seemed to give his wandering propensities a wider range; he visited Algiers in 1834. He had the honor

of being thrice elected to the Lord Rectorship of his native university. During his later years, in the enjoyment of a merited pension from government, he resided chiefly in London, engaged in literary pursuits, and enjoying the society of his friends. He died in 1844 at Boulogne, to which he had removed in search of renovated health. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Campbell's poetical works consist of the "Pleasures of Hope;" "Gertrude of Wyoming," an affecting tale of an Indian incursion on that Pennsylvania village during the American war;" "Theodoric," a domestic Swiss tale, and many beautiful minor poems. His lyrics are among the noblest in the language.

Chambers gives the following just and beautiful analysis of Campbell's poetry:

"The genius and taste of Campbell resemble those of Gray. He displays the same delicacy and purity of sentiment, the same vivid perception of beauty and ideal loveliness, equal picturesqueness and elevation of imagery, and the same lyrical and concentrated power of expression. The diction of both is elaborately choice and select. The general tone of Campbell's verse is calm, uniform and mellifluous—a stream of mild harmony and delicious fancy flowing through the bosom scenes of life, with images scattered separately, like flowers on its surface, and beauties of expression interwoven with it—certain words and phrases of magical power—which never quit the memory. In his highest pulse of excitement, the cadence of his verse becomes deep and strong, without losing its liquid smoothness, the stream expands to a flood, but never overflows the limits prescribed by a correct taste and regulated magnificence."



THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lower'd
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain;

At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track :
'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn ;
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;—
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.



TO THE RAINBOW.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art.

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that Optics teach, unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws !

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's gray fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign.

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first made anthem rang
On earth deliver'd from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam:
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the prophet's theme!

The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshen'd fields
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or, mirror'd in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem.
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.

THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its Immortality!

I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time!
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
 With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
 As if a storm pass'd by,
Saying, We are twins in death, proud Sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
 'Tis mercy bids thee go.
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
 That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
 His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, flood and earth,
 The vassals of his will;—
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrowned king of day:
 For all these trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Heal'd not a passion or a pang
 Entail'd on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
 Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
 Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh upon the rack

Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Ev'n I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sunless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp of gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,—
The majesty of Darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him
Who gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of Victory,—
And took the sting from Death!

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste

To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his Immortality,
Or shake his trust in God !

LINES

WRITTEN ON VISITING A SCENE IN ARGYLESHIRE.

At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour,
I have mused in a sorrowful mood,
On the wind-shaken weeds that embosom the bower,
Where the home of my forefathers stood.
All ruin'd and wild is their roofless abode,
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree :
And travell'd by few is the grass-cover'd road,
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode,
To his hills that encircle the sea.

Yet wandering, I found on my ruinous walk,
By the dial-stone aged and green,

One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
To mark where the garden had been.
Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,
All wild in the silence of nature, it drew,
From each wandering sunbeam a lonely embrace,
For the night-weed and thorn overshadow'd the place,
Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness ! emblem of all
That remains in this desolate heart !
The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall,
But patience shall never depart !
Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and bright,
In the days of delusion by fancy combined
With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,
Abandon my soul like a dream of the night,
And leave but a desert behind.

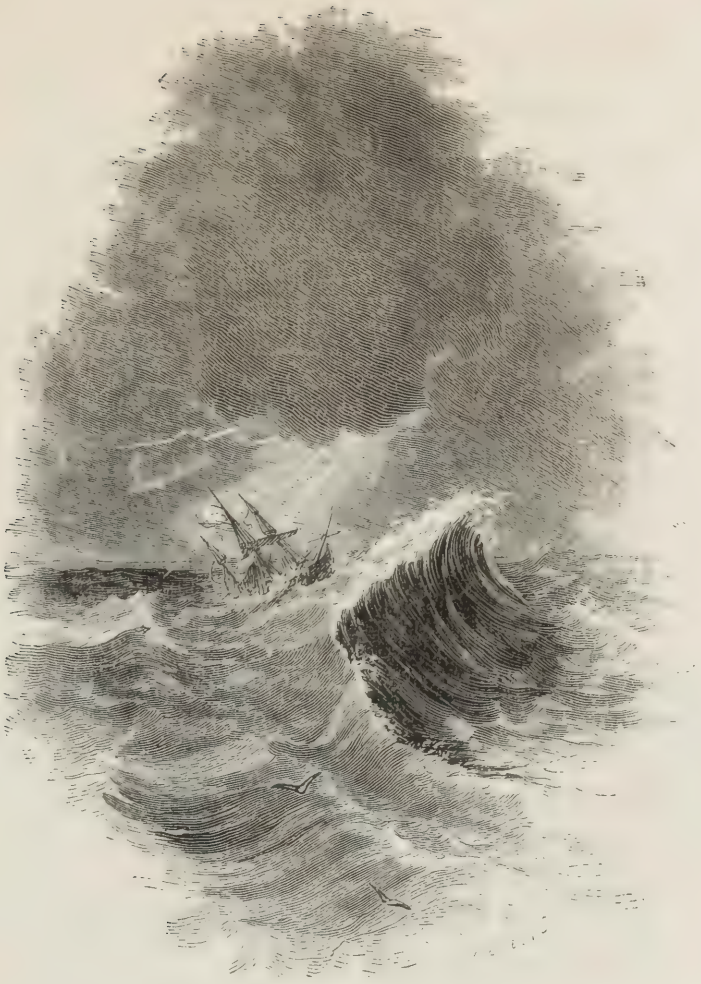
Be hush'd my dark spirit ! for wisdom condemns
When the faint and the feeble deplore ;
Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems
A thousand wild waves on the shore !
Through the perils of chance, and the scowl of disdain,
May thy front be unalter'd, thy courage elate !
Yea ! even the name I have worshipp'd in vain
Shall wake not the sigh of remembrance again :
To bear is to conquer our fate.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

1784—1842.

THIS poet, novelist, and miscellaneous writer, was born of comparatively humble parentage in Dumfries-shire. He began life as a stone mason; but his early literary ability was such that, being introduced to Cromek, the editor of "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," and undertaking to procure contributions to that work, he sent to the editor, as genuine remains, compositions of his own. These form the bulk of Cromek's collection. The cheat was long unsuspected; but the suspicious sagacity of the Ettrick Shepherd and others, especially Professor Wilson (see Blackwood's Magazine, Dec. 1819), ultimately demonstrated the imposition, much to the reputation of the real author.

Mr. Cunningham repaired in 1810 to London, and, obtaining an appointment of trust in the sculptor Chantrey's studio, he settled himself here for life. In this congenial position of comfort and independence, he possessed opportunities for the employment of his active pen, and for intercourse with men of kindred genius. His warm heart, his honest, upright and independent character, attracted the affectionate esteem and respect of all who enjoyed his acquaintance.



A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lea.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
But hark, the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

THE SUN RISES BRIGHT IN FRANCE.

THE sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he;
But he has tint the blythe blink he had
In my ain countree.

O it's nae my ain ruin
That saddens aye my e'e,
But the dear Marie I left ahin',
Wi' sweet bairnies three.

My lanely hearth burn'd bonnie,
An' smiled my ain Marie;
I've left a' my heart behin'
In my ain countree.

The bud comes back to summer,
And the blossom to the bee;
But I'll win back—O never,
To my ain countree.

O I am leal to high Heaven,
Where soon I hope to be,
An' there I'll meet ye a' soon
Frae my ain countree.

A F R A G M E N T.

GANE were but the winter-cauld,
And gane were but the snaw,
I could sleep in the wild woods,
Where prim-roses blaw.

Cauld's the snaw at my head,
And cauld at my feet,
And the finger o' death's at my een,
Closing them to sleep.

Let nane tell my father,
Or my mither sae dear,
I'll meet them baith in heaven
At the spring o' the year.

THOMAS PRINGLE.

1788—1854.

THOMAS PRINGLE was born in Roxburghshire. He was concerned in the establishment of Blackwood's Magazine, and was the author of "Scenes of Teviotdale," "Ephemerides," and other poems, all of which display fine feeling and a cultivated taste. Although from lameness ill-fitted for a life of hardship, Mr. Pringle, with his father and several brothers, emigrated to the Cape of Good Hope in the year 1820, and there established a little township or settlement named Glen Lynden. The poet afterward removed to Cape Town, the capital; but, wearied with his Caffre-land exile, and disagreeing with the governor, he returned to England and subsisted by his pen. His services were engaged by the *African Society* as secretary to that body, a situation which he continued to hold until within a few months of his death. In the discharge of its duties, he evinced a spirit of active humanity and an ardent love to the cause to which he was devoted. His last work was a series of African sketches, containing an interesting personal narrative, interspersed with verse.



THE BECHUANA BOY.

I SAT at noontide in my tent,
And looked across the Desert dun,
Beneath the cloudless firmament
Far gleaming in the sun.

When from the bosom of the waste
A swarthy Stripling came in haste,
With foot unshod and naked limb;
And a tame springbok followed him.

With open aspect, frank yet bland,
And with a modest mien he stood,

Caressing with a gentle hand
That beast of gentle brood;
Then, meekly gazing in my face,
Said in the language of his race,
With smiling look yet pensive tone,
"Stranger—I'm in the world alone!"

"Poor boy!" I said, "thy native home
Lies far beyond the Stormberg blue:
Why hast thou left it, boy! to roam
This desolate Karroo?"
His face grew sadder while I spoke;
The smile forsook it; and he broke
Short silence with a sob-like sigh,
And told his hapless history.

"I have no home!" replied the boy:
"The Bergenaars—by night they came,
And raised their wolfish howl of joy,
While o'er our huts the flame
Resistless rushed; and aye their yell
Pealed louder as our warriors fell
In helpless heaps beneath their shot:
—One living man they left us not!

"The slaughter o'er, they gave the slain
To feast the foul-beaked birds of prey;
And, with our herds, across the plain
They hurried us away—

The widowed mothers and their brood.
Oft, in despair, for drink and food
We vainly cried: they heeded not,
But with sharp lash the captive smote.

“Three days we tracked that dreary wild,
Where thirst and anguish pressed us sore;
And many a mother and her child
Lay down to rise no more.

Behind us, on the desert brown,
We saw the vultures swooping down:
And heard, as the grim night was falling,
The wolf to his gorged comrade calling.

“At length was heard a river sounding
’Midst that dry and dismal land,
And, like a troop of wild deer bounding,
We hurried to its strand—
Among the maddened cattle rushing;
The crowd behind still forward pushing,
Till in the floods our limbs were drenched,
And the fierce rage of thirst was quenched.

“Hoarse-roaring, dark, the broad Gareep
In turbid streams was sweeping fast,
Huge sea-cows in its eddies deep
Loud snorting as we passed;
But that relentless robber-clan
Right through those waters wild and wan

Drove on like sheep our wearied band:
—Some never reached the farther strand.

“All shivering from the foaming flood,
We stood upon the stranger’s ground,
When, with proud looks and gestures rude,
The White Men gathered round:
And there, like cattle from the fold,
By Christians we were bought and sold,
’Midst laughter loud and looks of scorn—
And roughly from each other torn.

“My Mother’s scream, so long and shrill,
My little Sister’s wailing cry,
(In dreams I often hear them still!)
Rose wildly to the sky.

A tiger’s heart came to me then,
And fiercely on those ruthless men
I sprang.—Alas! dashed on the sand,
Bleeding, they bound me foot and hand.

“Away—away on prancing steeds
The stout man-stealers blithely go,
Through long low valleys fringed with reeds,
O’er mountains capped with snow,
Each with his captive, far and fast;
Until yon rock-bound ridge we passed,
And distant stripes of cultured soil
Bespoke the land of tears and toil.

“And tears and toil have been my lot
Since I the White Man’s thrall became,
And sorer griefs I wish forgot—
Harsh blows, and scorn, and shame!
Oh, Englishman! thou ne’er canst know
The injured bondman’s bitter woe,
When round his breast, like scorpions, cling
Black thoughts that madden while they sting!

“Yet this hard fate I might have borne,
And taught in time my soul to bend,
Had my sad yearning heart forlorn
But found a single friend:
My race extinct or far removed,
The Boor’s rough brood I could have loved;
But each to whom my bosom turned
Even like a hound the black boy spurned.

“While, friendless thus, my master’s flocks
I tended on the upland waste,
It chanced this fawn leapt from the rocks,
By wolfish wild-dogs chased:
I rescued it, though wounded sore
And dabbled in its mother’s gore:
And nursed it in a cavern wild,
Until it loved me like a child.

“Gently I nursed it; for I thought
(Its hapless fate so like to mine)

By good URÍKO it was brought
 To bid me not repine,—
Since in this world of wrong and ill
One creature lived that loved me still,
Although its dark and dazzling eye
Beamed not with human sympathy.

“Thus lived I, a lone orphan lad,
 My task the proud Boor’s flocks to tend;
And this poor fawn was all I had
 To love or call my friend;
When suddenly, with haughty look
And taunting words, that tyrant took
My playmate for his pampered boy,
Who envied me my only joy.

“High swelled my heart!—But when the star
 Of midnight gleamed, I softly led
My bounding favorite forth, and far
 Into the Desert fled.
And here, from human kind exiled,
Three moons on roots and berries wild
I’ve fared; and braved the beasts of prey,
To ’scape from spoilers worse than they.

“But yester morn a Bushman brought
 The tidings that thy tents were near;
And now with hasty foot I’ve sought
 Thy presence, void of fear;

Because they say, O English Chief,
Thou scornest not the Captive's grief:
Then let me serve thee, as thine own—
For I am in the world alone!"

Such was Marossi's touching tale.

Our breasts they were not made of stone;
His words, his winning looks prevail—

We took him for "our own."

And One, with woman's gentle art
Unlocked the fountains of his heart;
And love gushed forth—till he became
Her Child in everything but name.



AFAR IN THE DESERT.

AFAR in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the Present, I cling to the Past;
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And shadows of things that have long since fled
Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead:
Bright visions of glory—that vanished too soon;
Day-dreams—that departed ere manhood's noon;

Attachments—by fate or by falsehood reft;
Companions of early days—lost or left;
And my Native Land—whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood; the haunts of my prime;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time
When the feelings were young and the world was new.
Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view;
All—all now forsaken—forgotten—foregone!
And I—a lone exile remembered of none—
My high aims abandoned,—my good acts undone,—
Aweary of all that is under the sun,—
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the Desert afar from man!

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption and strife—
The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear,—
The scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear,—
And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh—
Oh! then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the Desert alone to ride!

There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand—
The only law of the Desert Land!

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
Away—away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen;



By valleys remote where the oribi plays.
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartèbeest graze,
And the kùdù and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of gray forests o'erhung with wild vine;
Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the fen where the wild-ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
O'er the brown Karroo, where the bleating cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;
And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling neigh
Is heard by the fountain at twilight gray;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
Hieing away to the home of her rest,
Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,
Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view
In the pathless depths of the parched Karroo.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
Away—away—in the Wilderness vast,
Where the White Man's foot hath never passed,

And the quivered Coránna or Bechuán
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan :
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which Man hath abandoned from famine and fear ;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
With the twilight bat from the yawning stone ;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot ;
And the bitter melon, for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt lake's brink :
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides ;
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
Appears to refresh the aching eye :
But the barren earth and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon, round and round,
Spread—void of living sight or sound.

And here, while the night-winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
"A still small voice" comes through the wild
(Like a Father consoling his fretful Child),
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,—
Saying—MAN IS DISTANT, BUT GOD IS NEAR !

SONG OF THE WILD BUSHMAN.

LET the proud White Man boast his flocks,
And fields of foodful grain;
My home is 'mid the mountain rocks,
The Desert my domain.
I plant no herbs nor pleasant fruits,
I toil not for my cheer;
The Desert yields me juicy roots,
And herds of bounding deer.

The countless springboks are my flock,
Spread o'er the unbounded plain;
The buffalo bendeth to my yoke,
The wild-horse to my rein;
My yoke is the quivering assagai,
My rein the tough bow-string;
My bridle curb is a slender barb—
Yet it quells the forest-king.

The crested adder honoreth me,
And yields at my command
His poison-bag, like the honey-bee,
When I seize him on the sand.

Yea, even the wasting locust-swarm,
Which mighty nations dread,
To me nor terror brings nor harm—
For I make of them my bread.

Thus I am lord of the Desert Land,
And I will not leave my bounds,
To crouch beneath the Christian's hand,
And kennel with his hounds:
To be a hound, and watch the flocks,
For the cruel White Man's gain—
No! the brown Serpent of the Rocks
His den doth yet retain;
And none who there his sting provokes,
Shall find its poison vain!



THE LION AND GIRAFFE.

WOULDEST thou view the Lion's den?
Search afar from haunts of men—
Where the reed-encircled rill
Oozes from the rocky hill,
By its verdure far descried
'Mid the desert brown and wide.

Close beside the sedgy brim
Couchant lurks the Lion grim;
Watching till the close of day
Brings the death-devoted prey.
Heedless, at the ambushed brink
The tall Giraffe stoops down to drink:
Upon him straight the savage springs
With cruel joy. The desert rings
With clanging sound of desperate strife—
The prey is strong and he strives for life.
Plunging oft with frantic bound,
To shake the tyrant to the ground,
He shrieks—he rushes through the waste,
With glaring eye and headlong haste:
In vain!—the spoiler on his prize
Rides proudly—tearing as he flies.

For life—the victim's utmost speed
Is mustered in the hour of need:
For life—for life—his giant might
He strains, and pours his soul in flight;
And, mad with terror, thirst, and pain,
Spurns with wild hoof the thundering plain.

'Tis vain; the thirsty sands are drinking
His streaming blood—his strength is sinking;
The victor's fangs are in his veins—
His flanks are streaked with sanguine stains—

His panting breast in foam and gore
 Is bathed—he reels—his race is o'er:
 He falls—and, with convulsive throe,
 Resigns his throat to the ravening foe!
 —And lo! ere quivering life has fled,
 The vultures, wheeling overhead,
 Swoop down, to watch, in gaunt array,
 Till the gorged tyrant quits his prey.

I H E H O I I E U I O I.

MILD, melancholy, and sedate, he stands,
 Tending another's flock upon the fields,
 His fathers' once, where now the White Man builds
 His home, and issues forth his proud commands.
 His dark eye flashes not; his listless hands
 Lean on the shepherd's staff; no more he wields
 The Libyan bow—but to th' oppressor yields
 Submissively his freedom and his lands.
 Has he no courage? Once he had—but, lo!
 Harsh Servitude hath worn him to the bone.
 No enterprise? Alas! the brand, the blow,
 Have humbled him to dust—even *hope* is gone!
 "He's a base-hearted hound—not worth his food"—
 His Master cries—"he has no *gratitude*!"



FAREWELL TO IEDVIOIDALE.

“OUR native Land—our native Vale—
A long and last adieu!

Farewell to bonny Lynden-dale,
And Cheviot-mountains blue!

“Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renowned in song;
Farewell, ye blithesome braes and meads
Our hearts have loved so long.

“Farewell, ye broomy elfin knowes,
Where thyme and harebells grow;

Farewell, ye hoary haunted howes,
O'erhung with birk and sloe.

“The battle-mound, the Border-tower,
That Scotia's annals tell;
The martyr's grave, the lover's bower—
To each—to all—farewell!

“Home of our hearts! our fathers' home!
Land of the brave and free!
The keel is flashing through the foam
That bears us far from thee:

“We seek a wild and distant shore
Beyond the Atlantic main;
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again:

“But may dishonor blight our fame,
And quench our household fires,
When we, or ours, forget thy name,
Green Island of our Sires!

“Our native Land—our native Vale—
A long, a last adieu!
Farewell to Bonny Lynden-dale,
And Scotland's mountains blue.”

THE NAMELESS STREAM.

I FOUND a Nameless Stream among the hills,
And traced its course through many a changeful scene ;
Now gliding free through grassy uplands green,
And stately forests, fed by limpid rills ;
Now dashing through dark grottos, where distils
The poison dew ; then issuing all serene
'Mong flowery meads where snow-white lilies screen
The wild swan's white breast. At length it fills
Its deepening channels ; flowing calmly on
To join the ocean on his billowy beach.
—But that bright bourne its current ne'er shall reach :
It meets the thirsty desert,—and is gone
To waste oblivion ! let its story teach
The fate of one—who sinks, like it, unknown.

ROBERT POLLOK.

1799—1827.

THE author of "The Course of Time" adds one more to the list of minds too early quenched by the very ardor of their pursuit of greatness. He was born at Muirhouse, in the parish of Eaglesham, in Renfrewshire. Destined for the dissenting Presbyterian ministry of Scotland, he passed with reputation through his curriculum of study. But the severity of his application induced consumption, which cut off the young poet at the age of twenty-seven; he died in the south of England, to which he had been removed for the recovery of his health, shortly after his license to the ministry and the publication of his great poem. As the production of a youth, "The Course of Time" must rank among the most wonderful efforts of genius. The following letter to his brother, announcing its completion, will be read with interest:

"MUIRHOUSE, July 7, 1826.

"DEAR BROTHER,—It is with much pleasure that I am now able to tell you that I have finished my poem. Since I wrote to you last, I have written about three thousand five hundred verses; which is considerably more than a hundred every successive day. This, you will see, was extraordinary expedition, to be continued so long; and I neither can, nor wish to ascribe it to any thing but an extraordinary manifestation of Divine goodness. Although some nights I was on the borders of fever, I rose every morning equally fresh, without one twitch of headache; and with all the impatience of a lover, hastened to my study. Towards the end of the tenth book—for the whole consists of ten books—where the subject was overwhelmingly great, and where I, indeed,

seemed to write from immediate inspiration, I felt the body beginning to give way. But now that I have finished, though thin with the great heat, and the almost unintermitted mental exercise, I am by no means languishing and feeble. Since the 1st of June, which was the day I began to write last, we have had a Grecian atmosphere; and I find the serenity of the heavens of incalculable benefit for mental pursuit. And I am now convinced that summer is the best season for great mental exertion; because the heat promotes the circulation of the blood; the stagnation of which is the great cause of misery to cogitative men. The serenity of mind which I have possessed is astonishing. Exalted on my native mountains, and writing often on the top of the very highest of them, I proceeded, from day to day, as if I had been in a world in which there was neither sin, nor sickness, nor poverty. In the four books last written, I have succeeded, in almost every instance, up to my wishes; and, in many places, I have exceeded anything that I had conceived. This is not boasting, remember. I only say that I have exceeded the degree of excellence which I had formerly thought of."

"Pollok was tall, well-proportioned, of a dark complexion, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," with deep-set eyes, heavy eyebrows and black bushy hair. A smothered light burned in his dark orbs, which flashed with a meteor brilliancy whenever he spoke with enthusiasm and energy."

THE INVOLUTION.

IN the woodlands Love is singing,
Health salutes the rosy day,
Hill and dale with joy are ringing,
Rise, my love, and come away !
Winter, with his snowy head,
To his icy den has fled ;
Frost severe, and tempest high,
With the shivering monarch fly ;
Bound in chains, with him they dwell,
Far away in horrid cell.
And gay Spring, in gown of green,
Frisking o'er the lawn is seen—
Frisking o'er the lawn and mountain,
Bathing in the silver fountain,
Singing in the arbor'd shade,
And weeping tears of joy on every blade.

With her forth the Graces sally,
Painting flowers with nature's skill ;
Lilies dwelling in the valley,
Daisies shining on the hill ;

And the primrose of the glen,
Far retired from haunt of men ;
And the violet meek and mild;
Stooping modest o'er the wild ;
And a thousand flowers that grow,
Where hermit-streams to reed of shepherd flow.
Mirth on tiptoe ever dancing,
 Leaps before the leaf-clad queen ;
Joy, with eye seraphic glancing,
 Tripping close behind is seen.
And the goddess kind to thee,
Lyda ! comes in sportive glee.
Health, the maid forever young,
Trips the gamesome group among ;
Health, that loves to see the Day
Yoke his steeds on eastern way ;
Health, with cheek of rosy hue,
Bathed in Morning's holy dew.
Sighing Zephyr, too, attends,
Where her flowery footpath wends ;
And from every fanning wing,
Dipt in Life's immortal spring—
Spring that flows before the throne
Of the always-ancient One—
Sheds balmy life in viewless shower,
Like oil of gladness seen on herb and flower.



Hark ! the sons of harmony
Sing the dirge of Winter's reign ;
Sing a song of jubilee
To the Spring returned again.
Thrush and black-bird in the grove,
Tune their harps to notes of love ;
Tune their harps to Zephyr's sigh,
And the streamlet murmuring by ;
And the simple linnet too,
With beak wet in silver dew,
From the poplar's lofty pride,
To its half-consenting bride

Sings a song as soft and clear
 As Ausonia's daughters hear,
 When the lovesick serenade
 In their ravished ear is made.
 Deep in bosom of the wood
 The stockdove coos in amorous mood ;
 Warbling high in heaven, hark !
 How the silver-throated lark,
 Hovering on the roseate cloud,
 Anthems sings so sweet, so loud !
 From the dewy hillock's side
 Joyous lists his honest bride,
 Joyous lists, or flits on high
 To meet her lover in the sky ;
 And the cuckoo voice of spring,
 Surest pledge of sunshine day,
 Ever fanning with his wing
 Flora on her liliated way,
 Sends o'er mountain, vale, and grot,
 His never-changing, ever-pleasing note.

* * * * *

'Tis morn, my love ! 'tis morn of Spring,
 O'er the dew the roe is bounding ;
 Hark ! a thousand voices sing,
 Hark ! Aurora's horn is sounding ;
 And the glorious god of Day
 Starts upon his eastern way,

And his golden ringlets fly
O'er vale and mountain high ;
Over steepy rock and hill,
Loud cascade and gentle rill,
Leafy wood and shining lake,
Flowery mead and flowery brake ;
Over silent wilderness,
Where modest love retires to feel his bliss.
In the woodlands love is singing,
 Health salutes the rosy Day ;
Hill and dale with joy are ringing,
 Rise, my love, and come away !

THE DYING MOTHER.

(FROM THE COURSE OF TIME.)

“ FRESH in our memory, as fresh
As yesterday, is yet the day she died.
It was an April day ; and blithely all
The youth of nature leaped beneath the sun,
And promised glorious manhood ; and our hearts
Were glad, and round them danced the lightsome blood,
In healthy merriment—when tidings came,
A child was born ; and tidings came again,

That she who gave it birth was sick to death.
So swift trod sorrow on the heels of joy!
We gathered round her bed, and bent our knees
In fervent supplication to the Throne
Of Mercy; and perfumed our prayers with sighs
Sincere, and penitential tears, and looks
Of self-abasement; but we sought to stay
An angel on the earth; a spirit ripe
For heaven; and Mercy, in her love, refused:
Most merciful, as oft, when seeming least!
Most gracious when she seemed the most to frown!
The room I well remember; and the bed
On which she lay; and all the faces too,
That crowded dark and mournfully around.
Her father there, and mother bending stood,
And down their aged cheeks fell many drops
Of bitterness; her husband, too, was there,
And brothers; and they wept—her sisters, too,
Did weep and sorrow comfortless; and I,
Too, wept, tho' not to weeping given; and all
Within the house was dolorous and sad.
This I remember well; but better still,
I do remember and will ne'er forget
The dying eye—that eye alone was bright,
And brighter grew, as nearer death approached:
As I have seen the gentle little flower
Look fairest in the silver beam, which fell
Reflected from the thunder cloud that soon

Came down, and o'er the desert scattered far
And wide its loveliness. She made a sign
To bring her babe—'twas brought, and by her placed.
She looked upon its face, that neither smiled
Nor wept, nor knew who gazed upon 't, and laid
Her hand upon its little breast, and sought
For it, with look that seemed to penetrate
The heavens—unutterable blessings—such
As God to dying parents only granted,
For infants left behind them in the world.
“God keep my child,” we heard her say, and heard
No more: the Angel of the Covenant
Was come, and faithful to his promise stood
Prepared to walk with her thro' death's dark vale.
And now her eyes grew bright, and brighter still,
Too bright for ours to look upon, suffused
With many tears, and closed without a cloud.
They set as sets the morning star, which goes
Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides
Obscured among the tempests of the sky,
But melts away into the light of heaven.”

S I M P L I C I T Y.

ONE man there was, and many such you might
 Have met, who never had a dozen thoughts
 In all his life, and never changed their course ;
 But told them o'er, each in its custom'd place,
 From morn till night, from youth to hoary age.
 Little above the ox that grazed the field,
 His reason rose.

* * * * *

The word philosophy he never heard
 Or science ; never heard of liberty,
 Necessity, or laws of gravitation ;
 And never had an unbelieving doubt.
 Beyond his native vale he never looked ;
 But thought the visual line, that girt him round,
 The world's extreme ; and thought the silver Moon,
 That nightly o'er him led her virgin host,
 No broader than his father's shield. He lived,—
 Lived where his father lived, died where he died,
 Lived happy, and died happy, and was saved.
 Be not surprised. He loved and served his God.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

1797—1855.

MOTHERWELL was born in Glasgow, but, after his eleventh year, was brought up under the care of an uncle in Paisley. At the age of twenty-one he was appointed deputy to the sheriff-clerk of that town. He early evinced a love of poetry, and in 1819 became editor of a miscellany entitled the "Harp of Renfrewshire." A taste for antiquarian research divided with the muse the empire of Motherwell's genius, and he attained an unusually familiar acquaintance with the early history of our native literature, particularly in the department of traditional poetry. The result of this erudition appeared in *Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern* (1827), a collection of Scottish ballads, prefaced by a historical introduction. The following year he became editor of a weekly journal in Paisley. The talent and spirit which he evinced in his editorial duties were the means of advancing him to the more important office of conducting the *Glasgow Courier*, in which situation he continued till his death. The taste, enthusiasm, and social qualities of Motherwell, rendered him very popular among his townsmen and friends. As a poet, he was happiest in pathetic or sentimental lyrics.

An eloquent writer (Mr. Turnbull) says of him:—"Motherwell was of small stature, but thick set and muscular. His head was large and finely formed; his eyes were bright and penetrating. In mixed society he was rather reserved, 'but appeared internally to enjoy the feast of reason and the flow of soul.' Somewhat pensive in his mood, he lived much in the solitude of his own thoughts, and at times gave way to a profound melancholy. This spirit pervades his poetry. The wailings of a wounded heart mingle with his fine descriptions of nature, and his lofty aspirations after the beautiful and true.



WHEN I BENEATH THE COLD, RED EARTH
AM SLEEPING.

WHEN I beneath the cold, red earth am sleeping,
Life's fever o'er,
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping,
That I'm no more?
Will there be any heart still memory keeping
Of heretofore?

When the great winds, through leafless forests rushing,
Like full hearts break,
When the swollen streams, o'er crag and gully gushing,
Sad music make;
Will there be one whose heart despair is crushing
Mourn for my sake?

When the bright sun upon that spot is shining
• With purest ray,
And the small flowers, their buds and blossoms twining,
Burst through that clay,—
Will there be one still on that spot repining
Lost hopes all day?

When the night shadows, with the ample sweeping
Of her dark pall,
The world and all its manifold creation sleeping,
The great and small,—
Will there be one, even at that dread hour, weeping
For me,—for all?

When no star twinkles with its eye of glory,
On that low mound;
And wintry storms have with their ruins hoary
Its lonesome crowned;
Will there be then one versed in misery's story
Pacing it round?

It may be so,—but this is selfish sorrow
 To ask such meed,—
A weakness and a wickedness to borrow,
 From hearts that bleed,
The wailings of to-day, for what to-morrow
 Shall never need.

Lay me then gently in my narrow dwelling,
 Thou gentle heart;
And though thy bosom should with grief be swelling,
 Let no tear start;
It were in vain,—for Time hath long been knelling,—
 Sad one, depart!

THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

MOURNFULLY! O, mournfully
 This midnight wind doth sigh,
Like some sweet, plaintive melody
 Of ages long gone by!
It speaks a tale of other years,—
 Of hopes that bloomed to die,—
Of sunny smiles that set in tears,
 And loves that mouldering lie!

Mournfully! O, mournfully,
This midnight wind doth moan!
It stirs some chord of memory
In each dull, heavy tone:
The voices of the much-loved dead
Seem floating thereupon,—
All, all my fond heart cherished
Ere death had made it lone.

Mournfully! O, mournfully
This midnight wind doth swell,
With its quaint, pensive minstrelsy,
Hope's passionate farewell
To the dreamy joys of early years,
Ere yet grief's canker fell
On the heart's bloom,—aye! well may tears!
Start at that parting knell!

THE WOOLING SONG OF JARL ELLI SKALLAGRIM.

BRIGHT maiden of Orkney, star of the blue sea!
I've swept o'er the waters to gaze upon thee;
I've left spoil and slaughter, I've left a far strand,
To sing how I love thee, to kiss thy small hand!

Fair daughter of Einar, golden-haired maid!
The lord of yon brown bark, and lord of this blade,—
The joy of the ocean, of warfare and wind,—
Hath borne him to woo thee, and thou must be kind.
So stoutly Jarl Egill wooed Torf Einar's daughter.

In Jutland, in Iceland, on Neustria's shore,
Where'er the dark billow my gallant bark bore,
Songs spoke of thy beauty, harps sounded thy praise,
And my heart loved thee long ere it thrilled in thy gaze.
Aye, daughter of Einar, right tall mayst thou stand;
It is a Vikingir who kisses thy hand;
It is a Vikingir that bends his proud knee,
And swears by Great Freya his bride thou must be!
So Jarl Egill swore when his great heart was fullest.

Thy white arms are locked in broad bracelets of gold;
Thy girdle-stead's gleaming with treasures untold;
The circlet that binds up thy long, yellow hair,
Is starred thick with jewels, that bright are and rare;
But gifts yet more princely Jarl Egill bestows:
For girdle, his great arm around thee he throws;
The bark of a sea-king, for palace, gives he,
While mad waves and winds shall thy true subjects be.
So richly Jarl Egill endowed his bright bride.

Nay, frown not, nor shrink thus, nor toss so thy head,
'T is a Vikingir asks thee, Land-maiden, to wed!

He skills not to woo thee, in trembling and fear,
Though lords of the land may thus troop with the deer.
The cradle he rocked in so sound and so long,
Hath framed him a heart and a hand that are strong:
He comes then as Jarl should, sword belted to side,
To win thee and wear thee with glory and pride.
So sternly Jarl Egill wooed, and smote his long brand.

Thy father, thy brethren, thy kin, keep from me
The maiden I've sworn shall be Queen of the sea!
A truce with that folly,—yon sea-strand can show
If this eye missed its aim, or this arm failed its blow:
I had not well taken three strides on this land,
Ere a Jarl and his six sons in death bit the sand.
Nay, weep not, pale maid, though in battle should fall
The kemps who would keep thy bridegroom from the hall.
So carped Jarl Egill, and kissed the bright weeper.

Through shadows and horrors, in worlds underground,
Through sounds that appall and through sights that confound,
I sought the Weird women within their dark cell,
And made them surrender futurity's spell;
I made them run over the dim scroll so free,
And mutter how fate sped with lovers like me;
Yes, maiden, I forced them to read forth my doom,
To say how I should fare as jolly bridegroom.
So Jarl Egill's love dared the world of grim shadows.

They waxed and they waned, they passed to and fro,
 While lurid fires gleamed o'er their faces of snow;
 Their stony eyes, moveless, did glare on me long,
 Then sullen they chanted: "The Sword and the Song
 Prevail with the gentle, sore chasten the rude,
 And sway to their purpose each evil-shaped mood!"
 Fair daughter of Einar, I've sung the dark lay
 That the Weird sisters runed, and which thou must obey.
 So fondly Jarl Egill loved Einar's proud daughter.

The curl of that proud lip, the flash of that eye,
 The swell of that bosom, so full and so high,
 Like foam of sea-billow, thy white bosom shows,
 Like flash of red levin thine eagle eye glows:
 Ha! firmly and boldly, so stately and free,
 Thy foot treads this chamber, as bark rides the sea:
 This likes me,—this likes me, stout maiden of mould,
 Thou woost to purpose; bold hearts love the bold.
 So shouted Jarl Egill, and clutched the proud maiden.

Away and away then, I have thy small hand;
 Joy with me,—our tall bark now bears toward the strand;
 I call it the Raven, the wing of black night,
 That shadows forth ruin o'er islands of light;
 Once more on its long deck, behind us the gale,
 Thou shalt see how before it great kingdoms do quail;
 Thou shalt see then how truly, my noble-souled maid,
 The ransom of kings can be won by this blade.
 So bravely Jarl Egill did soothe the pale trembler.

Aye, gaze on his large hilt, one wedge of red gold;
But doat on its blade, gilt with blood of the bold.
The hilt is right seemly, but nobler the blade,
That swart Velint's hammer with cunning spells made;
I call it the Adder, death lurks in its bite,
Through bone and proof-harness it scatters pale light.
Fair daughters of Einar, deem high of the fate
That makes thee, like this blade, proud Egill's loved
mate!
So Jarl Egill bore off Torf Einar's bright daughter.

L I F E .

O LIFE! what is thy quest?—What owns this world
Of stalking shadows, fleeting phantasies,
Enjoyments substanceless—to wed the mind
To its still querulous, ever-faltering mate—
To crib the pinion of the aspiring soul
(Upborne ever by the mystical)
To a poor nook of this sin-stricken earth,
Of sterile point of time?—the Universe,
My Spirit, is thy birth-right—and thy term
Of occupance, thou river, limitless—
Eternity!



THE WATER! THE WATER!

THE Water! the water!

The joyous brook for me,
That tuneth through the quiet night
Its ever-living glee.

The Water! the Water!

That sleepless, merry heart,
Which gurgles on unstintedly
And loveth to impart

To all around it some small measure
Of its own most perfect pleasure.

The Water ! the Water !

The gentle stream for me,
That gushes from the old gray stone,
Beside the alder-tree.

The Water ! the Water !

That ever-bubbling spring
I loved and looked on when a child,
In deepest wondering,—
And asked it whence it came and went,
And when its treasures would be spent.

The Water ! the Water !

The merry, wanton brook,
That bent itself to pleasure me,
Like mine old shepherd crook.

The Water ! the Water !

That sang so sweet at noon,
And sweeter still at night, to win
Smiles from the pale, proud moon,
And from the little fairy faces
That gleam in heaven's remotest places.

The Water ! the Water !

The dear and blessed thing,
That all day fed the little flowers
On its banks blossoming.

The Water ! the Water !

That murmured in my ear
Hymns of a saint-like purity,
That angels well might hear ;
And whisper in the gates of heaven,
How meek a pilgrim had been shriven.

The Water ! the Water !

Where I have shed salt tears,
In loneliness and friendliness,
A thing of tender years.

The Water ! the Water !

Where I have happy been,
And showered upon its bosom flowers
Culled from each meadow green,
And idly hoped my life would be
So crowned by love's idolatry.

The Water ! the Water !

My heart yet burns to think
How cool thy fountain sparkled forth,
For parched lip to drink.

The Water ! the Water !

Of mine own native glen ;
The gladsome tongue I oft have heard,
But ne'er shall hear again ;
Though fancy fills my ear for aye
With sounds that live so far away !

The Water ! the Water !

The mild and glassy wave,
Upon whose broomy banks I've longed
To find my silent grave.

The Water ! the Water !

O, blest to me thou art !
Thus sounding in life's solitude,
The music of my heart,
And filling it, despite of sadness,
With dreamings of departed gladness.

The Water ! the Water !

The mournful, pensive tone,
That whispered to my heart how soon
This weary life was done.

The Water ! the Water !

That rolled so bright and free,
And bade me mark how beautiful
Was its soul's purity ;
And how it glanced to heaven its wave,
As, wandering on, it sought its grave.

JEANIE MORRISON.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way ;
But never, never can forget
The luve o' life's young day !
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en
May weel be black gin Yule ;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thoochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my e'en wi' tears :
They blind my een wi' saut, saut ~~tears~~
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part ;
Sweet time,—sad time ! twa bairns at scule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart !

'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear ;
And tones and looks and smiles were shed,
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
What our wee heads could think.
When baith bent doun ower ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

O, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the scule-weans laughin' said,
We cleeked thegither hame ?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The scule then skail't at noon,)
When we ran off to speel the braes,—
The broomy braes o' June ?

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' scule-time and o' thee.
O mornin' life ! O mornin' luvè !
O lichtsome days and lang,

When hinnied hopes around our hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang !

O, mind ye, luve, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon ?
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin o' the wood
The throssil whusslit sweet ;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies ;
And on the knowe abune the burn,
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trinkled down your cheek
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak !
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled,—unsung !

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts,
As ye hae been to me ?
O, tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine !
O, say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne ?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've borne a weary lot ;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart
Still travels on its way ;
And channels deeper as it rins,
The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue ;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' bygane days and me !

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

1798—1850.

ROBERT GILFILLAN was born in Dunfermline, in Fifeshire. His parents were in a humble rank of life, his father being a small manufacturer. His mother was a woman of strong sense and high intellectual endowments. At the age of thirteen, he was bound as an apprentice in Leith to the trade of a cooper, at which he served the usual term of seven years. On the expiry of that period, he relinquished his trade, which it seems he never liked, and was for three years in a grocery store in Dunfermline. He subsequently went to Edinburgh, where he procured employment in mercantile life, and had opportunities of pursuing his studies under favorable circumstances. He seems to have resided in Edinburgh till his death, and the years spent there he ever characterized as the happiest of his existence. He attempted song writing when a mere boy, before he had removed from his native town, and while his spirits were yet fresh and buoyant.

Gilfillan's biographer says of him :

“He fills a place in Scottish poetry altogether distinct and different from any of the acknowledged masters of Scottish song. He is certainly not so universal as Burns, nor so broad and graphic a delineator of Scottish manners as Ramsay or Hogg, nor is he so keenly alive to the beauties of external nature as Robert Tannahill ; but in his own peculiar walk, that of home and the domestic affections, he has shown a command of happy thought and imagery, in which it may be truly said, that he has not been excelled as a poet of nature by any of his predecessors, with the exception only of Burns himself.”



THE HAPPY DAYS O' YOUTH.

O! THE happy days o' youth are fast gaun by,
And age is coming on, wi' its bleak winter sky;
An' whaur shall we shelter frae its storm when they blaw,
When the gladsome days o' youth are flown awa'?

They said that wisdom came wi' manhood's riper years,
But naething did they tell o' its sorrows an' tears:
O! I'd gie a' the wit, gif ony wit be mine,
For ae sunny mórning o' bonnie langsyne.

I canna dow but sigh, I canna dow but mourn,
 For the blithe happy days that never can return ;
 When joy was in the heart, an' love was on the tongue,
 An' mirth on ilka face, for ilka face was young.

O ! the bonnie waving broom, whaur aften we did meet,
 Wi' its yellow flowers that fell like gowd 'mang our feet ;
 The bird would stop its sang, but only for a wee,
 As we gaed by its nest, 'neath its ain birk tree.

O ! the sunny days o' youth, they couldna aye remain,
 There was ower meikle joy and ower little pain ;
 Sae farewell happy days, an' farewell youthfu' glee,
 The young may court your smiles, but ye're gane frae me.



OH ! WHY LEFT I MY HAME ?

OH ! why left I my hame ?
 Why did I cross the deep ?
 Oh ! why left I the land
 Where my forefathers sleep ?
 I sigh for Scotia's shore,
 And I gaze across the sea,
 But I canna get a blink
 O' my ain countrie.

The palm-tree waveth high,
And fair the myrtle springs,
And to the Indian maid
The bulbul sweetly sings ;
But I dinna see the broom,
Wi' its tassels on the lea,
Nor hear the lintie's sang
O' my ain countrie.

Oh ! here, no Sabbath bell
Awakes the Sabbath morn ;
Nor song of reapers heard
Amang the yellow corn ;
For the tyrant's voice is here,
And the wail of slavery ;
But the sun of freedom shines
In my ain countrie.

There's a hope for every woe,
And a balm for every pain,
But the first joys of our heart
Come never back again.
There's a track upon the deep,
And a path across the sea,
But the weary ne'er return
To their ain countrie.

O! WHAT IS THIS WORLD, WI' ITS
WEALTH AND RENOWN.

O! WHAT is this world, wi' its wealth and renown,
If content is awanting ilk pleasure to crown?
And where that does dwell, be 't in cot e'er sae low,
There's a joy and a gladness nae wealth can bestow.

There's mony a wee biggin', in forest and glen,
Wi' its clean sandit floor, an' its *but* and its *ben*,
Where there's mair o' that peace which contentment aye
brings,
Than is found in the palace o' princes or kings.

We canna get fortune, we canna get fame,
We canna behind us a' leave a bit name;
But this we can a' hae, and, O! 'tis na sma',
A heart fu' o' kindness, to ane and to a'!

They say that life's short, and they dinna say wrang,
For the langest that live can ne'er ca' it lang;
Then, since it is sae, make it pleasant the while;
If it gang by sae soon, let it gang wi' a smile.

Wha e'er climbs the mountain maun aye risk a fa',
While he that is lowly is safe frae it a'.
The flower blooms unscath'd in the valley sae deep,
While the storm rends the aik on its high rocky steep!

My highest ambition—if such be a crime—
Is quietly to glide down the swift stream o' time;
And when the brief voyage in safety is o'er,
To meet with loved friends on the far distant shore!



O! THIS WERE A BRIGHT WORLD.

O! THIS were a bright world,—
Most pleasant and gay,
Did love never languish,
Nor friendship decay;
And pure rays of feeling,
That gladden the heart—
Like sunshine to nature—
Did never depart!

To fair eyes no weeping,
To fond hearts no pain;—
Did hope's buds all blossom—
All blooming remain!

No sorrow to blighten,
No care to destroy ;
O ! then what a bright world
Of gladness and joy !

Did time never alter,
Nor distance remove,
The friends that we cherish—
The fond ones we love—
A sky never clouded,
Nor darkened by woe—
O ! then how serenely
Life's streamlet would flow !

Were pleasure less fleeting,
Nor brought in its train
The mem'ry of joys fled,
That come not again—
O ! then what a bright world—
All gladsome and gay—
Did love never languish,
Nor friendship decay.

THE AUTUMN WINDS ARE BLAWING.

THE autumn winds are blawing, red leaves are fa'ing,
 An' nature is mourning the simmer's decay;
 The wee birdies singing, the wee flowerets springing,
 Hae tint a' their sangs, an' withered away!
 I, too, am mourning, for death' has nae returning,
 Where are my bairnies, the young an' the gay?
 Why should they perish!—the blossoms we cherish—
 The beautiful are sleeping cauld in the clay!

Fair was their morning, their beauty adorning,
 The mavis sang sweet at the closing o' day;
 Now the winds are raving, the green grass is waving,
 O'er the buds o' innocence cauld in the clay!
 Ilka night brings sorrow, grief comes ilk morrow—
 Should gowden locks fade before the auld an' grey?
 But still, still they're sleeping, wi' nae care nor weeping,
 The robin sits chirping ower their cauld clay!

In loveliness smiling, ilka day beguiling,
 In joy and in gladness, time murmured by;

What now were pleasure, wi' a' the warld's treasure ?

My heart's in the grave where my fair blossoms lie !
The autumn winds are blawing, red leaves are fa'ing,
Moaning is the gale as it rides on its way ;
A wild music's sighing, it seems a voice crying—
“ Happy is that land that knows no decay ! ”



OUR AIN BURN-SIDE.

OH ! weel I mind the days, by our ain burn side,
When we clam the sunny braes, by our ain burn side,
When flowers were blooming fair,
And we wandered free o' care,
For happy hearts were there, by our ain burn side !

Oh ! blithe was ilka sang, by our ain burn side,
Nor langest day seemed lang, by our ain burn side
When we decked our woodland queen
In the rashy chaplet green,
And gay she looked, I ween, by our ain burn side.

But the bloom hath left the flower, by our ain burn side,
And gath'ring tempest low'r, by our ain burn side.

The woods—no longer green—

Brave the wintry blasts sae keen,

And their withered leaves are seen by our ain burn side.

And the little band is gane frae our ain burn side,

To meet, ah ! ne'er again, by our ain burn side,

And the winter of the year

Suits the heart both lone and sere,

For the happy ne'er appear by our ain burn side !



TO THE MEMORY OF SCOTT.

THE Minstrel sleeps!—the charm is o'er,
The bowl beside the fount is broken,
And we shall hear that Harp no more,
Whose tone to every land hath spoken!

The Minstrel sleeps!—and common clay
Claims what is only common now;
His eye hath lost its kindling ray,
And darkness sits upon his brow!

The Minstrel sleeps!—the spell is past,
His spirit its last flight hath taken;
The magic wand is broke at last,
Whose touch all things to life could waken!

The Minstrel sleeps!—the glory's fled,
The soul's returned back to the Giver,
And all that e'er could die is dead,
Of him whose name shall live forever!

* * * * *

ALEXANDER BETHUNE.

1804—1843.

ALEXANDER BETHUNE, one of the most remarkable instances of genius struggling with poverty, was born in Letham, Fifeshire. He had but limited opportunities for mental improvement, having been but a few weeks at school, but his mother taught him at home to read, and his father gave him some lessons in writing and arithmetic.

His boyish days and early manhood were spent in toiling for a subsistence and struggling with the most abject poverty. While employed in breaking stones on the road in 1835, he addressed himself to the Messrs. Chambers at Edinburgh, the ever-active patrons of youthful genius, in a most characteristic and clever letter, in which he explained his humble circumstances, and his desire to send some of his articles for inspection, with a view to their insertion in the "Edinburgh Journal." These gentlemen sent a kind reply, and the result was, that shortly afterwards several articles from Bethune's pen appeared in the columns of that popular periodical. Thus began his literary career. He wrote a volume of beautiful sketches, illustrative of Scottish life and manners, entitled "Tales and Sketches of the Scottish Peasantry." His days were spent in manual labor, and his nights in the composition of these stories and other literary efforts. On the death of his brother John, he prepared his memoir and edited his poems, which were published by subscription. His intense application and prolonged efforts no doubt hastened his end. He died in his thirty-ninth year, on the 13th June, 1843.

MUSINGS OF CONVALESCENCE

AFTER seclusion sad, and sad restraint,
Again the welcome breeze comes wafted far
Across the cooling bosom of the lake,
To fan my weary limbs and feverish brow,
Where yet the pulse beats audible and quick—
And I could number every passing throb,
Without the pressure which physicians use,
As easily as I could count the chimes
By which the clock sums up the flight of time.

Yet it is pleasing, from the bed of sickness,
And from the dingy cottage, to escape
For a short time to breathe the breath of heaven,
And ruminate abroad with less of pain.
Let those who never pressed the thorny pillow,
To which disease oft ties its victim down
For days and weeks of wakeful suffering—
Who never knew to turn or be turned
From side to side, and seek, and seek, in vain.
For ease and a short season of repose—
Who never tried to circumvent a moan,
And tame the spirit with a tyrant's sway,

To bear what must be borne and not complain—
Who never strove to wring from the writhed lip
And rigid brow, the semblance of a smile,
To cheer a friend in sorrow sitting by,
Nor felt that time, in happy days so fleet,
Drags heavily along when dogged by pain.
Let those *talk* well of Nature's beauteous face,
And her sublimer scenes; her rocks and mountains;
Her clustered hills and winding valleys deep;
Her lakes, her rivers, and her oceans vast,
In all the pomp of modern sentiment;
But still they cannot *feel* with half the force,
Which the pale invalid, imprisoned long,
Experiences upon his first escape
To the green fields and the wide world abroad:
Beauty *is* beauty—freshness, freshness, then;
And feeling *is* a something to be *felt*—
Not fancied—as is frequently the case.

These feelings lend an impulse now, and Hope
Again would soar upon the wings of health:
Yet is it early to indu'ge his flight,
When death, short while ago seemed hovering near;
And the next hour perhaps may bring him back,
And bring me to that 'bourne' where I shall sleep—
Not like the traveller, though he sleep well,
Not like the artisan, or humble hind,
Or the day-laborer worn out with his toil,
Who pass the night, scarce conscious of its passing,
Till morning with his balmy breath return,

And the shrill cock-crow warns them from their bed—
That sleep shall be more lasting and more dreamless,
Than aught which living men on earth may know.

Well, be it so: methinks my life, though short,
Hath taught me that this sublunary world
Is something else than Fancy wont to paint it—
A world of many cares and anxious thoughts,
Pains, sufferings, abstinence, and endless toil,
From which it were small penance to be gone.
Yet there are feelings in the heart of youth,
Howe'er depressed by poverty or pain,
Which loathe the oblivious grave; and I would live,
If it were only but to be convinced
That 'all is vanity beneath the sun.'—
Yes: while these hands can earn what nature asks,
Or lessen, by one bitter drop, the cup
Of woe, which some must drink even to its dregs,
Or have it in their power to hold a crust
To the pale lip of famished Indigence,
I would not murmur or repine though care,
The toil-worn, frame-tired arm, and heavy foot,
Should be my portion in this pilgrimage.
But when this ceases let me also cease,
If such may be thy will, O God of heaven!
Thou knowest all the weakness of my heart,
And it is such, I would not be a beggar
Nor ask an alms from Charity's cold hand:
I would not buy existence at the price
Which the poor mendicant must stoop to pay.



A MOTHER'S LOVE.

UNLIKE all other things earth knows,
 (All else may fail or change,)
The love in a Mother's heart that glows,
 Nought earthly can estrange.
Concentrated and strong, and bright,
 A vestal flame it glows
With pure, self-sacrificing light,
 Which no cold shadow knows.
All that by mortal can be done
A Mother ventures for her son:
If marked by worth or merit high,
Her bosom beats with ecstasy;
And though he own nor worth nor charm,
To him her faithful heart is warm.

Though wayward passions round him close,
And fame and fortune prove his foes;
Through every change of good and ill,
Unchanged, a mother loves him still.
Even love itself, than life more dear,—
Its interchange of hope and fear;
Its feeling oft a-kin to madness;
Its fevered joys, and anguish-sadness;
Its melting moods of tenderness,
And fancied wrongs, and fond redress,
Hath nought to form so strong a tie
As her deep sympathies supply.
And when those kindred chords are broken
Which twine around the heart;
When friends their farewell word have spoken,
And to the grave depart;
When parents, brothers, husband, die,
And desolation only
At every step meets her dim eye,
Inspiring visions lonely,—
Love's last and strongest root below,
Which widowed mothers only know,
Watered by each successive grief,
Puts forth a fresher, greener leaf:
Divided streams unite in one,
And deepen round her only son;
And when her early friends are gone,
She lives and breathes in him alone."

ON HIS BROTHER'S DEATH.

WHEN evening's lengthened shadows fall
On cottage roof and princely hall,
Then brothers with their brothers meet,
And kindred hearts each other greet,
And children wildly, gladly press,
To share a father's fond caress:
But home to me no more can bring
Those scenes which are life's sweetening.

No friendly heart remains for me,
Like star to gild life's stormy sea,
No brother, whose affection warm
The gloomy passing hours might charm.
Bereft of all who once were dear,
Whose words or looks were wont to cheer;
Parent, and friend, and brother gone,
I stand upon the earth alone.

ROBERT NICOLL.

1814—1857.

ROBERT NICOLL was born in the farm house of Little Tulliebeltane, in the parish of Auchtergaven, in Perthshire. His father was at that time a farmer in comfortable circumstances, but shortly after the poet's birth, lost all his property through the dishonesty of a relative for whom he had become security. Robert was, therefore, brought up in the most humble circumstances, and inured to labor from his earliest years. But we cannot do better than present the following eloquent sketch from the North British Review :

“Perhaps the young peasant who most expressly stands out as the pupil and successor of Burns, is Robert Nicoll. He is a lesser poet, doubtless, than his master, and a lesser man, if the size and number of his capabilities be looked at; but he is a greater man, in that, from the beginning to the end of his career, he seems to have kept that very wholeness of heart and head which poor Burns lost. Nicoll's story is, *mutatis mutandis*, that of the Bethunes, and many a noble young Scotsman more. Parents holding a farm between Perth and Dunkeld, they and theirs before them for generations inhabitants of the neighborhood, “decent, honest, God-fearing people.” The farm is lost by reverses, and manfully Robert Nicoll's father becomes a day-laborer on the fields which he lately rented; and there begins, for the boy, from his earliest recollections, a life of steady, sturdy drudgery. But they must have been grand old folk these parents, and in nowise addicted to wringing their hands over “the great might-have-been.” Like true Scots Bible-lovers, they do believe in a God, and in a will of God, underlying, absolute, loving, and believe that the might-have-been ought not to have

been; and so they put their shoulders to the new collar patiently, cheerfully, hopefully, and teach the boys to do the same. The mother especially, like so many great men's mothers do, stands out large and heroic, from the time when, the farm being gone, she, "the ardent book woman," finds her time too precious to be spent in reading, and sets little Robert to read to her as she works—what a picture!—to the last sad day, when, wanting money to come up to Leeds to see her dying darling, she "shore for the siller," rather than borrow it. And her son's life is like her own—the most pure, joyous, valiant little epic. Robert does not even take to work as something beyond himself, uninteresting and painful, which, however must be done courageously: he lives in it, enjoys it as his proper element, one which is no more a burden to him than the rush of the strid is to the trout, who plays and feeds in it day and night, unconscious of the amount of muscular strength which he puts forth in merely keeping his place in the stream. Whether carrying Kenilworth in his plaid to the woods, to read while herding, or acting as the Perth storekeeper's apprentice, or keeping his little circulating library in Dundee, tormenting his pure heart with the thought of the twenty pounds which his mother has borrowed wherewith to start him, or editing the *Leeds Times*, or lying on his early death bed, just as life seems to be opening clear and broad before him, he

"Bates not a jot of heart or hope,"

but steers right onward, singing over his work, without bluster, or self-gratulation, but for very joy at having work to do."

THE MORNING STAR.

THY smile of beauty, star !
Brings gladness on the gloomy face of night—
Thou comest from afar,
Pale mystery ! so lonely and so bright,
A thing of dreams—a vision from on high—
A virgin spirit—light—a type of purity !

Star ! nightly wanderest thou
Companionless along thy far, cold way :—
From time's first breath till now,
On thou hast flitted like an ether fay !
Where is the land from whence thou first arose ;
And where the place of light to which thy pathway goes ?

Pale dawn's first messenger !
Thou prophet-sign of brightness yet to be !
Thou tellest earth and air
Of light and glory following after thee ;
Of smiling day 'mong wild green woodlands sleeping ;
And God's own sun, o'er all, its tears of brightness weep-
ing !

Sky sentinel ! when first
The nomade patriarch saw thee from his hill
Upon his vision burst,
Thou wast as pure and fair as thou art still ;
And changeless thou hast looked on race, and name,
And nation, lost since then—but *thou* art yet the same !

Night's youngest child ! fair gem !
The hoar astrologer o'er thee would cast
His glance, and thy name
His own would join ; then tremble when thou wast
In darkness ; and rejoice when, like a bride,
Thou blush'd to earth—and thus the dreamer dreamed
and died !

Pure star of morning love !
The daisy of the sky's blue plain art thou ;
And thoughts of youth are wove
Round thee, as round the flowers that freshly blow
In bushy dells, where thrush and blackbird sing—
Flower-star, the dreams of youth and heaven thou back
dost bring !

Star of the morn ! for thee
The watcher by affection's couch doth wait ;
'Tis thine the bliss to see
Of lovers fond who 'mid the broom have met :
Into the student's home thine eye doth beam ;
Thou listenest to the words of many a troubled dream !

Lone thing!—yet not more lone

Than many a heart which gazeth upon thee,

With hopes all fled and gone—

Which loves not now, nor seeks beloved to be.

Lone, lone thou art—but we are lonelier far,

When blighted by deceit the heart's affections are!

Mysterious morning star!

Bright dweller in a gorgeous dreamy home,

Than others nobler far—

Thou art like some free soul, which here hath come

Alone, but glorious, pure, and disenthral'd—

A spark of mind, which God through earth to heaven

hath call'd!

Pure maiden star! shine on,

That dreams of beauty may be dreamed of thee!

A home art thou—a throne—

A land where fancy ever roameth free—

A God-sent messenger—a light afar—

A blessed beam—a smile—a gem—the morning star!

A D I R G E .

SLEEP on, sleep on, ye resting dead ;
The grass is o'er ye growing
In dewy greenness. Ever fled
From you hath care ; and, in its stead,
Peace hath with you its dwelling made,
Where tears do cease from flowing.
Sleep on !

Sleep on, sleep on : ye do not feel
Life's ever-burning fever—
Nor scorn that sears, nor pains that steel,
And blanch the loving heart, until
'Tis like the bed of mountain-rill
Which waves have left forever !
Sleep on !

Sleep on, sleep on : your couch is made
Upon your mother's bosom ;
Yea, and your peaceful lonely bed
Is all with sweet wild-flowers inlaid ;

And over each earth-pillowed head
The hand of Nature strews them.
Sleep on !

Sleep on, sleep on : I would I were
At rest within your dwelling,—
No more to feel, no more to bear
The world's falsehood and its care—
The arrows it doth never spare
On him whose feet are failing.
Sleep on !

THE PEOPLE'S ANTHEM.

LORD, from thy blessed throne,
Sorrow look down upon !
God save the poor !
Teach them true liberty—
Make them from tyrants free—
Let their homes happy be !
God save the poor !

The arms of wicked men
Do Thou with might restrain—
God save the poor !

Raise Thou their lowliness—
 Succor Thou their distress—
 Thou whom the meanest bless !
 God save the poor !

Give them stanch honesty—
 Let their pride manly be—
 God save the poor !
 Help them to hold the right ;
 Give them both truth and might,
 Lord of all life and light !
 God save the poor !

THE LINNET.

THE songs of nature, holiest, best are they !
 The sad winds sighing through the leafy trees—
 The lone lake's murmurs to the mountain breeze—
 The stream's soft whispers, as they fondly stray
 Through dingles wild and over flowery leas,
 Are sweetly holy ; but the purest hymn—
 A melody like some old prophet-lay—
 Is thine, poured forth from hedge and thicket dim—
 Linnet ! wild Linnet !

The poor, the scorned and lowly, forth may go
Into the woods and dells, where leaves are green,
And 'mong the breathing forest flowers may lean;
And hear thy music wandering to and fro,
Like sunshine glancing o'er the summer scene.
Thou poor man's songster!—neither wealth nor power
Can match the sweetness thou around dost throw!
O! bless thee for the joy of many an hour—
 Linnet! wild Linnet!

In sombre forest, gray and melancholy,
Yet sweet withal, and full of love and peace,
And 'mid the furze wrapp'd in a golden fleece
Of blossoms, and in hedgerows green and lowly;
On thymy banks, where wild-bees never cease
Their murmur-song, thou hast thy home of love,
Like some lone hermit, far from sin and folly,
'Tis thine through forest fragrances to rove—
 Linnet! wild Linnet!

Some humble heart is sore and sick with grief,
And straight thou comest with thy gentle song
To wile the sufferer from his hate or wrong,
By bringing Nature's love to his relief.
Thou *charmest* by the sick child's window long,
Till cracking pain itself be wooed to sleep;

And when away have vanished flower and leaf,
Thy lonely wailing voice for them doth weep—
Linnet ! wild Linnet !

God saw how much of woe, and grief, and care,
Man's faults and follies on the earth would make ;
And thee, sweet singer, for his creature's sake
He sent to warble wildly everywhere,
And by thy voice our souls of love to wake.
O ! blessed wandering spirit ! unto thee
Pure hearts are knit, as unto things too fair,
And good and beautiful of earth to be—
Linnet ! wild Linnet

LIFE'S PILGRIMAGE.

INFANT ! I envy thee

Thy seraph smile—thy soul, without a stain,

Angels around thee hover in thy glee

A look of love to gain !

Thy paradise is made

Upon thy mother's bosom, and her voice

Is music rich as that by spirits shed

When blessed things rejoice !

Bright are the opening flowers—

Ay, bright as thee, sweet babe, and innocent,

They bud and bloom ; and straight their infant hours,

Like thine, are done and spent !

BOY ! infancy is o'er !

Go with thy playmates to the grassy lea,

Let thy bright eye with yon far laverock soar,

And blithe and happy be !

Go, crow thy cuckoo notes
Till all the greenwood alleys loud are ringing—
Go, listen to the thousand tuneful throats
That 'mong the leaves are singing !

I would not sadden thee,
Nor wash the rose upon thy cheeks with tears :
Go, while thine eye is bright—unbent thy knee—
Forget all cares and fears !

YOUTH ! is thy boyhood gone ?—
The fever hour of life at length has come,
And passion sits in reason's golden throne,
While sorrow's voice is dumb !

Be glad ! it is thy hour
Of love ungrudging—faith without reserve—
And from the right, Ill hath not yet the power
To make thy footsteps swerve !

Now is thy time to know
How much of trusting goodness lives on earth ;
And rich in pure sincerity to go
Rejoicing in thy birth !

Youth's sunshine unto thee—
Love first and dearest, has unveil'd her face,
And thou hast sat beneath the trysting tree,
In love's first fond embrace !

Enjoy thy happy dream,
For life hath not another such to give ;
The stream is flowing—love's enchanted stream ,
Live, happy dreamer, live !

Though sorrow dwelleth here,
And falsehood, and impurity, and sin,
The light of love, the gloom of earth to cheer,
Come sweetly, sweetly in !

'Tis o'er—thou art a MAN !—
The struggle and the tempest doth begin
Where he who faints must fail—he fight who can
A victory to win !

Say, toilest thou for gold ?
Will all that earth can give of drossy hues
Compensate for that land of love foretold,
Which Mammon makes thee lose ?

Or waitest thou for power ?
A proud ambition, trifier, doth thee raise !
To be the gilded bauble of the hour
That fools may wondering gaze !

But wouldst thou be a man—
A lofty, noble, uncorrupted thing,
Beneath whose eye the false might tremble wan,
The good with gladness sing ?

Go, cleanse thy heart, and fill
Thy soul with love and goodness ; let it be
Like yonder lake, so holy, calm, and still,
And full of purity !

This is thy task on earth—
This is thy eager manhood's proudest goal ;—
To cast all meanness and world-worship forth—
And thus exalt the soul !

'Tis manhood makes the man
A high-soul'd freeman or a fetter'd slave,
The mind a temple fit for God to span,
Or a dark dungeon-grave !

God doth not man despise,
He gives him soul—mind—heart—that living flame ;
Nurse it, and upwards let it brightly rise
To heaven, from whence it came !

Go hence, go hence, and make
Thy spirit pure as morning, light and free !
The pilgrim shrine is won, and I awake—
Come to the woods with me !

D E A T H.*

THE dew is on the summer's greenest grass,
Through which the modest daisy blushing peeps,
The gentle wind that like a ghost doth pass,
A waving shadow on the corn-field keeps;
But I who love them all shall never be
Again among the woods, or on the moorland lea!

The sun shines sweetly—sweeter may it shine—
Bless'd is the brightness of a summer day;
It cheers lone hearts; and why should I repine,
Although among green fields I cannot stray?
Woods! I have grown, since last I heard you wave,
Familiar with death, and neighbor to the grave!

These words have shaken mighty human souls—
Like a sepulchre's echo drear they sound—
E'en as the owl's wild whoop at midnight rolls
The ivied remnants of old ruins round.
Yet wherefore tremble? Can the soul decay?—
Or that which thinks and feels in aught e'er fade away?

* This poem is imagined to be the last, or among the very last of Nicoll's compositions.

Are there not aspirations in each heart,
After a better, brighter world than this?
Longings for beings nobler in each part—
Things more exalted—steeped in deeper bliss?
Who gave us these? What are they? Soul! in thee
The bud is budding now for immortality!

Death comes to take me where I long to be;
One pang, and bright blooms the immortal flower;
Death comes to lead me from mortality,
To lands which know not one unhappy hour:—
I have a hope—a faith;—from sorrow here
I'm led by death away—why should I start and fear!

If I have loved the forest and the field,
Can I not love them deeper, better, there?
If all that power hath made, to *me* doth yield
Something of good and beauty—something fair—
Freed from the grossness of mortality,
May I not love them all, and better all enjoy?

A change from woe to joy—from earth to heaven,
Death gives me this—it leads me calmly where
The souls that long ago from mine were riven
May meet again! Death answers many a prayer.
Bright day! shine on—be glad:—Days brighter far
Are stretched before my eyes than those of mortal are!

I would be laid among the wildest flowers,
I would be laid where happy hearts can come :—
The worthless clay I heed not ; but in hours
Of gushing noontide joy, it may be some
Will dwell upon my name ; and I will be
A happy spirit there, affection's look to see.

Death is upon me, yet I fear not now ;—
Open my chamber-window—let me look
Upon the silent vales—the sunny glow
That fills each alley, close, and copsewood nook :—
I know them—love them—mourn not them to leave,
Existence and its change my spirit cannot grieve !



MILTON. A SONNET.

BLIND, glorious, aged martyr, saint, and sage !

The poet's mission God reveal'd to thee,

To lift men's souls to Him—to make them free ;—

With tyranny and grossness war to wage—

A worshipper of truth and love to be—

To reckon all things nought but these alone ;—

To nought but mind and truth to bow the knee—

To make the soul a love-exalted throne !

Man of the noble spirit !—Milton, thou

All this didst do ! A living type thou wert
Of what the soul of man to be may grow—

The pure perfection of the love-fraught heart !

Milton ! from God's right hand, look down and see
For these, how men adore and honor thee !

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

1798—1851.

DR. MOIR was a native of Musselburgh, a town near Edinburgh.

His poems over the signature of Delta in Blackwood's Magazine, to which he was a frequent contributor from its commencement, were eagerly read and extensively copied into the journals of both England and America. He was also the author of the "Autobiography of Mansie Waugh," a book of much genuine humor. It was originally published in a series of papers in the columns of Blackwood.

His "Casa Wappy" is one of the most touching and tender effusions in the English language.

He died in his native town, lamented by a large circle of friends and admirers.

The late Lord Jeffrey, in writing to Moir, said of his "Domestic Verses":—"I cannot resist the impulse of thanking you with all my heart for the deep gratification you have afforded me, and the soothing, and, I hope, *bettering* emotions which you have excited. I am sure that what you have written is more genuine pathos than anything almost I have ever read in verse, and is so tender and true, so sweet and natural, as to make all lower recommendations indifferent."



RURAL SCENERY.

RECEDED hills afar of softened blue,
Tall bowering trees, through which the sunbeams shoot
Down to the waveless lake, birds ever mute,
And wild flowers all around of every hue—
Sure 'tis a lovely scene. There, knee-deep stand,
Safe from the fierce sun, the overshadowed kine,
And, to the left, where cultivated fields expand,
'Mid tufts of scented thorn the sheep recline,
Lone quiet farmsteads, haunts that ever please;
O how inviting to the traveller's eye

Ye rise on yonder uplands, 'mid your trees
 Of shade and shelter! Every sound from these
 Is eloquent of peace, in earth and sky,
 And pastoral beauty and Arcadian ease.*

C A S A W A P P Y.¹

AND hast thou sought thy heavenly home,
 Our fond, dear boy—
 The realms where sorrow dare not come,
 Where life is joy?
 Pure at thy death as at thy birth,
 Thy spirit caught no taint from earth;
 Even by its bliss we mete our death,
 Casa Wappy!

Despair was in our last farewell,
 As closed thine eye;
 Tears of our anguish may not tell
 When thou didst die;
 Words may not paint our grief for thee,
 Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
 Of our unfathomed agony,
 Casa Wappy!

¹ Casa Wappy was the self-conferred pet-name of an infant son of the poet, snatched away after a very brief illness.

Thou wert a vision of delight
To bless us given;
Beauty embodied to our sight,
A type of heaven:
So dear to us thou wert, thou art
Even less thine own self than a part
Of mine and of thy mother's heart,
Casa Wappy!

Thy bright brief day knew no decline,
'Twas cloudless joy;
Sunrise and night alone were thine,
Beloved boy!
This morn beheld thee blithe and gay,
That found thee prostrate in decay,
And ere a third shone, clay was clay,
Casa Wappy.

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,
Earth's undefiled;
Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
Our dear, sweet child!
Humbly we bow to Fate's decree;
Yet had we hope that time should see
Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,
Casa Wappy!

Do what I may, go where I will,
Thou meet'st my sight;
There dost thou glide before me still—
A form of light!
I feel thy breath upon my cheek—
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak—
Till, oh! my heart is like to break,
Casa Wappy!

Methinks thou smil'st before me now,
With glance of stealth;
The hair thrown back from thy full brow
In buoyant health:
I see thine eyes' deep violet light,
Thy dimpled cheek carnationed bright,
Thy clasping arms so round and white,
Casa Wappy!

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,
Thy bat, thy bow,
Thy cloak and bonnet, club and ball;
But where art thou?
A corner holds thine empty chair,
Thy playthings idly scattered there,
But speak to us of our despair,
Casa Wappy!

Even to the last thy every word—
 To glad, to grieve—
Was sweet as sweetest song of bird
 On summer's eve;
In outward beauty undecayed,
Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,
And like the rainbow thou didst fade,
 Casa Wappy!

We mourn for thee when blind blank night
 The chamber fills;
We pine for thee when morn's first light
 Reddens the hills:
The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
 All, to the wall-flower and wild-pea,
Are changed—we saw the world through thee,
 Casa Wappy!

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam
 Of casual mirth,
It doth not own, whate'er may seem,
 An inward birth:
We miss thy small step on the stair;
We miss thee at thine evening prayer!
All day we miss thee, everywhere,
 Casa Wappy!

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go,
In life's spring bloom,
Down to the appointed house below,
The silent tomb.
But now the green leaves of the tree,
The cuckoo and the "busy bee,"
Return—but with them bring not thee,
Casa Wappy!

'Tis so; but can it be (while flowers
Revive again)—
Man's doom, in death that we and ours
For aye remain?
Oh! can it be, that o'er the grave
The grass renewed should yearly wave,
Yet God forget our child to save?—
Casa Wappy!

It cannot be: for were it so
Thus man could die,
Life were a mockery, Thought were woe,
And Truth a lie;
Heaven were a coinage of the brain,
Religion frenzy, Virtue vain,
And all our hopes to meet again,
Casa Wappy!

Then be to us, O dear, lost child!

With beam of love,

A star, death's uncongenial wild

Smiling above;

Soon, soon thy little feet have trod

The skyward path, the seraph's road,

That lead thee back from man to God,

Casa Wappy!

Yes, 'tis sweet balm to our despair,

Fond, fairest boy,

That heaven is God's, and thou art there,

With Him in joy:

There past are death and all its woes,

There beauty's stream forever flows,

And pleasure's day no sunset knows,

Casa Wappy!

Farewell, then—for a while, farewell—

Pride of my heart!

It cannot be that long we dwell,

Thus torn apart:

Time's shadows like the shuttle flee:

And, dark howe'er life's night may be,

Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee,

Casa Wappy!

MOONLIGHT CHURCHYARD.

ROUND thee, pure Moon, a ring of silvery clouds
Hover, like children round their mother dear
In silence and in joy, forever near
The footsteps of her love. Within their shrouds,
Lonely, the slumbering dead encompass me!
Thy silvery beams the mouldering Abbey float,
Black rails, memorial stones, are strew'd about;
And the leaves rustle on the hollow tree.
Shadows mark out the undulating graves;
Tranquilly, tranquilly the departed lie!—
Time is an ocean, and mankind the waves
That reach the dim shore of eternity;
Death strikes; and Silence, 'mid the evening gloom,
Sits spectre-like the guardian of the tomb!

REV. THOMAS ROSS, LL.D.

· 1769—1843.

THE following is extracted from a manuscript translation of Ossian's Poems by the late Dr. Ross, of Lochbroom, Ross-shire, Scotland. The manuscripts are now in possession of his son-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Thomson, of New York. Dr. Ross was regarded as the most accomplished Gaelic scholar of his day; his translation of the Psalms of David into the Gaelic language, is now the one in general use in the churches in the Highlands of Scotland. It is not now needful to revive the old controversy respecting the Ossianic poems. That Ossian as a poet, and that Fingal, as one of his chief heroes, were known in Scotland centuries before M'Pherson's birth, may be learned from Barbour and others of the ancient Scottish bards whose works are still extant, and that the songs of the bard should be transmitted from generation to generation, even though unwritten, is no greater wonder than that the Iliad or Odyssey should have passed from sire to son during the four hundred years that elapsed from their first utterance by the poet to their collection in their present form. Nor was M'Pherson's the first attempt to collect the poems of the immortal bard. Previous to the year 1760, Rev. John Farquharson, of Strathglass, had collected, during a residence of thirty years in that district, compositions in the Gaelic language sufficient to fill a large folio three inches thick. Having removed from Strathglass to Douay, he carried his collection with him, and while there, the first edition of M'Pherson's translation was published in England. Farquharson obtained a copy of the translation, and spent much of his time in comparing it with the original collection by himself. There exists no probability that M'Pherson ever met Farqu-

harson, or that the collection of the latter was known to or seen by the former; and yet when Farquharson compared M'Pherson's translation with the original in his own possession, he was never heard to impugn the accuracy or fidelity of the translation, although he often declared that the translation fell far short of the spirit and strength of the original. Changed as is the state of the Scottish highlands from what it was a century ago, it would be easy for one acquainted with the Gaelic language to collect and then translate detached poems of a very ancient caste, not inferior to any which have been already given to the public. This may seem strange to those possessed of a written language and literature, and who have not considered the power of memory where an active and earnest mind has no such possession, or where, though it may exist, from lack of early instruction it cannot be enjoyed. In the highlands of Scotland, one may meet with men and women who have no English, and who cannot read the Gaelic, who are yet so thoroughly acquainted with the Holy Scriptures as to be able to give chapter and verse for any passage quoted, and to correct the slightest error made in quotation. Nothing to them is more distasteful than to hear misquotations, or to meet with a minister who cannot quote with accuracy and readiness.

It is surprising that while the translation of Ossian by M'Pherson, defective as it is proved to be, should have been itself translated into the different languages of continental Europe, and has been hailed as a work of highest merit, and entitled to the greatest praise, doubts should still linger in the minds of Britons, both as to the existence of Ossian the bard, and the honor and honesty of the translator. Dr. Ross, was requested by the Highland Society of London to translate from the original Gaelic, which he had transcribed for the Society, from the first book of Fingal. And in the first volume of the edition of Ossian published under their sanction, the reader will find his translation of the first book placed parallel to M'Pherson's. Concerning Dr. Ross's translation, Miss Baillie, the distinguished authoress, observes, "The language of the new translation appears less pompous, more simple, and more appropriate than that of M'Pherson. I am sure that a poem in imitation of M'Pherson's translation, would be a much more easy task to compose than one in imitation of the new translation."

CARRIE-ITHRA.—Extract.

FINGAL.

Ye voices of loud-sounding Cona,
Ye bards who speak of the past,
In whose souls ascend on high
The illustrious deeds of blue-armed heroes ;
O Cronan, son of gentle sounds,
O Minon, who lightly touchest the harp,
Raise a tale concerning dark-brown Shilric
To the king of hills and deserts.
Let the lovely Ninvela come,
Like the showery bow along the vale,
When it shews its arch on high,
And the sun is retiring behind the hills.
But yonder is the maid, O king of spears,
With feeble voice immersed in grief.

NINVELA.

My love is of the race of the hills ;
A great hunter of the dusky mountains :
His stag-hounds pant by his side ;
His slender bow-string sounds in the wind.

Hast thou sat by the fountain of the rocks,
Or by the great swoln stream of the hill?
Observed the rush bending beneath the breeze
And the mist rising on the mountain side?

But I will approach my love in secret;
I shall scan my hero from the rock.
O, when I saw the youths on high
By the oak of the loud streaming Branno,
Thou wast returning stately from the hill,
Far surpassing in comeliness thy people.

SHILRIC.

What voice is this so sweet in my ear,
A voice sweet as the summer breeze?
But far, Ninvela, far away
Is my course, to the war with Fingal.
There shall I not see from the heights of the hills
My fair maid of the locks on the plain;
But by the falling stream alone;
Like the bow bending in the skies,
Or the moon on the western wave.

NINVELA.

Thou art gone! O Shilric, thou art gone!
And I am alone on the hill!
The deer is seen on the mountain brow,
Without a man to chase him from the grass.
The mighty hunter is departed from the wood;

He is in the field of graves.
O ye strangers, race of the waves,
Spare, O spare the hero in the field !

SHILRIC.

If I fall in the plain, Ninvela,
Kindly do thou raise high my tomb—
Gray stones and a heap of dust,
To point out thy lover Ninvela.
That when the hunter sits by my side,
He will say, "A hero is in the heath,
Some man of renown, not feeble in battle."
Remember thy warrior, Ninvela
When in thy narrow house of death.

NINVELA.

Yes, thou shalt be remembered !
If my brave Shilric shall fall on the field ?
Where, my love, shall I be found on the hill,
If thou return not from the stroke of death !
My wanderings shall be among the rocky dens :
My steps shall be far from the abodes of men,
Languid and solitary among the hills.
Sure Shilric will fall on the field.
But I will remember the hero.
"I too remember the chief,"
Said the king of the lofty woods and hills ;
He consumed the battle in his rage ;
He is not beneath my eye in the chase.

Once I saw him on the plain,
The hero's cheek was clouded and pale ;
His brow was dark, the heaving of his breast
Was frequent, and his steps were towards the hill.
Among the chiefs he shall not be seen
When the sound rises from the shield.
He lies in the dark and narrow house
Great chief of the gloomy mountains !

CRONAN.

O, I perceive Ninvela afar,
Like a sunbeam on a heathy rock,
Mild as the sun in a summer storm,
And like the full moon of harvest.
Dost thou come, O maid of the fairest locks,
Over rocks and hills to my presence ?
Feeble is thy voice, O daughter of chiefs !
As a reed with the wind about its head !
She cried, "Has my hero returned from the fields?
Where hast thou left thy friends my love ?
I have heard of thy death on the hill,
I heard, and my soul was in grief."
"I have returned, O maid of the gentle age ;
I have returned, of chiefs alone,
No more shall they be seen on the hill ;
I have raised their tombs on the field.
But why art thou alone on the height ?
By thyself on the sides of the mountain ?"

“Alone am I, O Shilric ;
Alone and low in the house of winter.
With grief for my love, I fell,
Pale into the grave, O Shilric.”
She fled like a shadow before the wind,
Like a mist on the mountain in sadness,
“Wilt thou not stay empty form of Ninvela ?
Stay and behold the tears of my sorrow.
Lovely is thy form in mist ;
Lovely thou wast when alive, Ninvela.

I will mourn by a fountain cool,
On the top of the hill, in the wind
At mid-day, when there is no sound
Speak thou, my love, among the heath ;
Come thou, Ninvela, on the breeze,
On the light breeze from the woody rock ;
Let me hear thy voice by my side,
At mid-day, in surrounding silence.”
Thus did Cronan raise the song,
Midst joy, in the hall of the brave.

C A R R A I G ~ I F U R A .

A SPEECH OF FINGAL'S IN THE ORIGINAL GAELIC.

The Translation is on page 365.

A GHUTHA Chòna, 's àirde fuaim,
 A bhàrda, tha luaidh mu h-aois,
 Dha 'n éirich, air ar n-anam suas,
 Feachda mòr nan gorm-chruaidh laoch.
 A Chronain, a mhic nan caoin fhonn,
 A Mhìnfhonn nach trom air clàrsaich,
 Togaibh sgeul air Silric donn,
 Do rìgh nam mòr-thom 's nam fàsach.
 Thigeadh a Bhinnbheul, a's àillidh,
 Mar bhogha braoin, anall sa' ghleann,
 Nuair dh'fheuchas e cheann san àirde,
 'S a ghrian a' dol air chùl nam beann.
 Sud an òigh, a rìgh nan lann,
 Le guth fann, is i fo bhròn.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

JAMES MONTGOMERY was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, in 1771. His father was a Moravian missionary, who died whilst laboring for the propagation of Christianity in the island of Tobago. In 1792 he established himself in Sheffield (where he still resides) as an assistant in a newspaper office. In a few years the paper became his own property, and he continued to conduct it up to 1825.

Mr. Montgomery's first volume of poetry appeared in 1806, and was entitled the *Wanderer of Switzerland, and other poems*. The Edinburgh Review of January, 1807, denounced the unfortunate volume in a style of such authoritative reprobation as no mortal verse could be expected to survive. Notwithstanding this, within eighteen months of its first issue, the fourth edition (1500 copies each) was printed. The next work of the poet was *The West Indies*, a poem in four parts, written in honor of the abolition of the African slave trade by the British legislature, in 1807. Shortly after this Mr. Montgomery published a volume entitled *Prison Amusements*. In 1813 he came forward with a more elaborate performance, *The World before the Flood*, a poem in the heroic couplet, and extending to ten short cantos. *Thoughts on Wheels, The Climbing Boy's Soliloquy, The Pelican Island, Greenland*, and his *Songs of Zion*, which have cheered many a Christian heart, constitute his remaining works.

From his long residence in England, he has generally been viewed as an Englishman, but there can be no doubt that much of his inspiration has been drawn from the romantic scenery and poetical associations of his boyhood, spent as it was amid Scotia's rugged hills.

THE COMMON LOT.

ONCE in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man! and who was he?
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown:
His name has perished from the earth,
This truth survives alone!

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
Alternate triumphed in his breast;
His bliss and woe—a smile, a tear!
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffered—but his pangs are o'er ;
 Enjoyed—but his delights are fled ;
Had friends—his friends are now no more,
 And foes—his foes are dead.

He loved—but whom he loved the grave
 Hath lost in its unconscious womb :
O, she was fair ! but nought could save
 Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen ;
 Encountered all that troubles thee ;
He was—whatever thou hast been ;
 He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
 Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
 To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams o'er his eye
 That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
 No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
 Their ruins, since the world began,
Of him afford no other trace
 Than this—there lived a man.

LOVE OF COUNTRY AND HOME.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;—
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend;—
“Where shall that *land*, that *spot of earth* be found?”
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around!
O, thou shalt find, howe'er, thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home!

On Greenland's rocks, o'er rude Kamschatka's plains,
In pale Siberia's desolate domains;
When the wild hunter takes his lonely way,
Tracks through tempestuous snows his savage prey,
Or, wrestling with the might of raging seas,
Where round the Pole the eternal billows freeze,
Plucks from their jaws the stricken whale, in vain
Plunging down headlong through the whirling main,

His wastes of snow are lovelier in his eye
Than all the flowery vales beneath the sky;
And dearer far than Cæsar's palace-dome,
His cavern-shelter, and his cottage-home.

O'er China's garden-fields and peopled floods,
In California's pathless world of woods;
Round Andes' heights, where Winter, from his throne,
Looks down in scorn upon the summer zone;
By the gay borders of Bermuda's isles,
Where Spring with everlasting verdure smiles;
On pure Madeira's vine-robed hills of health;
In Java's swamps of pestilence and wealth;
Where Babel stood, where wolves and jackals drink,
'Midst weeping willows, on Euphrates' brink;
On Carmel's crest; by Jordan's reverend stream,
Where Canaan's glories vanished like a dream;
Where Greece, a spectre, haunts her heroes' graves,
And Rome's vast ruins darken Tiber's waves;
Where broken-hearted Switzerland bewails
Her subject mountains and dishonored vales;
Where Albion's rocks exult amid the sea,
Around the beauteous isle of Liberty;—
Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

JOHN WILSON.

PROFESSOR WILSON, so long the distinguished occupant of the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, earned his first laurels by his poetry.

He was born in the year 1788, in the town of Paisley, where his father carried on business and attained to opulence as a manufacturer. At thirteen he entered Glasgow University, from which in due time he was transferred to Magdalene College, Oxford. A notable capacity for knowledge and remarkable literary powers were at the same time united to a singular taste for Gymnastic exercises and rural sports. After four years' residence at Oxford, the poet purchased a small but beautiful estate on the banks of Lake Windermere. He married—built a house and a yacht—enjoyed himself among the magnificent scenery of the lakes—wrote poetry—and cultivated the society of Wordsworth. These must have been happy days. With youth, robust health, fortune, and an exhaustless imagination, Wilson must, in such a spot, have been blest even up to the dreams of a poet. Some reverses, however, came, and, after entering himself of the Scottish bar, he sought and obtained his Moral Philosophy chair.

He connected himself with Blackwood's Magazine, and in this miscellany poured forth the riches of his fancy, learning, and taste. The poetical works of Wilson have been collected in two volumes. They consist of the "Isle of Palms," "City of the Plague," and several smaller pieces.

His prose works have been more popular than his poems. "The Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," a collection of beautiful stories

illustrative of Scottish manners, scenery, and history, has had an immense sale, and an unbounded popularity.

Gilfillan, in his "Literary Portraits," says:—

"It is probable that the very variety and versatility of Wilson's powers have done him an injury in the estimation of many. They can hardly believe that an actor, who can play so many parts, is perfect in all. Because he is, confessedly, one of the most eloquent of men, it is doubted whether he can be profound: because he is a fine poet, he must be a shallow metaphysician;—because he is the Editor of *Blackwood*, he must be an inefficient professor. There is such a thing on this round earth, as diffusion along with depth, as the versatile and vigorous mind of a man of genius mastering a multitude of topics, while others are blunderingly acquiring one, or as a man 'multiplying himself among mankind, the Proteus of their talents,' and proving that the Voltairian activity of brain has been severed, in one splendid instance, at least, from the Voltairian sneer and the Voltairian shallowness. Such an instance as that of our illustrious Professor, who is ready for every tack,—who can, at one time, scorch a poetaster to a cinder, at another cast illumination into the 'dark deep holds' of a moral question by a glance of his genius; at one time dash off the picture of a Highland glen with the force of a Salvator, at another lay bare the anatomy of a passion with the precision and force of an Angelo,—write now the sweetest verse, and now the most energetic prose,—now let slip, from his spirit, a single star, like the 'evening cloud,' and now unfurl a *Noctes* upon the wondering world,—now paint Avarice till his audience are dying with laughter, and now Emulation and Sympathy till they are choked with tears,—write now 'the Elder's Deathbed,' and now the 'Address to a Wild Deer,'—be equally at home in describing the Sufferings of an Orphan girl, and the undressing of a dead Quaker, by a congregation of ravens, under the brow of Helvellyn."



A LAY OF FAIRY LAND.

It is upon the Sabbath-day, at rising of the sun,
That to Glenmore's black forest-side a Shepherdess hath
gone,
From eagle and from raven to guard her little flock,
And read her Bible as she sits on greensward or on
rock.

Her Widow-mother wept to hear her whispered prayer so
sweet,
Then through the silence bless'd the sound of her soft
parting feet ;

And thought, "while thou art praising God amid the hills
so calm,
Far off this broken voice, my child! will join the morn-
ing psalm."

So down upon her rushy couch her moisten'd cheek she laid,
And away into the morning hush is flown her Highland
Maid;

In heaven the stars are all bedim'd, but in its dewy mirth
A star more beautiful than they is shining on the earth.

—In the deep mountain-hollow the dreamy day is done,
For close the peace of Sabbath brings the rise and set of
sun;

The mother through her lowly door looks forth unto the
green,

Yet the shadow of her Shepherdess is nowhere to be seen.

Within her loving bosom, stirs one faint throb of fear—
"Oh! why so late!" a footstep—and she knows her child
is near;

So out into the evening the gladden'd mother goes,
And between her and the crimson light her daughter's
beauty glows.

The heather-balm is fragrant—the heather-bloom is fair,
But 'tis neither heather-balm nor bloom that wreathes round
Mhairi's hair;

Round her white brows so innocent, and her blue quiet
eyes,
That looks out bright, in smiling light, beneath the flowery
dies.

These flowers by far too beautiful among our hills to grow,
These gem-crowned stalks too tender to bear one flake of
snow,
Not all the glens of Caledon could yield so bright a band,
That in its lustre breathes and blooms of some warm foreign
land.

“The hawk hath long been sleeping upon the pillar-stone,
And what hath kept my Mhairi in the moorlands all alone?
And where got she those lovely flowers mine old eyes dimly
see?

Where’er they grew, it must have been upon a lovely tree.”

“Sit down beneath our elder-shade, and I my tale will
tell”—

And speaking, on her mother’s lap the wondrous chaplet
fell;

It seemed as if its blissful breath did her worn heart restore,
Till the faded eyes of age did beam as they had beamed
of yore.

“The day was something dim—but the gracious sunshine
fell

On me, and on my sheep and lambs, and our own little dell,

Some lay down in the warmth, and some began to feed,
And I took out the Holy Book, and thereupon did read.

“And while that I was reading of Him who for us died,
And blood and water shed for us from out his blessed side,
An angel’s voice above my head came singing o’er and o’er,
In Abernethy-wood it sank, now rose in dark Glenmore.

“Mid lonely hills, on Sabbath, all by myself, to hear
That voice, unto my beating heart did bring a joyful fear;
For well I knew the wild song that wavered o’er my head,
Must be from some celestial thing, or from the happy dead.

“I looked up from my Bible—and lo! before me stood,
In her green graceful garments, the Lady of the Wood;
Silent she was and motionless, but when her eyes met mine,
I knew she came to do me good, her smile was so divine.

“She laid her hand as soft as light upon your daughter’s
hair,

And up that white arm flowed my heart into her bosom
fair;

And all at once I loved her well as she my mate had been,
Though she had come from Fairy Land and was the Fairy
Queen.”

Then started Mhairi’s mother at that wild word of fear,
For a daughter had been lost to her for many a hopeless
year;

The child had gone at sunrise among the hills to roam,
But many a sunset since had been, and none hath brought
her home.

Some thought that Fhaum, the Savage shape that on the
mountains dwells,
Had somewhere left her lying dead among the heather-
bells,
And others said the River red had caught her in her glee,
And her fair body swept unseen into the unseen Sea.

But thoughts come to a mother's breast a mother only
knows,
And grief, although it never dies, in fancy finds repose;
By day she feels the dismal truth that death has ta'en her
child,
At night she hears her singing still and dancing o'er the
wild.

And then her Country's legends lend all their lovely
faith,
Till sleep reveals a silent land, but not a land of death—
Where, happy in her innocence, her living child doth play
With those fair Elves that wafted her from her own world
away.

“Look not so mournful mother! 'tis not a Tale of woe—
The Fairy-Queen stoop'd down and left a kiss upon my
brow,

And faster than mine own two doves e'er stoop'd unto
my hand,
Our flight was through the ether—then we dropt on
Fairy-Land.

“Along a river-side that ran wide-winding thro' a wood,
We walked, the Fairy-Queen and I, in loving solitude ;
And there serenely on the trees, in all their rich attire,
Sat crested birds whose plumage seem'd to burn with
harmless fire.

“No sound was in our steps,—as on the ether mute—
For the velvet moss lay greenly deep beneath the gliding
foot,
Till we came to a Waterfall, and mid the Rainbows there,
The Mermaids and the Fairies played in Water and in Air.

“And sure there was sweet singing, for it at once did
breathe
From all the Woods and Waters, and from the Caves be-
neath,
But when those happy creatures beheld their lovely Queen,
The music died away at once, as if it ne'er had been,—

“And hovering in the Rainbow, and floating on the Wave,
Each little head so beautiful, some show of homage gave,
And bending down bright lengths of hair that glisten'd
in its dew,
Seemed as the Sun ten thousand rays against the Water
threw.

“Soft the music rose again—but we left it far behind,
Though strains o’ertook us now and then, on some small
 breath of wind ;
Our guide into that brightning bliss was aye that bright-
 ning stream,
Till lo ! a Palace silently unfolded like a dream.

“Then thought I of the lovely tales, and music lovelier
 still,
My elder sister used to sing at evening on the Hill,
When I was but a little child too young to watch the
 sheep,
And on her kind knees laid my head in very joy to sleep.

“Tales of the silent people, and their green silent Land !
—But the gates of that bright Palace did suddenly expand,
And filled with green-robed Fairies was seen an ample
 hall,
Where she who held my hand in hers was the loveliest
 of them all.

“Round her in happy heavings, flowed that bright glis-
 tering crowd,
Yet though a thousand voices hailed, the murmur was not
 loud,
And o’er their plumed and flowery heads there sang a
 whispering breeze,
When as before their Queen all sank, down slowly on their
 knees.

“ ‘Then,’ said the Queen, ‘seven years to-day since mine
own infant’s birth—

And we must send her Nourice this evening back to
earth ;

Though sweet her home beneath the sun—far other home
than this—

So I have brought her sister small, to see her in her bliss.

“ ‘Luhana ! bind thy frontlet upon my Mhairi’s brow,
That she on earth may show the flowers that in our gar-
dens grow.’

And from the heavenly odors breathed around my head
I knew

How delicate must be their shape, how beautiful their
hue !

“ ‘Then near and nearer still I heard small peals of laugh-
ter sweet,

And the infant Fay came dancing in with her white-twin-
kling feet,

While in green rows the smiling Elves fell back on either
side,

And up that avenue the Fay did like a sunbeam glide.

“ ‘But who came then into the Hall? One long since
mourned as dead ;

Oh ! never had the mould been strown o’er such a star-
like head !

On me alone she poured her voice, on me alone her eyes,
And, as she gazed, I thought upon the deep-blue cloud-
less skies.

"Well knew I my fair sister! and her unforgotten face!
Strange meeting one so beautiful in that bewildering place!
And like two solitary rills that by themselves flowed on,
And had been long divided—we melted into one.

"When that the shower was all wept out of our delight-
ful tears,
And love rose in our hearts that had been buried there
for years,
You well may think another shower straightway began to
fall,
Even for our mother and our home to leave that heavenly
Hall!

"I may not tell the sobbing and weeping that was there,
And how the mortal Nourice left her Fairy in despair,
But promised, duly every year, to visit the sad child,
As soon as by our forest-side the first pale primrose smiled.

"While they two were embracing, the Palace it was gone,
And I and my dear sister stood by the Great Burial-stone;
While both of us our river saw in twilight glimmering by,
And knew at once the dark Cairngorm in his own silent
sky."

The Child hath long been speaking to one who may not
hear,
For a deadly Joy came suddenly upon a deadly Fear,
And though the Mother fell not down, she lay on Mhairi's
breast,
And her face was white as that of one whose soul has
gone to rest.

She sits beneath the Elder-shade in that long mortal swoon,
And piteously on her wan cheek looks down the gentle
Moon;
And when her senses are restored, whom sees she at her
side,
But Her believed in childhood to have wandered off and
died !

In these small hands, so lily-white, is water from the
spring,
And a grateful coolness drops from it as from an angel's
wing,
And to her Mother's pale lips her rosy lips are laid,
While these long soft eye-lashes drop tears on her hoary
head.

She stirs not in her Child's embrace, but yields her old
gray hairs
Unto the heavenly dew of tears, the heavenly breath of
prayers—

No voice hath she to bless her child, till that strong fit
go by,

But gazeth on the long-lost face, and then upon the sky.

The Sabbath morn was beautiful—and the long Sabbath
day—

The Evening star rose beautiful when day-light died away ;
Morn, day, and twilight, this lone Glen flowed over with
delight,

But the fulness of all mortal Joy hath blessed the Sab-
bath night.



ADDRESS TO A WILD DEER

IN THE FOREST OF DALNESS, GLEN-ETIVE, ARGYLLSHIRE.

MAGNIFICENT Creature ! so stately and bright !
In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight ;
For what hath the child of the desert to dread,
Wafting up his own mountains that far-beaming head ;
Or borne like a whirlwind down on the vale ?—
—Hail ! King of the wild and the beautiful !—hail !
Hail ! Idol divine !—whom Nature hath borne
O'er a hundred hill-tops since the mists of the morn,
Whom the pilgrim lone wandering on mountain and moor,
As the vision glides by him, may blameless adore ;
For the joy of the happy, the strength of the free
Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee.

Up ! up to yon cliff ! like a King to his throne !
O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and lone—
A throne which the eagle is glad to resign
Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as thine.
There the bright heather springs up in love of thy breast—
Lo ! the clouds in the depth of the sky are at rest ;

And the race of the wild winds is o'er on the hill !
In the hush of the mountains, ye antlers lie still—
Though your branches now toss in the storm of delight,
Like the arms of the pine on yon shelterless height.
One moment—thou bright Apparition—delay !
Then melt o'er the crags like the sun from the day.

Aloft on the weather-gleam, scorning the earth,
The wild spirit hung in majestic mirth :
In dalliance with danger, he bounded in bliss,
O'er the fathomless gloom of each moaning abyss ;
O'er the grim rocks careering with prosperous motion,
Like a ship by herself in full sail o'er the ocean !
Then proudly he turned ere he sank to the dell,
And shook from his forehead a haughty farewell,
While his horns in a crescent of radiance shone,
Like a flag burning bright when the vessel is gone.

The ship of the desert hath pass'd on the wind,
And left the dark ocean of mountains behind !
But my spirit will travel wherever she flee,
And behold her in pomp o'er the rim of the sea—
Her voyage pursue—till her anchor be cast
In some cliff-girdled haven of beauty at last.

What lonely magnificence stretches around !
Each sight how sublime ! and how awful each sound !

All hush'd and serene, as a region of dreams,
The mountains repose 'mid the roar of the streams,
Their glens of black umbrage by cataracts riven,
But calm their blue tops in the beauty of Heaven.
Here the glory of nature hath nothing to fear—
—Aye! Time the destroyer in power hath been here;
And the forest that hung on yon mountain so high,
Like a black thunder cloud on the arch of the sky,
Hath gone like that cloud, when the tempest came by.
Deep sunk in the black moor, all worn and decay'd
Where the floods have been raging, the limbs are display'd
Of the Pine-tree and Oak sleeping vast in the gloom,
The kings of the forest disturb'd in their tomb.

E'en now, in the pomp of their prime, I behold
O'erhanging the desert the forests of old!
So gorgeous their verdure, so solemn their shade,
Like the heavens above them, they never may fade.
The sunlight is on them—in silence they sleep—
A glimmering glow, like the breast of the deep,
When the billows scarce heave in the calmness of morn.
—Down the pass of Glen-Etive the tempest is borne,
And the hill side is swinging, and roars with a sound
In the heart of the forest embosom'd profound.
Till all in a moment the tumult is o'er,
And the mountain of thunder is still as the shore
When the sea is at ebb; not a leaf nor a breath
To disturb the wild solitude, steadfast as death.

From his eyrie the eagle hath soar'd with a scream,
And I wake on the edge of the cliff from my dream ;
—Where now is the light of thy far-beaming brow ?
Fleet son of the wilderness ! where art thou now ?
—Again o'er yon crag thou return'st to my sight,
Like the horns of the moon from a cloud of the night !
Serene on thy travel—as soul in a dream—
Thou needest no bridge o'er the rush of the stream.
With thy presence the pine-grove is fill'd, as with light,
And the caves, as thou passest, one moment are bright.
Through the arch of the rainbow that lies on the rock
'Mid the mist stealing up from the cataract's shock,
Thou fling'st thy bold beauty, exulting and free,
O'er a pit of grim blackness, that roars like the sea.

His voyage is o'er !—As if struck by a spell
He motionless stands in the hush of the dell,
There softly and slowly sinks down on his breast,
In the midst of his pastime enamor'd of rest.
A stream in a clear pool that endeth its race—
A dancing ray chain'd to one sunshiny place—
A cloud by the winds to calm solitude driven—
A hurricane dead in the silence of heaven !

Fit couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee !
Magnificent prison enclosing the free !
With rock-wall encircled—with precipice crown'd—
Which, awoke by the sun, thou canst clear at a bound.

'Mid the fern and the heather kind Nature doth keep
One bright spot of green for her favorite's sleep ;
And close to that covert, as clear as the skies
When their blue depths are cloudless, a little lake lies,
Where the creature at rest can his image behold
Looking up through the radiance as bright and as bold !
How lonesome ! how wild !—yet the wildness is rife
With the stir of enjoyment—the spirit of life.
The glad fish leaps up in the heart of the lake,
Whose depths at the sullen plunge, sullenly quake !
Elate on the fern-branch the grasshopper sings,
And away in the midst of his roundelay springs ;
'Mid the flowers of the heath, not more bright than himself,
The wild-bee is busy, a musical elf—
Then starts from his labor unwearied and gay,
And circling the antlers, booms far far away.
While high up the mountains, in silence remote,
The cuckoo unseen is repeating his note,
And mellowing echo, on watch in the skies,
Like a voice from some loftier climate replies.
With wide-branching antlers, a guard to his breast,
There lies the wild Creature, even stately in rest !
'Mid the grandeur of nature, compos'd and serene,
And proud in his heart of the mountainous scene,
He lifts his calm eye to the eagle and raven,
At noon sinking down on smooth wings to their haven,
As if in his soul the bold Animal smil'd
To his friends of the sky, the joint-heirs of the wild.

Yes! fierce looks thy nature, ev'n hush'd in repose—
In the depth of thy desert regardless of foes.
Thy bold antlers call on the hunter afar
With a haughty defiance to come to the war!
No outrage is war to a creature like thee!
The bugle-horn fills thy wild spirit with glee,
As thou bearest thy neck on the wings of the wind,
And the laggardly gaze-hound is toiling behind.
In the beams of thy forehead that glitter with death,
In feet that draw power from the touch of the heath,—
In the wide-raging torrent that lends thee its roar,—
In the cliff that once trod must be trodden no more,—
Thy trust—'mid the dangers that threaten thy reign!
—But what if the stag on the mountain be slain?
On the brink of the rock—lo! he standeth at bay
Like a victor that falls at the close of the day—
While hunter and hound in their terror retreat
From the death that is spurn'd from his furious feet:
And his last cry of anger comes back from the skies,
As nature's fierce son in the wilderness dies.
High life of a hunter! he meets on the hill
The new waken'd daylight, so bright and so still;
And feels, as the clouds of the morning unroll,
The silence, the splendor, ennoble his soul.
'Tis his o'er the mountains to stalk like a ghost,
Enshrouded with mist, in which nature is lost,
Till he lifts up his eyes, and flood, valley, and height,
In one moment all swim in an ocean of light;

While the sun, like a glorious banner unfurl'd,
Seems to wave o'er a new, more magnificent world.
'Tis his—by the mouth of some cavern his seat—
The lightning of heaven to hold at his feet,
While the thunder below him that growls from the cloud,
To him comes on echo more awfully loud.
When the clear depths of noon-tide, with glittering motion,
O'erflows the lone glens—an aërial ocean—
When the earth and the heavens, in union profound,
Lie blended in beauty that knows not a sound—
As his eyes in the sunshiny solitude close
'Neath a rock of the desert in dreaming repose,
He sees, in his slumbers, such visions of old
As his wild Gaelic songs to his infancy told;
O'er the mountains a thousand plum'd hunters are borne,
And he starts from his dream at the blast of the horn.
Yes! child of the desert! fit quarry were thou
For the hunter that came with a crown on his brow,—
By princes attended with arrow and spear,
In their white-tented camp, for the warfare of deer.
In splendor the tents on the green summit stood,
And brightly they shone from the glade in the wood,
And, silently built by a magical spell,
The pyramid rose in the depth of the dell.
All mute was the palace of Lochy that day,
When the king and his nobles—a gallant array—
To Gleno or Glen-Etive came forth in their pride,
And a hundred fierce stags in their solitude died.

Not lonely and single they pass'd o'er the height—
But thousands swept by in their hurricane-flight;
And bow'd to the dust in their trampling tread
Was the plumage on many a warrior's head.
—"Fall down on your faces!—the herd is at hand!"
—And onwards they came like the sea o'er the sand;
Like the snow from the mountain when loosen'd by rain,
And rolling along with a crash to the plain;
Like a thunder-split oak-tree, that falls in one shock
With his hundred wide arms from the top of the rock,
Like the voice of the sky, when the black cloud is near,
So sudden, so loud, came the tempest of Deer.
Wild mirth of the desert! fit pastime for kings!
Which still the rude Bard in his solitude sings.
Oh reign of magnificence! vanished forever!
Like music dried up in the bed of a river,
Whose course hath been chang'd! yet my soul can survey
The clear cloudless morn of that glorious day.
Yes! the wide silent forest is loud as of yore,
And the far-ebbed grandeur rolls back to the shore.

I wake from my trance!—lo! the Sun is declining!
And the Black-mountain afar in his lustre is shining,
—One soft golden gleam ere the twilight prevail!
Then down let me sink to the cot in the dale,
Where sings the fair maid to the viol so sweet,
Or the floor is alive with her white twinkling feet.
Down, down like a bird to the depth of the dell!
—Vanish'd Creature! I bid thy fair image farewell!



HYMN TO SPRING.

How beautiful the pastime of the Spring!
Lo! newly waking from her wintry dream,
She, like a smiling infant, timid plays
On the green margin of this sunny lake,
Fearing, by starts, the little breaking waves
(If riplings rather known by sound than sight
May haply so be named) that in the grass
Soon fade in murmuring mirth; now seeming proud
To venture round the edge of yon fair point,
That from an eminence softly sinking down,

Doth from the wide and homeless waters shape
A scene of tender, delicate repose,
Fit haunt for thee, in thy first hours of joy,
Delightful Spring!—nor less an emblem fair,
Like thee, of beauty, innocence, and youth.

On such a day, 'mid such a scene as this,
Methinks the poets who in lovely hymns
Have sung thy reign, sweet Power, and wished it long,
In their warm hearts conceived those eulogies
That, lending to the world inanimate
A pulse and spirit of life, for aye preserve
The sanctity of Nature, and embalm
Her fleeting spectacles in memory's cell
In spite of time's mutations. Onwards roll
The circling seasons, and as each gives birth
To dreams peculiar, yea destructive oft
Of former feelings, in oblivion's shade
Sleep the fair visions of forgotten hours.
But Nature calls the poet to her aid,
And in his lays behold her glory live
Forever. Thus, in winter's deepest gloom,
When all is dim before the outward eye,
Nor the ear catches one delightful sound,
They who have wander'd in their musing walks
With the great poets, in their spirits feel
No change on earth, but see the unalter'd woods
Laden with beauty, and inhale the song
Of birds, airs, echoes, and of vernal showers.

So hath it been with me, delightful Spring!
And now I hail thee as a friend who pays
An annual visit, yet whose image lives
From parting to return, and who is blest
Each time with blessings warmer than before.

Oh! gracious Power! for thy beloved approach
The expecting earth lay wrapt in kindling smiles,
Struggling with tears, and often overcome.
A blessing sent before thee from the heavens,
A balmy spirit breathing tenderness,
Prepared thy way, and all created things
Felt that the angel of delight was near.
Thou camest at last, and such a heavenly smile
Shone round thee, as beseem'd the eldest-born
Of Nature's guardian spirits. The great Sun,
Scattering the clouds with a resistless smile,
Came forth to do thee homage; a sweet hymn
Was by the low Winds chanted in the sky;
And when thy feet descended on the earth,
Scarce could they move amid the clustering flowers
By Nature strewn o'er valley, hill, and field,
To hail her blest deliverer!—Ye fair Trees,
How are ye changed, and changing while I gaze!
It seems as if some gleam of verdant light
Fell on you from a rainbow; but it lives
Amid your tendrils, brightening every hour
Into a deeper radiance. Ye sweet Birds,

Were you asleep through all the wintry hours,
Beneath the waters, or in mossy caves ?
There are, 'tis said, birds that pursue the spring,
Where'er she flies, or else in death-like sleep
Abide her annual reign, when forth they come
With freshen'd plumage and enraptured song,
As ye do now, unwearied choristers,
Till the land ring with joy. Yet are ye not,
Sporting in tree and air, more beautiful
Than the young lambs, that from the valley-side
Send a soft bleating like an infant's voice,
Half happy, half afraid ! O blessed things !
At sight of this your perfect innocence,
The sterner thoughts of manhood melt away
Into a mood as wild as woman's dreams.
The strife of working intellect, the stir
Of hope's ambitious ; the disturbing sound
Of fame, and all that worshipp'd pageantry
That ardent spirits burn for in their pride,
Fly like disparting clouds, and leave the soul
Pure and serene as the blue depths of heaven.

Now is the time in some meek solitude
To hold communion with those innocent thoughts
That bless'd our earlier days ;—to list the voice
Of conscience murmuring from her inmost shrine,
And learn if still she sing the quiet tune
That fill'd the ear of youth. If then we feel,

That 'mid the powers, the passions, and desires
Of riper age, we still have kept our hearts
Free from pollution, and 'mid tempting scenes
Walk'd on with pure and unreprieved steps,
Fearless of guilt, as if we knew it not ;
Ah me ! with what a new sublimity
Will the green hills lift up their sunny heads,
Ourselves as stately : smiling will we gaze
On the clouds whose happy home is in the heavens ;
Nor envy the clear streamlet that pursues
His course 'mid flowers and music to the sea.
But dread the beauty of a vernal day,
Thou trembler before memory ! To the saint
What sight so lovely as the angel form
That smiles upon his sleep ! The sinner veils
His face ashamed,—unable to endure
The upbraiding silence of the seraph's eyes !—

Yet awful must it be, even to the best
And wisest man, when he beholds the sun
Prepared once more to run his annual round
Of glory and of love, and thinks that God
To him, though sojourning in earthly shades,
Hath also given an orbit, whence his light
May glad the nations, or at least diffuse
Peace and contentment over those he loves !
His soul expanded by the breath of Spring,
With holy confidence the thoughtful man

Renews his vows to virtue,—vows that bind
To purest motives and most useful deeds.
Thus solemnly doth pass the vernal day,
In abstinence severe from worldly thoughts ;
Lofty disdainings of all trivial joys
Or sorrows ; meditations long and deep
On objects fit for the immortal love
Of souls immortal ; weeping penitence
For duties (plain though highest duties be)
Despised or violated ; humblest vows,
Though humble strong as death, henceforth to walk
Elate in innocence ; and, holier still,
Warm gushings of his spirit unto God
For all his past existence, whether bright
As the spring landscape sleeping in the sun,
Or dim and desolate like a wintry sea
Stormy and boding storms ! Oh ! such will be
Frequent and long his musings, till he feels
As all the stir subsides, like busy day
Soft melting into eve's tranquillity,
How blest is peace when born within the soul.

And therefore do I sing these pensive hymns,
O Spring ! to thee, though thou by some art call'd
Parent of mirth and rapture, worshipp'd best
With festive dances and a choral song.
No melancholy man am I, sweet Spring !
Who, filling all things with his own poor griefs,

Sees nought but sadness in the character
Of universal Nature, and who weaves
Most doleful ditties in the midst of joy.
Yet knowing something, dimly though it be,
And therefore still more awful, of that strange
And most tumultuous thing, the heart of man,
It chanceth oft, that mix'd with Nature's smiles
My soul beholds a solemn quietness
That almost looks like grief, as if on earth
There were no perfect joy, and happiness
Still trembled on the brink of misery!

Yea! mournful thoughts like these even now arise,
While Spring, like Nature's smiling infancy,
Sports round me, and all images of peace
Seem native to this earth, nor other home
Desire or know. Yet doth a mystic chain
Link in our hearts foreboding fears of death
With every loveliest thing that seems to us
Most deeply fraught with life. Is there a child
More beauteous than its playmates, even more pure
Than they? while gazing on its face, we think
That one so fair most surely soon will die!
Such are the fears now beating at my heart.
Ere long, sweet Spring! amid forgotten things
Thou and thy smiles must sleep: thy little lambs
Dead, or their nature changed; thy hymning birds
Mute;—faded every flower so beautiful;—

And all fair symptoms of incipient life
To fulness swollen, or sunk into decay !

Such are the melancholy dreams that filled
In the elder time the songs of tenderest bards,
Whene'er they named the Spring. Thence, doubts and
fears

Of what might be the final doom of man ;
Till all things spoke to their perplexed souls
The language of despair ; and, mournful sight !
Even hope lay prostrate upon beauty's grave !—
Vain fears of death ! breath'd forth in deathless lays !
O foolish bards, immortal in your works,
Yet trustless of your immortality !
Not now are they whom Nature calls her bards
Thus daunted by the image of decay.
They have their tears, and oft they shed them too,
By reason unreproach'd ; but on the pale
Cold cheek of death, they see a spirit smile,
Bright and still brightening, even like thee, O Spring !
Stealing in beauty through the winter snow !—

Season, beloved of Heaven ! my hymn is closed !
And thou, sweet Lake ! on whose retired banks
I have so long reposed, yet in the depth
Of meditation scarcely seen thy waves,
Farewell !—the voice of worship and of praise
Dies on my lips, yet shall my heart preserve

Inviolatè the spirit whence it sprung !
Even as a harp, when some wild plaintive strain
Goes with the hand that touchèd it, still retains
The soul of music sleeping in its strings.



THE EVENING CLOUD.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow :
Long had I watchèd the glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seemèd, and floatèd slow !
Even in its very motion there was rest :
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
Waftèd the traveller to the beauteous West.
Emblem, methought of the departed soul !
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given ,
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onwards to the golden gates of Heaven,
Where, to the eye of faith, it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.



A CHURCHYARD SCENE.

How sweet and solemn, all alone,
With reverend steps, from stone to stone
In a small village churchyard lying,
O'er intervening flowers to move!
And as we read the names unknown
Of old and young to judgment gone,
And hear in the calm air above
Time onwards softly flying,

To meditate, in Christian love,
Upon the dead and dying!
Across the silence seem to go
With dream-like motion, wavering, slow,
And shrouded in their folds of snow,
The friends we loved long long ago.
Gliding across the sad retreat,
How beautiful their phantom feet!
What tenderness is in their eyes,
Turned where the poor survivor lies
'Mid monitory sanctities!
What years of vanished joy are fanned
From one uplifting of that hand
In its white stillness! when the Shade
Doth glimmeringly in sunshine fade
From our embrace, how dim appears
This world's life through a mist of tears!
Vain hopes! blind sorrows! needless fears!

Such is the scene around me now:
A little Churchyard on the brow
Of a green pastoral hill;
Its sylvan village sleeps below,
And faintly here is heard the flow
Of Woodburn's summer rill;
A place where all things mournful meet,
And yet the sweetest of the sweet,
The stillest of the still!

With what a pensive beauty fall
Across the mossy mouldering wall
That rose-tree's clustered arches! See
The robin-redbreast warily,
Bright through the blossoms, leaves his nest:
Sweet ingrate! through the winter blest
At the firesides of men—but shy
Through all the sunny summer hours
He hides himself among the flowers
In his own wild festivity.
What lulling sound, and shadow cool
Hangs half the darkened Churchyard o'er,
From thy green depths so beautiful
Thou gorgeous sycamore!
Oft hath the holy wine and bread
Been blest beneath thy murmuring tent,
Where many a bright and hoary head
Bowed at that awful sacrament.
Now all beneath the turf are laid
On which they sat, and sang, and prayed.
Above that consecrated tree
Ascends the tapering spire that seems
To lift the soul up silently
To heaven with all its dreams,
While in the belfry, deep and low,
From his heaved bosom's purple gleams
The dove's continuous murmurs flow,
A dirge-like song, half-bliss, half-woe,
The voice so lonely seems!

LINES

WRITTEN AT A LITTLE WELL BY THE ROADSIDE, LANGDALE.

THOU lonely spring of waters undefiled !
Silently slumbering in thy mossy cell,
Yea, moveless as the hillock's verdant side
From which thou hadst thy birth, I bless thy gleam
Of clearest coldness, with as deep-felt joy
As pilgrim kneeling at his far-sought shrine ;
And as I bow to bathe my freshen'd heart
In thy restoring radiance from my lips
A breathing prayer sheds o'er thy glassy sleep
A gentle tremor !

Nor must I forget
A benison for the departed soul
Of him, who, many a year ago, first shaped
This little Font,—imprisoning the spring
Not wishing to be free, with smooth slate-stone,
Now in the beauteous coloring of age
Scarcely distinguished from the natural rock.
In blessed hour the solitary man

Laid the first stone,—and in his native vale
It serves him for a peaceful monument,
'Mid the hill silence.

Renovated life

Now flows through all my veins:—old dreams revive;
And while an airy pleasure in my brain
Dances unbidden, I have time to gaze,
Even with a happy lover's kindest looks,
On Thee delicious Fountain !

Thou dost shed

(Though sultry stillness fill the summer air
And parch the yellow hills,) all round thy cave,
A smile of beauty lovely as the Spring
Breathes with his April showers, The narrow lane
On either hand ridged with low shelving rocks,
That from the roadside gently lead the eye
Up to thy bed,—Ah me ! how rich a green,
Still brightening, wantons o'er its moisten'd grass
With what a sweet sensation doth my gaze,
Now that my thirsty soul is gratified,
Live on the little cell ! The water there,
Variously dappled by the wreathed sand
That sleeps below in many an antic shape,
Like the mild plumage of the pheasant-hen
Soothes the beholder's eye. The ceaseless drip
From the moss-fretted roof, by Nature's hand

Vaulted most beautiful, even like a pulse
Tells of the living principle within,—
A pulse but seldom heard amid the wild.

Yea, seldom heard : there is but one lone cot
Beyond this well :—it is inhabited
By an old shepherd during summer months,
And haply he may drink of the pure spring,
To Langdale Chapel on the Sabbath morn
Going to pray,—or as he home returns
At silent eve : or traveller such as I,
Following his fancies o'er these lonely hills,
Thankfully here may slake his burning thirst
Once in a season. Other visitants
It hath not ; save perchance the mountain-crow,
When ice hath locked the rills, or wandering colt
Leaving its pasture for the shady lane.

Methinks, in such a solitary cave,
The fairy forms belated peasant sees,
Oft nightly dancing in a glittering ring
On the smooth mountain sward, might here retire
To lead their noon-tide revels, or to bathe
Their tiny limbs in this transparent well.
A fitter spot there is not : flowers are here
Of loveliest colors, and of sweetest smell,
Native to these our hills, and ever seen
A fairest family by the happy side

Of their own parent spring ;—and others too
 Of foreign birth, the cultured garden's joy,
 Planted by that old shepherd in his mirth,
 Here smile like strangers in a novel scene.
 Lo ! a tall rose-tree with its clustering bloom,
 Brightening the mossy wall on which it leans
 Its arching beauty, to my gladsome heart
 Seems, with its smiles of lonely loveliness,
 Like some fair virgin at the humble door
 Of her dear mountain-cot, standing to greet
 The way-bewildered traveller.

But my soul

Long pleased to linger by this silent cave,
 Nursing its wild and playful fantasies,
 Pants for a loftier pleasure,—and forsakes,
 Though surely with no cold ingratitude,
 The flowers and verdure round the sparkling well.
 A voice calls on me from the mountain depths,
 And it must be obey'd : Yon ledge of rocks,
 Like a wild staircase over Hardknot's brow,
 Is ready for my footsteps, and even now,
 Wastwater blackens far beneath my feet,
 She the storm-loving Lake.

Sweet Fount !—Farewell !

THE PAST.

How wild and dim this Life appears !
One long, deep, heavy sigh !
When o'er our eyes, half-closed in tears,
The images of former years
Are faintly glimmering by !
And still forgotten while they go,
As on the sea-beach wave on wave
Dissolves at once in snow.
Upon the blue and silent sky
The amber-clouds one moment lie,
And like a dream are gone !
Though beautiful the moon-beams play,
On the lake's bosom bright as they,
And the soul intensely loves their stay,
Soon as the radiance melts away
We scarce believe it shone !
Heaven-airs amid the harp-strings dwell,
And we wish they ne'er may fade—
They cease ! and the soul is a silent cell,
Where music never played.

Dream follows dream through the long night-hours,
Each lovelier than the last—
But ere the breath of morning flowers,
That gorgeous world flies past.
And many a sweet angelic cheek,
Whose smiles of love and kindness speak,
Glides by us on this earth—
While in a day we cannot tell
Where shone the face we loved so well
In sadness or in mirth.

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

ART thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on our earth ?
Does human blood with life embue,
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue,
That stray along thy forehead fair,
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair ?
Oh ! can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doomed to death ;
Those features to the grave be sent
In sleep thus mutely eloquent ;
Or, art thou, what thy form would seem,
The phantom of a blessed dream ?

A human shape I feel thou art,
I feel it at my beating heart,
Those tremors both of soul and sense
Awoke by infant innocence !
Though dear the forms by fancy wove,
We love them with a transient love ;
Thoughts from the living world intrude
Even on her deepest solitude :
But, lovely child ! thy magic stole
At once into my inmost soul,
With feelings as thy beauty fair,
And left no other vision there.

To me thy parents are unknown ;
Glad would they be their child to own !
And well they must have loved before,
If since thy birth they loved not more.
Thou art a branch of noble stem,
And seeing thee I figure them.
What many a childless one would give,
If thou in their still home wouldst live !
Though in thy face no family-line
Might sweetly say, "This babe is mine!"
In time thou wouldst become the same
As their own child,—all but the name!

* * * * *

WILLIAM EDMONDSTONE AYTOUN.

PROF. AYTOUN, editor of "Blackwood's Magazine," and author of "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," is a member of the Edinburgh bar, but has never, we believe, devoted himself to any extent to the severer duties of his profession. Some five or six years ago he succeeded Mr. Moir as professor of literature and belles-lettres in the University of Edinburgh, where his lectures—full of pith, energy, and distinguished by fine literary taste—are in great vogue. Professor Aytoun has been for some years one of the chief contributors to "Blackwood's Magazine," and few numbers appear from which his hand is absent. At the time of the railway mania, he flung off a series of papers—the first entitled, "How we got up the Glen Mutchkin Railway," descriptive of the doings in the Capel Court of Edinburgh and Glasgow—papers which, for broad, vigorous humor, and felicitous setting forth of genuine Scottish character, are almost unrivalled. Under the *nom de guerre* of Augustus Dunshunner, then first adopted—the professor frequently contributes pieces of off-hand criticism on books and men to "Blackwood," taking especial delight in showing up what he conceives to be the weak points of the Manchester school; and humorous though the general tone of the papers be, hesitates not to dash headlong at piles of statistics intended to prop up the fallen causes of protection. Mr. Aytoun's politics, as may be inferred from his sole work, published in an independent form, the "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," are high tory, or rather they amount to a sort of poetic and theoretical Jacobitism.

EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN.

THE great battle of Flodden was fought upon the 9th of September, 1513. The defeat of the Scottish army, resulting mainly from the fantastic ideas of chivalry entertained by James IV., and his refusal to avail himself of the natural advantages of his position, was by far the most disastrous of any recounted in the history of the northern wars. The whole strength of the kingdom, both Lowland and Highland, was assembled, and the contest was one of the sternest and most desperate upon record.

For several hours the issue seemed doubtful. On the left the Scots obtained a decided advantage; on the right wing they were broken and overthrown; and at last the whole weight of the battle was brought into the centre, where King James and the Earl of Surrey commanded in person. The determined valor of James, imprudent as it was, had the effect of rousing to a pitch of desperation the courage of the meanest soldiers; and the ground becoming soft and slippery from blood, they pulled off their boots and shoes, and secured a firmer footing by fighting in their hose.

The combat was maintained with desperate fury until nightfall. At the close, according to Mr. Tytler, "Surrey was uncertain of the result of the battle: the remains of the enemy's centre still held the field; Home, with his Borderers, still hovered on the left; and the commander wisely allowed neither pursuit nor plunder, but drew off his men, and kept a strict watch during the night. When the morning broke, the Scottish artillery were seen standing deserted on the side of the hill: their defenders had disappeared; and the Earl ordered thanks to be given for a victory which was no longer doubtful. Yet, even after all this, a body of the Scots appeared unbroken upon a hill, and were about to charge the Lord Admiral, when they were compelled to leave their position by a discharge of the English ordnance.

"The loss of the Scots in this fatal battle amounted to about ten thousand men. Of these, a great proportion were of high rank; the remainder being composed of the gentry, the farmers, and landed yeomanry, who disdained to fly when their sovereign and his nobles lay stretched in heaps around them."

The loss to Edinburgh on this occasion was peculiarly great. All the magistrates and able-bodied citizens had followed their King to Flodden, whence very few of them returned.

It is impossible to describe the consternation which pervaded the whole of Scotland when the intelligence of the defeat became known. In Edinburgh it was excessive. Mr. Arnot, in the history of that city, says,—

"The news of their overthrow in the field of Flodden reached Edinburgh on the day after the battle, and overwhelmed the inhabitants with grief and confusion. The streets were crowded with women seeking intelligence about their friends, clamoring and weeping. Those who officiated in absence of the magistrates proved themselves worthy of the trust. They issued a proclamation, ordering all the inhabitants to assemble in military array for defence of the city on the tolling of the bell; and commanding, 'that all women, and especially strangers, do repair to their work, and not be seen upon the street *clamorand and cryand*; and that women of the better sort do repair to the church and offer up prayers, at the stated hours, for our Sovereign Lord and his army, and the townsmen who are with the army.'"

EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN.

I.

NEWS of battle!—news of battle!

Hark! 'tis ringing down the street;
And the archways and the pavement

Bear the clang of hurrying feet.

News of battle! who hath brought it?

News of triumph? Who should bring
Tidings from our noble army,

Greetings from our gallant King?

All last night we watched the beacons

Blazing on the hills afar,

Each one bearing, as it kindled,

Message of the opened war.

All night long the northern streamers

Shot across the trembling sky:

Fearful lights that never beckon

Save when kings or heroes die.

II.

News of battle! Who hath brought it?

All are thronging to the gate;

“Warder—warder ! open quickly !
Man—is this a time to wait ?”
And the heavy gates are opened :
Then a murmur long and loud,
And a cry of fear and wonder
Bursts from out the bending crowd.
For they see in battered harness
Only one hard-stricken man ;
And his weary steed is wounded,
And his cheek is pale and wan :
Spearless hangs a bloody banner
In his weak and drooping hand—
God ! can that be Randolph Murray,
Captain of the city band ?

III.

Round him crush the people, crying,
“Tell us all—oh, tell us true !
Where are they who went to battle,
Randolph Murray, sworn to you ?
Where are they, our brothers—children ?
Have they met the English foe ?
Why art thou alone, unfollowed ?
Is it weal or is it woe ?”
Like a corpse the grisly warrior
Looks from out his helm of steel ;
But no word he speaks in answer—
Only with his armèd heel

Chides his weary steed, and onward
Up the city streets they ride ;
Fathers, sisters, mothers, children,
Shrieking, praying by his side.
“By the God that made thee, Randolph !
Tell us what mischance hath come.”
Then he lifts his riven banner,
And the asker's voice is dumb.

IV.

The elders of the city
Have met within their hall—
The men whom good King James had charged
To watch the tower and wall.
“Your hands are weak with age,” he said,
“Your hearts are stout and true ;
So bide ye in the Maiden Town,
While others fight for you.
My trumpet from the Border-side
Shall send a blast so clear,
That all who wait within the gate
That stirring sound may hear.
Or, if it be the will of heaven
That back I never come,
And if, instead of Scottish shouts,
Ye hear the English drum,—
Then let the warning bells ring out,
Then gird you to the fray,

Then man the walls like burghers stout
And fight while fight you may.
'Twere better that in fiery flame
The roofs should thunder down,
Than that the foot of foreign foe
Should trample in the town !”

V.

Then in came Randolph Murray,—
His step was slow and weak,
And as he doffed his dinted helm,
The tears ran down his cheek :
They fell upon his corslet
And on his mailed hand,
As he gazed around him wistfully,
Leaning sorely on his brand.
And none who then beheld him
But straight were smote with fear
For a bolder and a sterner man
Had never couched a spear.
They knew so sad a messenger
Some ghastly news must bring ;
And all of them were fathers,
And their sons were with the King

VI.

And up then rose the Provost—
A brave old man was he,

Of ancient name and knightly fame,
And chivalrous degree.
He ruled our city like a Lord
Who brooked no equal here,
And ever for the townsman's rights
Stood up 'gainst prince and peer.
And he had seen the Scottish host
March from the Borough-muir,
With music-storm and clamorous shout,
And all the din that thunders out
When youth's of victory sure.
But yet a dearer thought had he,—
For, with a father's pride,
He saw his last remaining son
Go forth by Randolph's side,
With casque on head and spur on heel.
All keen to do and dare ;
And proudly did that gallant boy
Dunedin's banner bear.
Oh ! woful now was the old man's look,
And he spake right heavily—
“Now, Randolph tell thy tidings,
However sharp they be !
Woe is written on thy visage,
Death is looking from thy face :
Speak ! though it be of overthrow—
It cannot be disgrace !”

VII.

Right bitter was the agony
That wrung that soldier proud :
Thrice did he strive to answer,
And thrice he groaned aloud.
Then he gave the riven banner
To the old man's shaking hand,
Saying—"That is all I bring ye
From the bravest of the land !
Ay ! ye may look upon it—
It was guarded well and long,
By your brothers and your children,
By the valiant and the strong.
One by one they fell around it,
As the archers laid them low,
Grimly dying, still unconquered,
With their faces to the foe.
Ay ! ye may well look upon it—
There is more than honor there,
Else, be sure, I had not brought it
From the field of dark despair.
Never yet was royal banner
Steeped in such a costly dye ;
It hath lain upon a bosom
Where no other shrouds shall lie.
Sirs ! I charge you keep it holy,
Keep it as a sacred thing,

For the stain ye see upon it
Was the life-blood of your King!"

VIII.

Woe, woe, and lamentation!
What a piteous cry was there!
Widows, maidens, mothers, children,
Shrieking, sobbing in despair!
Through the streets the death-word rushes,
Spreading terror, sweeping on—
"Jesu Christ! our King has fallen—
O Great God, King James is gone!
Holy Mother Mary, shield us,
Thou who erst didst lose thy Son!
O the blackest day for Scotland
That she ever knew before!
O our King—the good, the noble,
Shall we see him never more?
Woe to us, and woe to Scotland!
O our sons, our sons and men!
Surely some have 'scaped the Southron,
Surely some will come again!"
Till the oak that fell last winter
Shall uprear its shattered stem—
Wives and mothers of Dunedin—
Ye may look in vain for them!

IX.

But within the Council Chamber
All was silent as the grave,
Whilst the tempest of their sorrow
Shook the bosoms of the brave.
Well indeed might they be shaken
With the weight of such a blow:
He was gone—their prince, their idol,
Whom they loved and worshipped so!
Like a knell of death and judgment
Rung from heaven by angel hand,
Fell the words of desolation
On the elders of the land.
Hoary heads were bowed and trembling,
Withered hands were clasped and wrung:
God had left the old and feeble,
He had ta'en away the young.

X.

Then the Provost he uprose,
And his lip was ashen white;
But a flush was on his brow,
And his eye was full of light.
“Thou has spoken, Randolph Murray,
Like a soldier stout and true;
Thou hast done a deed of daring
Had been perilled but by few.

For thou hast not shamed to face us,
Nor to speak thy ghastly tale,
Standing—thou a knight and captain—
Here, alive within thy mail!
Now, as my God shall judge me,
I hold it braver done,
Than hadst thou tarried in thy place,
And died above my son!
Thou need'st not tell it: he is dead.
God help us all this day!
But speak—how fought the citizens
Within the furious fray!
For, by the might of Mary!
'Twere something still to tell
That no Scottish foot went backward
When the Royal Lion fell!"

XI.

"No one failed him! He is keeping
Royal state and semblance still;
Knight and noble lie around him,
Cold on Flodden's fatal hill.
Of the brave and gallant-hearted,
Whom ye sent with prayers away,
Not a single man departed
From his Monarch yesterday.
Had you seen them, O my masters!
When the night began to fall,

And the English spearmen gathered
Round a grim and ghastly wall!
As the wolves in winter circle
Round the leaguer on the heath.
So the greedy foe glared upward,
Panting still for blood and death.
But a rampart rose before them,
Which the boldest dare not scale;
Every stone a Scottish body,
Every step a corpse in mail!
And behind it lay our Monarch,
Clenching still his shivered sword:
By his side Montrose and Athole,
At his feet a Southron lord.
All so thick they lay together,
When the stars lit up the sky,
That I knew not who were stricken,
Or who yet remained to die.
Few there were when Surrey halted,
And his wearied host withdrew;
None but dying men around me,
When the English trumpet blew.
Then I stooped, and took the banner,
As you see it from his breast,
And I closed our hero's eyelids,
And I left him to his rest.
In the mountains growled the thunder,
As I leaped the woeful wall,

And the heavy clouds were settling
Over Flodden, like a pall !”

XII.

So he ended. And the others
Cared not any answer then ;
Sitting silent, dumb with sorrow,
Sitting anguish-struck, like men
Who have seen the roaring torrent
Sweep their happy homes away,
And yet linger by the margin,
Staring wildly on the spray.
But, without, the maddening tumult
Waxes ever more and more,
And the crowd of wailing women
Gather round the council door.
Every dusky spire is ringing
With a dull and hollow knell,
And the Miserere's singing
To the tolling of the bell.
Through the streets the burghers hurry,
Spreading terror as they go ;
And the rampart's thronged with watchers
For the coming of the foe.
From each mountain-top a pillar
Streams into the torpid air.
Bearing token from the Border
That the English host is there.

All without is flight and terror,
All within is woe and fear—
God protect thee, Maiden City,
For thy latest hour is near!

XIII.

No! not yet, thou high Dunedin!
Shalt thou totter to thy fall;
Though thy bravest and thy strongest
Are not there to man the wall.
No, not yet! the ancient spirit
Of our fathers hath not gone;
Take it to thee as a buckler
Better far than steel or stone.
Oh, remember those who perished
For thy birthright at the time
When to be a Scot was treason,
And to side with Wallace, crime!
Have they not a voice among us,
Whilst their hallowed dust is here?
Hear ye not a summons sounding
From each buried warrior's bier?
Up!—they say—and keep the freedom
Which we won you long ago:
Up! and keep your graves unsullied
From the insults of the foe!
Up! and if ye cannot save them,
Come to us in blood and fire:

Midst the crash of falling turrets,
Let the last of Scots expire!

XIV.

Still the bells are tolling fiercely,
And the cry comes louder in;
Mothers wailing for their children,
Sisters for their slaughtered kin.
All is terror and disorder,
Till the Provost rises up,
Calm, as though he had not tasted
Of the fell and bitter cup.
All so stately from his sorrow,
Rose the old undaunted Chief,
That you had not deemed, to see him,
His was more than common grief.
"Rouse ye, Sirs!" he said; "we may not
Longer mourn for what is done;
If our King be taken from us,
We are left to guard his son.
We have sworn to keep the city
From the foe, what'er they be,
And the oath that we have taken
Never shall be broke by me.
Death is nearer to us, brethren,
Than it seemed to those who died,
Fighting yesterday at Flodden,
By their lord and master's side.

Let us meet it then in patience,
Not in terror or in fear;
Though our hearts are bleeding yonder,
Let our souls be steadfast here.
Up, and rouse ye! Time is fleeting,
And we yet have much to do;
Up, and haste ye through the city,
Stir the burghers stout and true!
Gather all our scattered people,
Fling the banner out once more,—
Randolph Murray! do thou bear it,
As it erst was borne before:
Never Scottish heart will leave it,
When they see their Monarch's gore!

XV.

“Let them cease that dismal knelling!
It is time enough to ring,
When the fortress-strength of Scotland
Stoops to ruin like its King.
Let the bells be kept for warning,
Not for terror or alarm;
When they next are heard to thunder,
Let each man and stripling arm.
Bid the women leave their wailing—
Do they think that woeful strain,
From the bloody heaps of Flodden,
Can redeem their dearest slain?

Bid them cease—or rather hasten
To the churches, every one;
There to pray to Mary Mother,
And to her anointed Son,
That the thunderbolt above us
May not fall in ruin yet;
That in fire and blood and rapine
Scotland's glory may not set.
Let them pray,—for never women
Stood in need of such a prayer!—
England's yeomen shall not find them
Clinging to the altars there.
No! if we are doomed to perish,
Man and maiden, let us fall,
And a common gulf of ruin
Open wide to overwhelm us all!
Never shall the ruthless spoiler
Lay his hot insulting hand
On the sisters of our heroes,
Whilst we bear a torch or brand!
Up! and rouse ye, then, my brothers—
But when next ye hear the bell
Sounding forth the sullen summons
That may be our funeral knell,
Once more let us meet together,
Once more see each other's face;
Then, like men that need not tremble,
Go to our appointed place.

God, our Father, will not fail us
In that last tremendous hour,—
If all other bulwarks crumble,
He will be our strength and tower:
Though the ramparts rock beneath us,
And the walls go crashing down,
Though the roar of conflagration
Bellow o'er the sinking town;
There is yet one place of shelter,
Where the foeman cannot come,
Where the summons never sounded
Of the trumpet or the drum.
There again we'll meet our children,
Who, on Flodden's trampled sod,
For their king and for their country
Rendered up their souls to God.
There shall we find rest and refuge,
With our dear departed brave;
And the ashes of the city
Be our universal grave!"

WILLIAM THOM.

“THE Rhymes and Recollections of a Hand-loom Weaver, by William Thom, of Inverary,” published about ten years ago, comprise some pieces worthy the genius of Burns. His history is a very remarkable one, which our space will only allow us to glance at. He was a weaver, as the title of his poems indicate, and lived in the little village of Newtyle, near Cupar Angus. The failure of a great commercial house in America, silenced, in one week, 6000 looms in Scotland, and spread dismay through the whole country. Thom’s earnings had been always small, and out of employment with a family to maintain, he was soon at his wit’s end to obtain bread. At a pawnbroker’s shop he exchanged the only remaining article of value he had for ten shillings, four of which he expended in books, that he hoped to sell at a profit, and four in articles for his wife to sell, while he retained two for current expenses. Locking up his house, the whole family, consisting of himself, wife, and four children, set forth upon the world to seek a living. They succeeded ill in their attempts at trade, and were soon reduced to absolute starvation. One night about nine o’clock, after a hard day’s travel, they found themselves without any means to obtain a night’s lodging. Leaving his family on the roadside, Thom applied at several places for shelter, but no one would take them in. Of one of these applications the poet says, “I pleaded the infancy of my family and the lateness of the hour, but ‘No, no,’ was the cruel reply. I returned to my family by the wayside. They had crept closer together, and all, except the mother, was fast asleep. ‘Oh, Willie, Willie, what keepit ye?’ inquired the trembling woman; ‘I’m dootfu o’ Jeanie,’ she added; ‘is na she waesome like? Let’s in frae the cauld.’ ‘We’ve nae way to gang lass,’ said I, ‘whate’er come o’ us. Your folk winna hae us.’ Few more

words passed. I drew her mantle over the wet and chilled sleepers, and sat down beside them." At length a poor man passing by took pity upon them, and though all the accommodation he could offer was an outhouse, they were glad to avail themselves of it. We again quote his own narrative: "I think it must have been between three and four o'clock, when Jean (his wife) awakened me. Oh, that scream! I think I hear it now. The other children, startled from sleep, joined in frightful wail over their *dead sister*. Our poor Jeanie had, unobserved by us, sunk, during the night, under the effects of the exposure of the preceding evening, following, as it did, a long course of hardship, too great to be borne by a young frame. I proceeded to awaken the people in the house, who entered at once into our feelings, and did everything which Christian kindness could dictate as proper to be done on the occasion. In an obscure corner of Kinnaird churchyard lies our favorite, little Jeanie."

For some months his hardships continued, and his devoted wife sank under the privations to which she was exposed. This was a severe blow, and affected him deeply. During this period of distress and suffering, he had much leisure time, part of which, as a kind of relief from its tedium, he spent in writing verses. One of these pieces he sent to the *Aberdeen Herald*, which at once attracted attention. He was sought out, and his necessities were soon amply relieved. His volume of poems, subsequently published, drew forth the most flattering notices, and had a large sale.

It is, perhaps, necessary to add a word of explanation to this remarkable narrative. It may well excite surprise that any family, in a land like Scotland, should be reduced to such a state of suffering; and still more, that the cause of this suffering should not have been more quickly removed. It must, however, be borne in mind, that this was a time of unusual commercial distress—that the household from whom he so earnestly besought a night's lodging for his wretched family, had already sheltered a number, and could not accommodate any more—that his was an extreme case—one perhaps not equalled in suffering by any that ever occurred. It is true that the Scottish peasantry are not a wealthy class, but the industrious and temperate portion live in much simple comfort, and have that "contentment with godliness" which the Apostle Paul pronounces "great gain."

JEANIE'S GRAVE.

I SAW my true love first on the banks of queenly Tay,
Nor did I deem it yielding my trembling heart away ;
I feasted on her deep dark eye, and loved it more and more,
For oh ! I thought I ne'er had seen a look so kind before !

I heard my true love sing, and she taught me many a strain,
But a voice so sweet, oh ! never, shall my cold ear hear
again.

In all our friendless wanderings—in homeless penury—
Her gentle song and jetty eye, were all unchanged to me.

I saw my true love fade—I heard her latest sigh—
I wept no friv'lous weeping when I closed her lightless eye ;
Far from her native Tay she sleeps, and other waters lave
The markless spot where Ury creeps around my Jeanie's
grave.

Move noiseless, gentle Ury ! around my Jeanie's bed,
And I'll love thee, gentle Ury ! where'er my footsteps tread ;
For sooner shall thy fairy wave return from yonder sea,
Than I forget yon lowly grave, and all it hides from me.

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

WHEN a' ither bairnies are hush'd to their hame,
By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,
Wha stands last an' lanely, an' sairly forfairn?
'Tis the puir dowie laddie—the mitherless bairn!

The mitherless bairnie creeps to his lane bed,
Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head;
His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
An' lithless the lair o' the mitherless bairn!

Aneath his cauld brow, siccan dreams hover there,
O' hands that wont kindly to kaim his dark hair!
But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,
That lo'e na the looks o' the mitherless bairn!

The sister wha sang o'er his saftly rock'd bed,
Now rests in the mools where their mammie is laid;
While the father toils sair his wee bannock to earn,
An' kens no the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit that pass'd in yon hour of his birth,
Still watches his lone lorn wand'rings on earth,

Recording in heaven the blessings they earn,
Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn!

Oh! speak him na harshly—he trembles the while,
He bends to your bidding, he blesses your smile:—
In their dark hour o' anguish, the heartless shall learn,
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!

•

L I N E S

On hearing of a woman found dead in a wretched hovel, her child,
a boy seven years old, sleeping beside her. Not a morsel of food
was in the house, but every mark of suffering and starvation.

'Tis the lone wail of woman, a mother's last woe,
And tearless the eye when the soul weepeth so—
Nor fuel nor food in yon windowless lair,
The sleeping is watched by the dying one there.

“Oh, wauken nae, wauken nae, my dowie dear!
My dead look would wither your wee heart wi' fear;
Sleep on till yon cauld moon is set in the sea,
Gin mornin', hoo cauld will your wauk'nin' be!

“Ye creep to a breast, Jamie, cauld as the snaw,
Ye hang roun' a heart, Jamie, sinkin' awa' ;

I'm laith, laith to leave ye, though fair would I dee
Gin Heaven would lae my lost laddie wi' me !"

Awaken, lone trembler, the moon has no light,
And the gray glint of morning drives back the fell night
Her last look is fixing in yon frozen tear—
Awaken, lone trembler, thy home is not here !

The death-grasp awoke him—the struggle is o'er,
He moans to the ear that will listen no more :
"You're caulder than me, mither, cauld though I be,
And *that* look is nae like your ain look to me.

"I dreamt how my father came back fra the deid,
An waesome an' eerie the looks that he gied ;
He wyled ye awa' till ye sindered frae me—
Oh, hap me, my mither, I'm cauld—like to dee !"



DREAMINGS OF THE BEREAVED.

THE morning breaks bonnie o'er mountain an' stream,
An' troubles the hallowed breath o' my dream ;
The good light of morning is sweet to the ee ;
But ghost-gathering midnight, thou'rt dearer to me :
The dull common world then sinks from my sight,
An' fairer creations arise to the night ;

When drowsy oppression has sleep-sealed my ee,
Then bright are the visions awaken'd to me !

O ! come Spirit-Mother—discourse of the hours,
My young bosom beat all its beatings to yours ;
When heart-woven wishes in soft counsel fell
On ears—how unheedful prov'd sorrow might tell !
That deathless affection—nae trial could break,
When a' else forsook me ye wouldna forsake ;
Then come, O my mother ! come often to me,
An' soon an' forever I'll come unto thee.

An' thou shrouded loveliness ! soul-winning Jean,
How cold was thy hand on my bosom yestreen !
'Twas kind—for the lowe that your ee kindled there,
Will burn—ay an' burn—'till that breast beats nae mair.
Our bairnies sleep round me, O bless ye their sleep !
Your ain dark-ee'd Willie will wauken an' weep ;
But blithe in his weepin', he'll tell me how you
His heaven-hamed mammie was “dawtin' his brou.”

Tho' dark be our dwelling—our happing tho' bare,
And night creeps around us in cauldness and care,
Affection will warm us ; for bright are the beams
That halo our hame in yon dear land of dreams :
Then weel may I welcome the night's deathly reign—
Wi' souls of the dearest I mingle me then ?
The goud light of morning is lightless to me,
But O for the night wi' its ghost revelrie !

TO J. ROBERTSON, ESQ.

LONDON, *June*, 1843.

"INSTANTLY on receipt of yours, expressing a wish to see some of my pieces, I made search and recovered copies of a few which had been printed by friends for private circulation. Enclosed is one piece written about two years ago, my wife lately before having died in childbed. At the time of her decease, although our dwelling was at Inverury, my place of employment was in a village nine miles distant, whence I came once a fortnight, to enjoy the ineffable couthiness that swims around "ane's ain fireside," and is nowhere else to be found. For many months, in that we knew comfort and happiness—our daughter Betsy, about ten years of age, was in country service; two boys, younger still, kept at home with their mother. The last Sabbath we ever met, Jean spoke calmly and earnestly of matters connected with our little home and family—bade me remain a day or two with them yet, as she felt a foreboding that the approaching event would be too much for her enfeebled constitution. It was so. She died two days thereafter. On returning from the kirkyard, I shut up our desolate dwelling, and never more owned it as a home. We were but as strangers in the village, so the elder boy and I put over that night in a common tramp house. A neighbor undertook to keep the other little fellow, but he, somehow, slipped away unobserved, and was found fast asleep at the door of our tenantless home. Next morning, having secured a boarding-house for him (the youngest), I took the road to resume labor at the usual place—poor, soft-hearted Willie by my side—a trifle of sad thinking within, and the dowie mists of Benachie right before me. We travelled off our road some miles to the glen where Betsy was 'herdin'." Poor Bet knew nothing of what had happened at Inverury. Her mother had visited her three weeks before—had promised to return with some wearables, for winter was setting in fast and bitterly. The day and very hour we approached her bleak residence, *that* was their trusted time. She saw us as we stood on the knowe hesitating—ran towards us—"Oh! whaur is my mither? foo is nae she here? Speak, father! speak, Willie!" Poetry, indeed! Poetry, I fear, has little to do with moments like these. Oh, no! When the bewildering gush has passed away, and a kind of gray light has settled on the ruin, one may then number the drops as they fall, but the cisterns of sorrow echo not when full—hence my idealized address to Willie was written long after the event that gave it existence. With feelings more tranquil, and condition every way better, it came thus:—"

THE ae dark spot in this loveless world,
That spot maun ever be, Willie,
Whaur she sat an' dauted your bonnie brown hair,
An' lithely looket to me, Willie;
An' oh! my heart owned a' the power
Of your mither's gifted e'e, Willie.

There's now nae blink at our slacken'd hearth,
Nor kindred breathing there, Willie ;
But cold and still our hame of death,
Wi' its darkness evermair, Willie ;
For she wha lived in our love, is cauld,
An' her grave the stranger's lair, Willie

The sleepless nicht, the dowie dawn,
A' stormy though it be, Willie,
Ye'll buckle ye in your weet wee plaid,
An' wander awa' wi' me, Willie ;
Your lanesome sister little kens
Sic tidings we hae to gie, Willie.

The promised day, the trysted hour,
She'll strain her watchfu' e'e, Willie ;
Seeking that mither's look of love,
She never again maun see, Willie ;
Kiss ye the tear frae her whitening cheek,
An' speak awhile for me, Willie.

Look kindly, kindly when ye meet,
But speak nae of the dead, Willie ;
An' when your heart would gar you greet.
Aye turn awa' your head, Willie ;
That waesome look ye look to me
Would gar her young heart bleed, Willie.

Whane'er she names a mither's name,
An' sairly presseth thee, Willie,
Oh ! tell her of a happy hame
Far, far o'er earth an' sea, Willie ;
An' ane that waits to welcome them,
Her hameless bairns, an' me, Willie.

ROBERT CHAMBERS.

FEW men have done so much for their native land as William and Robert Chambers. Rarely, too, do we meet literary talent and business skill combined in the same individuals to the extent that is in their case. Though Robert is the poet, and, in fact, the most eminent as a literary man, yet they have both labored successfully, and their labors having been generally combined, it is difficult to separate them. Their operations as booksellers commenced in Leith about thirty-five years ago, from which place they subsequently removed into Edinburgh. To eke out the profits of bookselling, William taught himself the art of printing, and not only printed, but bound, with his own hands, the entire edition of the first publication they undertook. They were remarkably industrious, toiling late and early at their business. Robert's first work was the "Traditions of Edinburgh," the best work ever written on the subject. This was followed by the "Popular Rhymes of Scotland," "The Picture of Scotland," the "Histories of the Scottish Rebellions," in three volumes, a "Life of James I.," and a "Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotchmen," in four large volumes; and at a later period his great work the "Encyclopædia of English Literature."

William, in the meantime, was not idle. He was engaged on the "Book of Scotland," a work of great value, and a "Gazetteer of Scotland," decidedly the best ever prepared. Their great enterprise, a joint one, the publication of the "Edinburgh Journal," is their most useful as well as most successful work. After an existence of more than twenty years, this periodical, notwithstanding the appearance of many rivals and imitators, has now a circulation of more than *sixty thousand* copies weekly. In connection with this, their various publications all issued at a very low rate, and thus adapted to the means

of the humblest individuals, have been unprecedentedly popular. Of the "Information for the People," one of their most useful publications, thirty thousand of each number was sold as it appeared, and it has had a large sale since it was completed. They now employ *one hundred and eighty* persons, and have ten printing presses in their mammoth establishment. This forms a curious contrast with the little shop and the hand press of William Chambers thirty years ago.

A strong love of their native country characterizes both brothers, as evidenced in their writings. William has recently purchased the house in which they spent their boyhood in Peebleshire, and an adjoining estate where he resides during the summer. Robert still lives in Edinburgh.

They have assisted many a youthful genius struggling with poverty, and been the means, by their Journal, of developing much latent talent among the Scottish peasantry.

SCOTLAND.

SCOTLAND! the land of all I love,
The land of all that love me;
Land, whose green sod my youth has trod,
Whose sod shall lie above me.
Hail, country of the brave and good;
Hail, land of song and story;
Land of the uncorrupted heart,
Of ancient faith and glory!

Like mother's bosom o'er her child,
The sky is glowing o'er me;
Like mother's ever-smiling face,
The land lies bright before me.
Land of my home, my father's land;
Land where my soul was nourished;
Land of anticipated joy,
And all by memory cherished!

Oh Scotland, through thy wide domain
What hill, or vale, or river,

But in this fond enthusiast heart
Has found a place forever?
Nay, hast thou but a glen or shaw,
To shelter farm or sheiling,
That is not fondly garnered up
Within its depths of feeling?

Adown thy hills run countless rills,
With noisy, ceaseless motion;
Their waters join the rivers broad,
Those rivers join the ocean:
And many a sunny, flowery brae,
Where childhood plays and ponders,
Is freshened by the lightsome flood,
As wimpling on it wanders.

Within thy long-descending vales,
And on the lonely mountain,
How many wild spontaneous flowers
Hang o'er each flood and fountain!
The glowing furze, the "bonny broom,"
The thistle, and the heather;
The blue-bell, and the gowan fair,
Which childhood likes to gather.

Oh for that pipe of silver sound,
On which the shepherd lover,

In ancient days, breathed out his soul,
 Beneath the mountain's cover!
Oh for that Great Lost Power of Song,
 So soft and melancholy,
To make thy every hill and dale
 Poetically holy!

And not alone each hill and dale,
 Fair as they are by nature,
But every town and tower of thine,
 And every lesser feature;
For where is there the spot of earth
 Within my contemplation,
But from some noble deed or thing
 Has taken consecration!

Scotland! the land of all I love,
 The land of all that love me;
Land, whose green sod my youth has trod,
 Whose sod shall lie above me
Hail, country of the brave and good;
 Hail, land of song and story;
Land of the uncorrupted heart,
 Of ancient faith and glory!

TO A LITTLE BOY.—An Extract.

MY winsome one, my gallant one, so fair, so happy now,
With thy bonnet set so proudly upon thy shining brow,
With thy fearless bounding motions, and thy laugh of
thoughtless glee,
So circled by a father's love which wards each ill from
thee !

Can I suppose another time, when this shall all be o'er,
And thy cheek shall wear the ruddy badge of happiness
no more ;
When all who now delight in thee, far elsewhere shall
have gone,
And thou shalt pilgrimize through life, unfriended and
alone,
Without an aid to strengthen or console thy troubled
mind,
Save the memory of the love of those who left thee thus
behind ?

CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.

CHARLES MACKAY, a British poet and journalist, was born in Perth in 1812, and gained a valuable portion of his education in Belgium, where, in 1830, he was a witness of the startling events of the revolution there. In 1834, he published a small volume of poems, which was the means of introducing him to the notice of John Black, the editor of the "Morning Chronicle," through whose instrumentality he became connected with that paper. After being connected with the "Morning Chronicle" for about nine years, during which time he published a small volume of poems, the principal of which was "The Hope of the World," he became editor of the "Glasgow Argus," entering upon his duties in September, 1844. He relinquished the conduct of that paper at the general election in 1847. In 1846, the Glasgow University conferred the title of doctor of laws upon Mr. Mackay by unanimous vote. He now writes the chief leading articles for the "Illustrated London News." Mr. Mackay has published several volumes of poems—"The Salamandrine;" "Legends of the Isles;" "Egeria;" "Town Lyrics;" "Voices from the Crowd;" "Voices from the Mountains," &c., &c., and also several works in prose, the best known of which is, his "Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions."



CLEAR THE WAY.

MEN of thought ! be up, and stirring
Night and day :

Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—

CLEAR THE WAY !

Men of action, aid and cheer them,

As ye may !

There's a fount about to stream,

There's a light about to beam,

There's a warmth about to glow,

There's a flower about to blow ;

There's a midnight blackness changing

Into gray.

Men of thought and men of action,

CLEAR THE WAY !

Once the welcome light has broken,

Who shall say

What the unimagined glories

Of the day ?

What the evil that shall perish

In its ray ?

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen ;
Aid it, hopes of honest men ;
Aid it, paper—aid it, type—
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken
 Into play.

Men of thought and men of action,
 CLEAR THE WAY !

Lo ! a cloud's about to vanish
 From the day ;
And a brazen wrong to crumble
 Into clay.

Lo ! the right's about to conquer :
 CLEAR THE WAY !

With the right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door ;
With the giant wrong shall fall
Many others great and small,
That for ages long have held us
 For their prey.

Men of thought and men of action,
 CLEAR THE WAY !

THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

LATE or early home returning,
In the starlight or the rain,
I beheld that lonely candle
Shining from his window-pane.
Ever o'er his tattered curtain,
Nightly looking, I could scan,
Aye inditing—writing—writing,
The pale figure of a man ;
Still discern behind him fall
The same shadow on the wall.

Far beyond the murky midnight,
By dim burning of my oil,
Filling aye his rapid leaflets,
I have watched him at his toil ;
Watched his broad and sunny forehead,
Watched his white industrious hand,
Ever passing and repassing ;
Watched and strove to understand
What impelled it—gold, or fame—
Bread, or bubble of a name.

Oft I've asked, debating vainly
In the silence of my mind,
What the services he rendered
To his country or his kind ;
Whether tones of ancient music,
Or the sound of modern gong,
Wisdom holy, humors lowly,
Sermon, essay, novel, song,
Or philosophy sublime,
Filled the measure of his time.

Of the mighty world of London
He was portion unto me,
Portion of my life's experience,
Fused into my memory.
Twilight saw him at his folios
Morning saw his fingers run.
Laboring ever, wearying never
Of the task he had begun ;
Placid and content he seemed,
Like a man that toiled and dreamed.

No one sought him, no one knew him
Undistinguished was his name ;
Never had his praise been uttered
By the oracles of fame.
Scanty fare and decent raiment,
Humble lodging, and a fire—

These he sought for, these he wrought for,
And he gained his meek desire ;
Teaching men by written word—
Clinging to a hope deferred.

So he lived. At last I missed him ;
Still might evening twilight fall,
But no taper lit his lattice—
Lay no shadow on his wall.
In the winter of his seasons,
In the midnight of his day,
'Mid his writing, and inditing,
Death had beckoned him away,
Ere the sentence he had planned
Found completion at his hand.

But this man so old and nameless
Left behind him projects large,
Schemes of progress undeveloped,
Worthy of a nation's charge ;
Noble fancies uncompleted,
Germs of beauty immatured,
Only needing kindly feeding
To have flourished and endured ;
Meet reward in golden store
To have lived for evermore.

Who shall tell what schemes majestic
Perish in the active brain ?

What humanity is robbed of,
Ne'er to be restored again ?
What we lose because we honor
Overmuch the mighty dead,
And dispirit living merit,
Heaping scorn upon its head ?
Or perchance, when kinder grown,
Leaving it to die—alone ?

LITTLE AT FIRST—BUT GREAT AT LAST

A TRAVELLER through a dusty road,
Strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows,
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs :
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore ;
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore !

A little spring had lost its way
 Amid the grass and fern ;
 A passing stranger scoop'd a well,
 Where weary men might turn ;
 He wall'd it in, and hung with care
 A ladle at the brink—
 He thought not of the deed he did,
 But judg'd that toil might drink.
 He pass'd again—and lo ! the well,
 By summers never dried,
 Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
 And saved a life beside !

A dreamer dropp'd a random thought ;
 'Twas old, and yet was new—
 A simple fancy of the brain,
 But strong in being true ;
 It shone upon a genial mind,
 And lo ! its light became
 A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
 A monitory flame.
 The thought was small—its issue great :
 A watch-fire on the hill,
 It sheds its radiance far adown,
 And cheers the valley still !

A nameless man, amid a crowd
 That throng'd the daily mart,

Let fall a word of Hope and Love,
Unstudied, from the heart ;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ ! O fount ! O word of love !
O thought at random cast !
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last !

ALEXANDER SMITH.

As this volume was going through the press, a new and brilliant star in the poetical firmament has appeared, one, too, which fairly dazzles with its brightness. Smith (dubious name) is, we understand, a clerk in a mercantile house in Glasgow, but it is not likely that a person of such marked genius will long continue a business man. The volume now published consists of one long poem, full of passages of rare beauty, entitled the "Drama of Life," and a few short poems and sonnets. The press, both of Britain and America, have been enthusiastic in its praise. The London "Leader," in a recent number, says:—

"Our readers know the chariness with which we use the terms genius and poet, terms so prodigally scattered through the periodicals of the day that they almost lose their significance—like an old piece of money fingered through miscellaneous commerce till the *effigies* be scarcely traceable—when, therefore, we say that Alexander Smith is a poet and a man of unmistakable genius, we are giving praise beyond the power of epithets. That he has many faults and shortcomings we admit; but these are so obvious, they lie so on the surface of his writing, that we do not care to dwell on them; and we shall better consult the reader's pleasure by reserving our space for extracts that will display the luxuriant imagery and exquisite felicity of expression which herald in him the great poet he will be when age and ripe experience lend their graver accents to his verse.

"At present the subjects he delights to paint are the stars, the sea, the rivulets, and boyish love. Full as his poems are of love, however, the love is only that of young desire quickened by an æsthetic sense of beauty; companionship of spirits he does not yet conceive. This it is

which the young poet sings of, because this, and this only has he felt. He is but one-and-twenty!

“One cannot say much for the *substance* of his poems; but their form is exquisitely poetical. He has nothing to sing of but Nature and his own emotions. He makes his Muse a harpsichord whereon he plays fragments of melody, practising his hand till some great ‘symphony of song be born within him’ ”

LOVE.

THE fierce exulting worlds, the motes in rays,
The churlish thistles, scented briars,
The wind-swept blue-bells on the sunny braes,
Down to the central fires,

Exist alike in Love. Love is a sea,
Filling all the abysses dim
Of lonest space, in whose deeps regally
Suns and their bright broods swim.

This mighty sea of Love, with wondrous tides,
Is sternly just to sun and grain;
'Tis laving at this moment Saturn's sides,—
'Tis in my blood and brain.

All things have something more than barren use;
There is a scent upon the briar,
A tremulous splendor in the autumn dews,
Cold morns are fringed with fire;

The clodded earth goes up in sweet breathed flowers:
In music dies poor human speech,

And into beauty blow those hearts of ours,
When Love is born in each.

Life is transfigured in the soft and tender
Light of Love, as a volume dun
Of rolling smoke becomes a wreathed splendor
In the declining sun.

Driven from cities by his restless moods,
In incense glooms and secret nooks,
A miser o'er his gold—the lover broods
O'er vague words, earnest looks.

Oft is he startled on the sweetest lip:
Across his midnight sea of mind
A thought comes streaming, like a blazing ship
Upon a mighty wind.

A Terror and a Glory! shocked with light,
His boundless being glares aghast;
Then slowly settles down the wonted night,
All desolate and vast.

Daisies are white upon the churchyard sod,
Sweet tears, the clouds lean down and give.
This world is very lovely. O my God,
I thank Thee that I live!

Ringed with his flaming guards of many kinds,
 The proud Sun stoops his golden head,
 Gray Eve sobs crazed with grief; to her the winds
 Shriek out, "The Day is dead."

I gave this beggar Day no alms, this Night
 Has seen nor work accomplished, planned,
 Yet this poor Day shall soon in Memory's light
 A Summer rainbow stand!

There is no evil in this present strife;
 From the shivering Seals low moans,
 Up through the shining tiers and ranks of life;
 To stars upon their thrones.

The seeming ills are Loves in dim disguise;
 Dark moral knots, that pose the seer,
 If *we* are lovers, in our wider eyes
 Shall hang like dew-drops clear.

Ye are my menials, ye thick crowding years!
 Ha! yet with a triumphant shout
 My spirit shall take captive all the spheres,
 And wring their riches out.

God! what a glorious future gleams on me,
 With nobler senses, nobler peers,

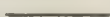
I'll wing me through Creation like a bee,
And taste the gleaming spheres!

While some are trembling o'er the poison cup,
While some grow lean with care, some weep.
In this luxurious faith I'll wrap me up,
As in a robe, and sleep.



THE SEA.

LIKE a wild lover, who has found his love
Worthless and foul, our friend, the sea, has left
His paramour the shore; naked she lies,
Ugly and black and bare. Hark how he moans!
The pain is in his heart. Inconstant fool!
He will be upon her breast to-morrow
As eager as to-day.



Better for man,
Were he and Nature more familiar friends!
His part is worst that touches this base world.
Although the ocean's inmost heart be pure,
Yet the salt fringe that daily licks the shore
Is gross with sand.

Love lights upon the heart, and straight we feel
More worlds of wealth gleam in an upturned eye,
Than in the rich heart of the miser sea.

I am alone.

The past is past. *I see the future stretch*
All dark and barren as a rainy sea.

He was unlanguage'd, like the earnest sea,
Which strives to gain an utterance on the shore,
But ne'er can shape unto the listening hills
The love it gathered in its awful eye.

We twain have met like ships upon the sea,
Who hold an hour's converse, so short, so sweet;
One little hour! and then away they speed
On lonely paths, through mist, and cloud, and foam,
To meet no more.

The bridegroom sea,
Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride,
And in the fulness of his marriage joy,
He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
Retires a space, to see how fair she looks,
Then proud runs up to kiss her.

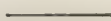
Nature cares not,
Although her loveliness should ne'er be seen

By human eyes, nor praised by human tongues.
 The Cataract exults among the hills,
 And wears its crown of rainbows all alone,
 Libel the ocean on his tawny sands,
 Write verses in his praise,—the unmoved sea
 Erases both alike. Alas, for man!
 Unless his fellows can behold his deeds,
 He cares not to be great.

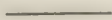


THE MOON.

WHEN the heart-sick earth
 Turns her broad back upon the gaudy Sun,
 And stoops her weary forehead to the night,
 To struggle with her sorrow all alone,
 The Moon, that patient sufferer, pale with pain,
 Presses her cold lips on her sister's brow,
 Till she is calm.



You've sat the night out Masters! see, the moon
 Lies stranded on the pallid coast of morn.



WALTER.

The sun is dying like a cloven king
 In his own blood; the while the distant moon,

Like a pale prophetess, whom he has wronged,
Leans eager forward with most hungry eyes,
Watching him bleed to death, and, as he faints,
She brightens and dilates; revenge complete,
She walks in lonely triumph through the night.

VIOLET.

Give not such hateful passion to the orb
That cools the heated lands; that ripens the fields
While sleep the husbandmen, then hastes away
Ere the first step of dawn, doing all good
In secret and the night.

A mighty purpose rises large and slow
From out the fluctuations of my soul,
As, ghost-like, *from the dim and tumbling sea*
Starts the completed moon.

I read and read
Until the sun lifted his cloudy lids
And shot wild light along the leaping deep,
Then closed his eyes in death. I shed no tear,
I laid it down in silence, and went forth
Burdened with its sad thoughts: slowly I went;
And, as I wandered through the deepening gloom,
I saw the pale and penitential moon
Rise from dark waves that plucked at her, and go
Sorrowful up the sky.

THE STARS.

So be it, large he sinks! Reputant day
 Free's with his dying hand the pallid stars
 He held imprisoned since his young hot dawn
 Now watch with what a silent step of fear
 They steal out one by one, and overspread
 The cool delicious meadows of the night.

See yon poor star
 That shudders o'er the mournful hill of pines!
 'Twould almost make you weep, it seems so sad.
 'Tis like an orphan trembling with the cold,
 Over his mother's grave amongst the pines.

As when, upon a racking night, the wind
 Draws the pale curtains of the vapory clouds,
 And shows those wonderful mysterious voids,
Throbbing with stars like pulses.

This wood I've entered oft when all is sheen
 The princely Morning walks o'er diamond dew,
 And still have lingered, till *the vain young Night*
Trembles o'er her own beauty in the sea.

NURSERY RHYMES.

It may excite surprise in some minds that the following simple Nursery Rhymes should be inserted in a volume of this kind, but we think no one can read these beautiful little pieces without feeling that Lord Jeffrey is right when, alluding to the volume from which these are selected ("Songs for the Nursery"), he says, "That there are more touches of genuine pathos, more felicities of idiomatic expression, more happy poetical images, and, above all, more sweet and engaging pictures of what is peculiar in the depth, softness, and thoughtfulness of our Scotch domestic affection, in this extraordinary little volume, than I have met with in anything like the same compass since the days of Burns."

THE WONDERFU' WEAN.

WILLIAM MILLER.

OUR wean's the most wonderfu' wean e'er I saw,
It would tak' me a long summer day to tell a'
His pranks, frae the morning till night shuts his ee,
When he sleeps like a peerie, 'tween father and me.
For in his quiet turns, siccan questions he'll speir:—
How the moon can stick up in the sky that's sae clear?
What gars the wind blaw? and whar frae comes the rain?
He's a perfect divert—he's a wonderfu' wean.

Or who was the first bodie's father? and wha
Made the very first snaw-shower that ever did fa'?
And who made the first bird that sang on a tree?
And the water that sooms a' the ships in the sea?—
But after I've told him as weel as I ken
Again he begins wi' his who? and his when?
And he looks aye so watchfu' the while I explain,—
He's as auld as the hills—he's an auld-farrant wean.

And folk who ha'e skill o' the lumps on the head,
Hint there's mae ways than toiling o' winning ane's bread;

How he'll be a rich man, and ha'e men to work for him,
Wi' a kyte like a baillie's, shug shugging afore him ;
Wi' a face like the moon, sober, sonsy, and douce,
And a back, for its breadth, like the side o' a house.
'Tweel I'm unco ta'en up wi't, they mak' a' sae plain ;—
He's just a town's talk—he's a by-ord'nar wean !

I ne'er can forgit sic a laugh as I gat,
To see him put on father's waistcoat and hat ;
Then the lang-leggit boots gaed sae far ower his knees,
The tap loops wi' his fingers he grippit wi' ease,
Then he march'd thro' the house, he march'd but, he
march'd ben,
Like ower mony mae o' our great-little men,
That I leugh clean outright, for I couldna contain,
He was sic a conceit—sic an ancient-like wean.

But mid a' his daffin' sic kindness he shows,
That he's dear to my heart as the dew to the rose ;
And the unclouded hinnic-beam aye in his ee,
Mak's him every day dearer and dearer to me.
Though fortune be saucy, and dorty, and dour,
And gloom through her fingers, like hills through a shower,
When bodies ha'e got a bit bairn o' their ain,
How he cheers up their hearts,—he's the wonderfu' wean.

WILLIE WINKIE.

WILLIAM MILLER.

WEE WILLIE WINKIE rins through the town,
Up stairs and doon stairs in his nicht-gown,
Tirling at the window, crying at the lock,
“Are the weans in their bed, for it’s now ten o’clock?”

“Hey, Willie Winkie, are ye coming ben?
The cat’s singing gray thrums to the sleeping hen,
The dog’s spelder’d on the floor, and disna gi’e a cheep,
But here’s a waukrife laddie! that winna fa’ asleep.”

Anything but sleep, you rogue! glow’ring like the moon,
Rattling in an airn jug wi’ an airn spoon,
Rumbling, tumbling round about, crawling like a cock,
Skirling like a kenna-what, wauk’ning sleeping fock.

“Hey, Willie Winkie—the wean’s in a creel!
Wambling aff a bodie’s knee like a very eel,
Rugging at the cat’s lug, and raveling a’ her thrums—
Hey, Willie Winkie—see, there he comes!”

Wearied is the mither that has a storie wean,
A wee stumpy stoussie, that canna rin his lane,
That has a battle aye wi' sleep before he'll close an ee—
But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gives strength anew to me.

THE SLEEPY LADDIE.

WILLIAM MILLER.

ARE ye no gaun to wauken the day, ye rogue?
Your parritch is ready and cool in the cog,
Auld baudrons sae gaucy, and Tam o' that ilk
Would fain ha'e a drap o' the wee laddie's milk.

There's a wee birdie singing—get up, get up!
And listen, it says tak' a whup, tak' a whup!
But I'll kittle his bosie—a far better plan—
And pouter his pow wi' a watering can.

There's a house redd up like a palace, I'm sure,
That a pony might dance a jig on the floor;
And father is coming, so wauken and meet,
And welcome him hame wi' your kisses sae sweet.

It's far i' the day now, and brawly ye ken,
Your father has scarcely a minute to spen';

But ae blink o' his wifie and bairn on her knee,
He says lightens his toil, tho' sair it may be.

So up to your parritch, and on wi' your claes ;
There's a fire that might warm the cauld Norian braes ;
For a coggie weel fill'd and a clean fire-en'
Should mak' ye jump up, and gae skelping ben.



ROSY CHEEKIT APPLES.

JAMES BALLANTYNE.

COME awa', my bairnie, for your bawbee
Rosy cheekit apples ye shall ha'e three.
A' sae fou' o' hinny, they drappit frae the tree ;
Like your bonny sel', a' the sweeter they are wee.

Come awa', my bairnie, dinna shake your head,
Ye mind me o' my ain bairn, lang, lang, dead.
Ah ! for lack o' nourishment he drappit frae the tree ;
Like your bonny sel', a' the sweeter he was wee.

Oh ! auld frail folk are like auld fruit trees ;
They canna stand the gnarl o' the cauld winter breeze.
But heaven tak's the fruit tho' earth forsake the tree ;
And we mourn our fairy blossoms, a' the sweeter they were
wee.

Come awa', my bairnie, for your bawbee
Rosy cheekit apples ye shall ha'e three.
A' sae fou' o' hinny, they drappit frae the tree ;
Like your bonny sel', a' the sweeter they are wee.

YE MAUNNA SCAITH THE FECKLESS.

JAMES BALLANTYNE.

“COME, callans, quit sic cruel sport; for shame, for shame,
gi’e ower!

That poor half-witted creature ye’ve been fighting wi’ this
hour;

What pleasure ha’e ye seeing him thus lay his bosom bare?
Ye maunna scaith the feckless! they’re God’s peculiar care.

“The wild flower seeks the shady dell, and shuns the
mountain’s brow,

Dark mists may gather ower the hills, while sunshine glints
below;

And, oh! the canker-worm oft feeds on cheek o’ beauty
fair,—

Ye maunna scaith the feckless! they’re God’s peculiar care.

“The sma’est things in nature are feckless as they’re sma’,
They tak’ up unco little space—there’s room enough for a’;
And this poor witless wanderer, I’m sure ye’d miss him
sair—

Ye maunna scaith the feckless! they’re God’s peculiar care.

“There’s some o’ ye may likely ha’e, at home, a brother
dear,

Whose wee bit helpless, mournfu’ greet ye canna thole to
hear ;

And is there ane among ye but your best wi’ him would
share ?—

Ye maunna scaith the feckless ! they’re God’s peculiar care.”

The callans’ een were glist wi’ tears, they gazed on ane
anither,

They felt what they ne’er felt before, “the feckless was
their brither !”

They set him on a sunny seat, and stroked his gowden
hair—

The bairnies felt the feckless was God’s peculiar care.



BROTHER'S QUARRELLING.

ALEXANDER SMART.

DAVIE.

‘FATHER, settle Sandy !

He’s making mou’s at me,

He’s aye plague, plaguing,

And winna let me be ;

And syne he looks so simple-like
Whene'er he thinks he's seen,
But just as soon's you're out o' sight
Hes making mou's again.

"Father, settle Sandy!
He's crying names to me,
He's aye tig, tiggig,
And winna let me be;
But O sae sly, he hauds his tongue
Whene'er he kens ye're near,
And says't again below his breath,
That nane but me can hear."

SANDY.

"Father, settle Davie!
It's him that winna gree,
He's aye jeer, jeering,
And lay's the blame on me;
I daurna speak, I daurna look,
I daurna move a limb,
For if I gi'e a wee bit laugh
He says I laugh at him."

FATHER.

"O LEARN to be loving, and kindly agree,
At home all as happy as brothers should be,
Ere distance may part you, or death may divide,
And leave you to sigh o'er a lonely fireside.

“The sweet look of kindness, the peace-speaking tongue,
So pleasant and lovely in old or in young,
Will win the affections of all that you see,
And make you still dearer to mother and me.

“But O ! if divided by distance or death,
How sore would it grieve you till life’s latest breath,
That anger or discord should ever have been,
Or aught but affection two brothers between.”

A BROTHER’S DEATH.

“I HAD a brother dear who died
In childhood’s opening bloom,
And many a sad and tender thought
Springs from his early tomb ;
And still the sad remembrance comes,
With all its former woe,
Although my little brother died
Full thirty years ago.

“It comes with all the tenderness
Of childhood’s gentle hours,
When hand in hand we roved along
To cull gay summer flowers ;
Or wandered through the old church-yard,
Beneath the smiling sky,
And played among the lowly graves
Where he was soon to lie !

I see him yet with locks of gold,
And eyes of heavenly blue,
With pale, pale brow, though ruddy cheeks—
Twin roses bathed in dew.
And when he pined in sore disease,
I thought my heart would break,
I could have laid me down and died
Most gladly for his sake.

“And well do I remember still,
Beneath the starry sky,
In childish fancy I have traced
His bright abode on high ;
I knew his spirit was in heaven,
And from some lovely star
I thought his gentle eye looked down
And saw me from afar !

“In solitude, at evening hour,
I’ve found it sad and sweet,
To muse among the dear old scenes
Trodden by his little feet ;
And many an old frequented spot,
Where we were wont to play,
Was hallowed by remembrance still
In manhood’s riper day.

“A bank there was with wild flowers gay,
And whins all blooming round,

Where once upon a summer day
A small bird's nest we found,
I haunted so that sacred spot,
And paced it o'er and o'er,
My well-worn footprints on the grass
For many a day it bore.

"And I have gazed upon his grave,
While tears have dimmed my eye,
To think that one so young and fair
In that low bed should lie ;
Should lie unconscious of our woe,
Of all our love and care,
Unconscious of the summer sun
That shone so sweetly there.

"And I have lingered on the spot,
When years had rolled away,
And seen his little grave upturned
To mix with kindred clay.
Cold dust alone remained of all
Our former joy and pride,
And they who loved and mourned for him,
Now slumber by his side."

MOTHER'S PET.

JOHN CRAWFORD.

MOTHER'S bairnie, mother's dawtie,
 Wee wee steering stumping tottie,
 Bonnie dreamer,—guileless glee
 Lights thy black and laughing e'e.
 Frae thy rosy dimpled cheek—
 Frae thy lips sae saft and sleek,
 Aulder heads than mine might learn
 Truths worth kenning, bonnie bairn.

Gabbing fairie! fondly smiling!
 A' a mother's cares beguiling;
 Peacefu' may thy fortune be,
 Blythesome braird o' purity.
 Ne'er may poortith cauld and eerie
 Mak thy heart o' kindness wearie;
 Nor misfortune, sharp and stern,
 Blight thy bloom, my bonnie bairn.

Stourie, stoussie, gaudie brierie!
 Dinging a' things tapsalteerie;

Jumping at the sunny sheen,
Flickering on thy pawky een.
Frisking, lispig, fleeching fay,
Dinna tow't poor baudrons sae!
Frae her purring kindness learn
What ye awe me, bonnie bairn.

LEARN YOUR LESSON.

ALEX. SMART.

YE'LL no learn your lesson by greeting, my man.
Ye'll never come at it by greeting, my man,
No ae word can ye see, for the tear in your ee,
But just set your heart till't, for brawly ye can.

If ye'll like your lesson, it's sure to like you,
The words then so glibly would jump to your mou',
Ilk ane to its place a' the ithers would chase,
Till the laddie would wonder how clever he grew.

O who would be counted a dunse or a snool,
To gape like a gomeral, and greet like a fool,
Sae fear'd, like a coof, for the taws ower his loof,
And laugh'd at by a' the wee bairns in the school!

Ye'll greet till ye greet yoursel' stupid and blind,
And then no a word in the morning ye'll mind;

But cheer up your heart, and ye'll soon ha'e your part,
For a' things come easy when bairns are inclin'd,



A MOTHER'S CARES AND JOILS.

W. FERGUSON.

WAUKRIFE wee thing, O! I'm wearie
Warsling wi' you late and ear',
Turning a' things tapsalteerie,
Tearing mutches, towzling hair,
Stumping wi' your restless feetie,
Ettling, like the lave, to gang;
Frae the laughter to the greetie,
Changing still the hale day lang.

Now wi' whisker'd baudrons playing,
By the ingle beeking snug,
Now its wee bit leggie laying
O'er the sleeping collie dog;
Thumping now its patient minnie,
Scauldung syne its bonnie sel',
Then wi' kisses, sweet as hinnie,
Saying mair than tongue can tell.

O, its wearie, wearie winkers,
Close they'll no for a' my skill,
Wide they'll glower, thae blue bit blinkers,
Though the sun's ayont the hill.
Little they for seasons caring,
Morning, gloamin', night, or noon,
Lang's they dow, they'll aye keep staring,
Heeding neither sun nor moon.

E'en when sound we think him sleeping
In his cozie cradle-bed,
If we be na silence keeping,
Swith! he's gleg as ony gled.
If the hens but gi'e a cackle,
If the cock but gie a crow,
If the wind the window shake, he'll
Skirl like wild aboon them a'.

Who a mother's toils may number?
Who a mother's cares may feel?
Let her bairnie wake or slumber,
Be it sick or be it well!
O! her heart had need be tender,
And her love had need be strang,
Else the lade she bears would bend her
Soon the drearie mools amang,

THE GREEN PASTURES.

M. L. DUNCAN.

I WALKED in a field of fresh clover this morn,
Where lambs played so merrily under the trees,
Or rubbed their soft coats on a naked old thorn,
Or nibbled the clover, or rested at ease.

And under the hedge ran a clear water-brook,
To drink from, when thirsty, or weary with play:
So gay did the daisies and butter-cups look,
That I thought little lambs must be happy all day

And, when I remember the beautiful psalm,
That tells about Christ and his pastures so green;
I know he is willing to make me his lamb,
And happier far than the lambs I have seen.

If I drink of the waters, so peaceful and still,
That flow in this field, I forever shall live;
If I love him, and seek his commands to fulfil,
A place in his sheepfold to me he will give.

The lambs are at peace in the fields when they play,
The long summer's day in contentment they spend;
But happier I, if in God's holy way,
I try to walk always, with Christ for my friend.

I F F E S H A D O W S.

M. L. DUNCAN.

MAMMA.

THE candles are lighted, the fire blazes bright,
The curtains are drawn to keep out the cold air;
What makes you so grave, little darling, to-night?
And where is your smile, little quiet one, where?

CHILD.

Mamma, I see something so dark on the wall,
It moves up and down, and it looks *very* strange;
Sometimes it is large, and sometimes it is small;
Pray, tell me what is it, and why does it change?

MAMMA.

It is mamma's shadow that puzzles you so,
And there is your own close beside it, my love;
Now run round the room, it will go where you go;
When you sit 't will be still, when you rise it will move.

CHILD.

I don't like to see it, do please let me ring
For Betsy to take all the shadows away.

MAMMA.

No; Betsy oft carries a heavier thing,
But she could not lift this, should she try a whole day.
These wonderful shadows are caused by the light,
From fire, and from candles, upon us that falls;
Were we not sitting here, all that place would be bright,
But the light can't shine through us, you know, on the
walls.

And, when you are out some fine day in the sun,
I'll take you where shadows of apple-trees lie;
And houses and cottages too, every one
Casts a shade when the sun's shining bright in the sky.
Now hold up your mouth, and give me a sweet kiss,
Our shadows kiss too! don't you see it quite plain?

CHILD.

O yes! and I thank you for telling me this!
I'll not be afraid of a shadow again.

AN EVENING PRAYER.

M. L. DUNCAN.

JESUS, tender shepherd, hear me!
Bless thy little lamb to-night!
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light!

All this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven!
Bless the friends I love so well!
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell!

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

ANON.

I'm wearing awa', Jean,
Like snaw when it is thaw, Jean;
I'm wearing awa', Jean,
To the land o' the leal.

There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair, Jean,
In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,
Your task's ended now, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith gude and fair, Jean,
And we grudged her right sair
To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,
 My soul lang's to be free, Jean,
 And angels wait on me
 To the land o' the leal.

Now, fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
 This warld's care is vain, Jean,
 We'll meet and aye be fain
 In the land o' the leal.



THE PEACEFUL HOME.

ANON.

OUR cosie hame, our peacefu' hame,
 Is a' the warld to me, Annie;
 There love keeps lit its glowin' flame—
 A flame that ne'er can dee, Annie,

And there through a' the live lang day
 Like lammies on yon sunny brae,
 Our bonnie bairnies skip and play—
 Their hearts rin owre wi' glee, Annie.

Near them wha can e'er grow auld?
Near them hearts can ne'er grow cauld;
A glint o' heaven their smiles unfauld,
To lift our thochts on hie, Annie.

What though jostlin' on life's road
Baith greed and pride we see, Annie,
Let's aye be thankfu' its sae broad—
There's room for thee and me, Annie!

Let big Ambition strut and strive,
Alang his weary hirelings drive;
We hae contentment, and can thrive,
Though laigh our lot may be, Annie.

Nane can blight earth's bonnie flowers,
Veil the sun, or stay the showers;
The birds are free within their bowers
To sing to thee an' me, Annie.

We winna grudge the great their braws,
Nor a' the gear they hae, Annie;
Aft Fashion as a canker gnaws
Kind Nature's heart away, Annie.

Nae wicked wassails shall us pain,
Or taint life's healthy, floodin' vein;
Whae'er the deadly bowl may drain,
'Twill ne'er be thee or me, Annie.

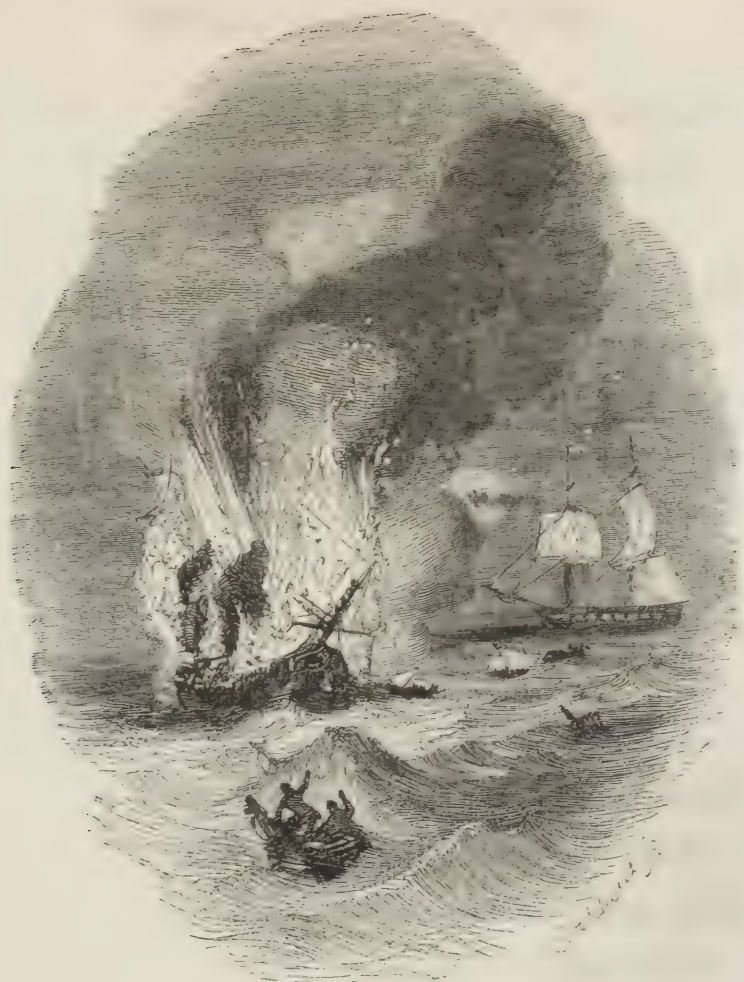
Side by side as trees we'll grow,
Smooth, as burnies, on we'll row;
Our lives be ae lang lover's vow,
Until the day we dee, Annie!

W O M A N .

JAMES WILSON.

From a Poem entitled "Silent Love."

O woman ! woman ! ever true and kind,
Thou sweet perfection of the gentle mind !
Blest to refine thy lord—like brother-man,
The last, but noblest of the Almighty's plan !
How calm, how tender, and how full of love,
An earthly angel sent him from above ;—
A being in whose soft expressive eyes
We read the light, the language of the skies !



THE FIRE AT SEA.

GEORGE HUMR

CALMNESS was on the summer sea,
Its breast as heaven was bright,
The good ship bore on gallantly,
Laving its sides with light.
The land put on the skies rich hue,
Waxed cloud-like, beautiful and dim,
Fainter, and fainter, still it grew

Into the gold enamelled blue,
Which shaded from the summit's rim.

Night closed about the ship, no sound
Save of the plashing sea
Was heard, the waters all around
Murmured so pleasantly,
You would have thought the mermaids sang
Down in their coral caves,
So softly, and so sweetly rang
The music of the waves.

Slowly the watch paced o'er the deck,
Humming some joyous air,
How could he in such calmness reck
The coming of despair,
The good ship bore on steadily,
Through the faint murmurs of the sea.

But hark! the night is startled by a scream,
Is it some lonely sea-mew overhead?
Smoke rolls up darkly from the hold, a gleam
Athwart the wide spread swan-wing sails is shed;
It stretches round a blazing pyramid,
Burning up the darkness with a lurid red.

The breaking billows catch the light,
And roll it far into the night;

Fainter, and fainter, still they grow,
As sinks the fierce devouring glow.
The masts amid a fiery rain.
Fall hissing in the tranquil main,
The fire upon the ship burns low.

The sun from out the eastern sea
Comes diademed with light,
The waves upleaping in the lee,
Are in his splendor bright;
And drifting slowly onward lo!
A blackened hull is left to show
The horrors of the night.

MARY'S DREAM.

ALEXANDER LOWE.

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light o'er tower and tree:
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;
When soft and low a voice was heard
Say, "Mary, weep no more for me!"

She from her pillow gently raised

Her head, to ask who there might be
She saw young Sandy shivering stand,
With visage pale and hollow e'e.

"O Mary dear! cold is my clay,
It lies beneath a stormy sea;
Far, far from thee I sleep in death,
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

"Three stormy nights and stormy days
We toss'd upon the raging main;
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain.
E'en then, when horror chill'd my blood,
My heart was fill'd with love for thee;
The storm is past, and I at rest,
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

"O maiden dear, thyself prepare,—
We soon shall meet upon that shore
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more."
Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,
No more of Sandy could she see;
But soft the passing spirit said,
"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

W. J. MICKLE.

AND are ye sure the news is true ?

And are ye sure he's weel ?

Is this a time to think o' wark ?

Ye jades, fling by your wheel.

Is this a time to think o' wark,

When Colin's at the door ?

Gie me my cloak,—I'll to the quay,

And see him come ashore.

For there's nae luck about the house,

There's nae luck ava' ;

There's little pleasure in the house,

When our gudeman's awa'.

And gie me down my biggonet,

My bishop-satin gown,

And rin and tell the bailie's wife

That Colin's come to town.

My Sunday shoon they maun gae on,

My hose o' pearl blue ;

Its a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.
For there's nae luck, &c.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside ;
Put on the muckle pot ;
Gi'e little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat :
And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw ;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
He likes to see them braw.
For there's nae luck, &c.

There's twa fat hens upon the bauk,
They've fed this month and mair ;
Mak' haste and thraw their necks about
That Colin weel may fare ;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw ;
For wha can tell how Colin fared,
When he was far awa'.
For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air ;
His very foot has music in't,
As he comes up the stair !

And will I see his face again ?

And will I hear him speak ?

I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,—

In troth, I'm like to greet.

For there's nae luck, &c.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,

That thirl'd through my heart,

They're a' blawn by, I ha'e him safe,

Till death we'll never part :

But what puts parting in my head !

It may be far awa' ;

The present moment is our ain,

The neist we never saw,

For there's nae luck, &c.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,

I ha'e nae mair to crave ;

Could I but live to mak' him blest,

I'm blest aboon the lave :

And will I see his face again ?

And will I hear him speak ?

I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,—

In troth, I'm like to greet.

For there's nae luck, &c.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.¹

MISS JANE ELLIOTT.

I'VE heard them lilting at the ewe-milking,
Lasses a' lilting before dawn of day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning;
The flowers of the forest are a' wede awae.

At bughts in the morning nae blythe lads are scorning;
Lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;
Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing;
Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her awae.

In har'st, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering;
Bausters are runkled, and lyart or gray;
At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching;
The flowers of the forest are a' wede awae.

At e'en in the gloaming nae youngers are roaming
'Bout stacks with the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk maid sits dreary, lamenting her dearie;
The flowers of the forest are a' wede awae.

¹ This song refers to the battle of Flodden Field, so fatal to the Scots under James V.

Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the Border !

The English, for ance, by guile won the day :

The flowers of the forest, that fought aye the foremost,

The prime of our land, are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting at the ewe-milking,

Women and bairns are heartless and wae—

Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning ;

The flowers of the forest are a' wede awae.

I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling,

I've tasted her favors, and felt her decay :

Sweet is her blessing, and kind her caressing,

But soon it is fled, it is fled far away.

I've seen the forest adorn'd of the foremost,

With flowers of the fairest, both pleasant and gay ;

Full sweet was their blooming, their scent th' air perfuming,

But now are they wither'd, and a' wede away.

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,

And the red storm roaring before the parting day ;

I've seen Tweed's silver streams glittering in the sunny
beams,

Turn drumly and dark as they roll'd on their way.

O fickle Fortune, why this cruel sporting ?

Why thus perplex us, poor sons of a day ?

Thy frowns cannot fear me, thy smiles cannot cheer me,

Since the flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

LUCY'S FLEETING.

WILLIAM LAIDLAW.

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk tree was fa'in,
And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,
That Lucy row'd up her wee kist wi' her a' in't,
And left her auld maister and neebors sae dear :
For Lucy had served in the glen a' the simmer ;
She cam' there afore the flower bloomed on the pea ;
An orphan was she, and they had been kind till her,
Sure that was the thing brocht the tear to her e'e.

She gaed by the stable where Jamie was stannin' ;
Richt sair was his kind heart, the flittin' to see :
"Fare ye weel, Lucy !" quo Jamie and ran in ;
The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae his e'e.
As down the burnside she gaed slow wi' the flittin',
"Fare ye weel, Lucy !" was ilka bird's sang ;
She heard the crow sayin't, high on the tree sittin',
And robin was chirpin't the brown leaves amang.

"Oh, what is't that puts my puir heart in a flutter,
And what gars the tears come sae fast to my e'e,

If I wasna ettled to be ony better,
Then what gars me wish ony better to be ?
I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither ;
Nae mither or friend the pure lammie can see ;
I fear I ha'e tint my puir heart a' thegither,
Nae wonder the tears fa' sae fast frae my e'e.

"Wi' the rest o' my claes I ha'e row'd up the ribbon,
The bonnie blue ribbon that Jamie gave me ;
Yestreen, when he ga'e me't, and saw I was sabbin',
I'll never forget the wae blink o' his e'e.
Though now he said naething but 'Fare ye weel, Lucy !'
It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see :
He could nae say mair but just 'Fare ye weel, Lucy !'
Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee."

The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when it's droukit ;
The hare likes the brake and the braird on the lea :
But Lucy likes Jamie,—she turn'd and she lookit,
She thocht the dear place she wad never mair see.
Ah, weel may young Jamie gang dowie and cheerless !
And weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn !
For bonnie sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return !

ODE TO LEVEN-WATER.

SMOLLETT.

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.

Pure stream, in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polished pebbles spread;
While, lightly poised, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;
The springing trout in speckled pride,
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war,
The silver eel, and mottled par,
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine
And edges flowered with eglantine.

Still on thy banks so gaily green,
May numerous herds and flocks be seen,
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale;
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry embrowned with toil;
And hearts resolved, and hands prepared,
The blessings they enjoy to guard!

THE FA' O' THE YEAR.

THOMAS SMIBERT.

AFORE the Lammas' tide had dun'd the birken-tree,
In a' our water-side nae wife was blest like me;
A kind gudeman, and twa sweet bairns were round me here;
But they're ta'en a' awa', sin' the fa' o' the year.

Sair trouble cam' our gate, an' made me, when it cam',
A bird without a mate, a ewe without a lamb.
Our hay was yet to maw, and our corn was to shear,
When they a' dwined awa' in the fa' o' the year.

I downa look a-field, for aye I trow I see
The form that was a bield to my wee bairns and me;

But wind, and weet, and snaw, they never mair can fear,
Sin' they a' got the ca' in the fa' o' the year.

Aft on the hill at e'ens I see him amang the ferns,
The lover o' my teens, the faither o' my bairns;
For there his plaid I saw as gloamin' aye drew near—
But my a's now awa' sin' the fa' o' the year.

Our bonny rigs theirsel' reca' my waes to mind,
Our puir dumb beasties tell o' a' that I hae tyned;
For wha our wheat will saw, and wha our sheep will shear,
Sin' my a' gaed awa' in the fa' o' the year?

My hearth is growing cauld, and will be caulder still;
And sair, sair in the fauld will be the winter's chill;
For peats were yet to ca'—our sheep were yet to smear,
When my a' dwined awa' in the fa' o' the year.

I ettle whiles to spin, but wee, wee patterin' feet
Come rinnin' out and in, and then I just maun greet:
I ken it's fancy a', and faster rows the tear,
That my a' dwined awa' in the fa' o' the year.

Be kind, O Heav'n abune! to ane sae wae and lane,
And tak' her hamewards sune, in pity o' her mane;
Lang ere the March winds blaw, may she, far far frae here,
Meet them a' that's awa' sin' the fa' o' the year.

I O A CHIL D.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

WHOSE imp art thou, with dimpled cheek,
And curly pate and merry eye,
And arm and shoulders round and sleek,
And soft and fair? thou urchin sly?

What boots it who, with sweet caresses,
First called thee his,—or squire or hind?
For thou in every wight that passes,
Dost now a friendly playmate find.

Thy downcast glances, grave but cunning,
As fringed eyelids rise and fall,
Thy shyness, swiftly from me running,—
'Tis infantine coquetry all!

But far afield thou hast not flown,
With mocks and threats, half-lisp'd, half-spoken,
I feel thee pulling at my gown;
Of right good-will, thy simple token.

And thou must laugh and wrestle too,
A mimic warfare with me waging,
To make, as wily lovers do,
Thy after kindness more engaging.

The wilding rose, sweet as thyself,
And new-cropt daisies are thy treasure:
I'd gladly part with worldly pelf,
To taste again thy youthful pleasure.

But yet for all thy merry look,
Thy frisks and wiles, the time is coming,
When thou shalt sit in cheerless nook,
The weary spell or horn-book thumbing.

Well! let it be! through weal and woe,
Thou know'st not now thy future range;
Life is a motley, shifting show,
And thou, a thing of hope and change.

THE EMIGRANT.

FAST by the margin of a mossy rill,
That wander'd, gurgling, down a heath-clad hill,
An ancient shepherd stood, oppress'd with woe,
And ey'd the ocean's flood that foam'd below ;
Where, gently rocking on the rising tide,
A ship's unwonted form was seen to ride.
Unwonted, well I ween, for ne'er before
Had touch'd one keel the solitary shore ;
Nor had the swain's rude footsteps ever stray'd,
Beyond the shelter of his native shade.
His few remaining hairs were silver gray,
And his rough face had seen a better day.
Around him, bleating, stray'd a scanty flock ;
And a few goats o'erhung a neighb'ring rock.
One faithful dog his sorrows seem'd to share,
And strove, with many a trick, to ease his care.
While o'er his furrow'd cheek, the salt drops ran,
He tun'd his rustic reed, and thus began.—

“Farewell! farewell! dear Caledonia's strand;
Rough though they be, yet still my native land:

Exil'd from thee, I seek a foreign shore,
Friends, kindred, country, to behold no more.
By hard oppression driv'n, my helpless age,
That should, e'er now, have left life's bustling stage,
Is forc'd the ocean's boist'rous breast to brave,
In a far distant land to seek a grave.

“Thou dear companion of my happier life,
Now to the grave gone down, my virtuous wife!
'Twas here you rear'd, with fond maternal pride,
Five comely sons: three for their country died!
Two yet remain, sad remnant of the wars,
Without one mark of honor—but their scars,
Contented still we rear'd with sturdy hands,
The scanty produce of our niggard lands;
Scant as it was, no more our heart's desir'd;
No more from us, our gen'rous lord requir'd.”

“But ah, sad change! those blessed days are o'er,
And peace, content, and safety, charm no more:
Another Lord now rules these wide domains,
The avaricious tyrant of the plains.
Far, far from hence, he revels life away,
In guilty pleasure, our poor means must pay.
The mossy plains, the mountain's barren brow,
Must now be tortured with the tearing plough,
And, spite of nature, crops be taught to rise,
Which, to these northern climes, wise Heav'n denies.

“On you, dear native land! from whence I part,
Rest the best blessing—of a broken heart.
If, in some future hour, the foe shall land
His hostile legions on Britannia’s strand,
May she not, then, th’ alarum sound in vain,
Nor miss her banish’d thousands on the plain.

“Feed on, my sheep: for though depriv’d of me,
My cruel foes shall your protectors be;
For their own sakes, shall pen your straggling flocks,
And save your lambkins from the rav’nous fox.

“Feed on, my goats! another now shall drain
Your streams, that heal disease, and soften pain.
No stream, alas! shall ever, ever flow,
To heal thy master’s heart, or soothe his woe.

“But, hark! my sons loud call me from the vale;
And, lo! the vessel spreads her swelling sail—
Farewell! farewell!”—Awhile his hands he wrung,
And, o’er his crook, in silent sorrow hung:
Then, casting many a ling’ring look behind,
Down the steep mountain’s brow began to wind.

ODE TO PEACE.

WM. TENNANT.

DAUGHTER of God ! that sits on high,
Amid the dances of the sky,
And guidest with thy gentle sway
The planets on their tuneful way ;
Sweet peace shall ne'er again
The smile of thy most holy face,
From thine ethereal dwelling-place
• Rejoice the wretched weary race
Of discord-breathing men ?
Too long, O gladness-giving Queen !
Thy tarrying in heaven has been ;
Too long o'er this fair blooming world
The flag of blood has been unfurled
Polluting God's pure day ;
Whilst, as each maddening people reels,
War onward drives his scythed wheels,
And at his horses bloody heels
Shriek murder and dismay.

Oft have I wept to hear the cry
Of widow wailing bitterly ;

To see the parent's silent tear
For children fallen beneath the spear;
And I have felt so sore
The sense of human guilt and woe,
That I, in Virtue's passion'd glow,
Have cursed (my soul was wounded so)
The shape of man I bore!
Then come from thy serene abode,
Thou gladness-giving child of God!
And cease the world's ensanguined strife
And reconcile my soul to life;
For much I long to see,
Ere to the grave I down descend,
Thy hand her blessed branch extend,
And to the world's remotest end
Wave love and harmony!

H O P E .

M. P. AIRD.

HOPE on, though happiness the heart may leave,
And beauty all around thee fade and die—
Let Hope her roses o'er thy future weave,
And paint her rainbow o'er the darkest sky;—

Hope, like a prisoned bird of promise, sings
Amid the storm, and beats her gilded bar—
Bright o'er the billow spreads her silver wings,
And points to lands of "living green" afar;
The dawn of glory in the heart that's riven,
Where faith gets glimpses of an opening heaven.

A purple glory, bright as Sharon's rose,
Glowed o'er the vine-clad hills of Galilee,
But clouds soon gathered o'er that eve's repose,
Fretting with silver waves the deep blue sea:
A little bark was toiling o'er the wave,
All tempest torn, when, lo! a radiant form
Rose like the star of Hope above the grave,
And smoothed the ruffled spirit of the storm;
Peace o'er the night like dewy morning shone—
To the green shore the barque came floating on.

Hope on—though far, like Hagar in the wild,
From love and home,—athirst—the water spent—
Alone—an empty cup—a dying child—
Cast off—her broken heart with anguish rent;
Far o'er the desert strains her weary eye—
No friend—no help of man can comfort bring;
"My child! my child! let me not see him die,"
The lone one cried, when, lo! a crystal spring.
Though love, and hope, and all but life be gone,
Think of the desert-well—and still hope on.

In yon green vale bereaved ones are weeping—
Two loving sisters mourn a brother dead—
Their cherished one beneath the olive sleeping,
With him all beauty dies, all joy is fled;
Dark is the cloud that gathers o'er their home,
The sun of Hope upon the heart is set,—
Had *He* been here, they might not weep alone—
Can Jesus leave them?—can *He* e'er forget?
They see not *yet* the glory in the cloud!
He comes! the Comforter! and rends the shroud!

What though the tree, cut down, moss-shrouded lie,
And long beneath the tangled grass it sleep?
Like fountain waters, though the stream be dry,
The trampled root its golden sap may keep;
While round its withered heart a silver vein
Of fresh'ning waters like a sunbeam stray,
The tender branch may bud and bloom again,
And flowery verdure spring from dark decay:
Hope!—though the greenness of the bough be gone,
The *life is in its heart*—then still hope on.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

MISS M. P. AIRD.

"Being caused to fly swiftly."—DAN. ix. 21.

"Who maketh his angels spirits, his ministers a flame of fire."—HEB. i. 14.

"Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"—HEB. i. 41.

LIKE an arrow through the air,
Or the fountain-flow of light,
Ministering angels fair,
Cleave the deep of night:
Quick as thought's electric glow,
Down into earth's chambers dark,
Fire-wheels running to and fro,
Like the eye of God, they dart;
Watching o'er the earth's green bound,
Searching all in cities round.

Flitting, flitting, ever near thee,
Sitting, sitting, by thy side,
Like your shadow, all unwearied,
Angel legions guard and guide—

Mantel, with their wing, your heart,
As a mother folds her child;
Light, in cloud pavilions dark,
Shielding from the tempest wild;
Silent, as the moonlight creeping,
Viewless as the ether breath,
Round the weary head when weeping,
Soothing with the peace of death.
Star-like shoots each holy one,
With sword of temper bright,
Casting the Almighty shield
Round the heir of light.

ON SEEING A SUN-DIAL IN A CHURCHYARD.

HUGH MILLER.

GRAY dial-stone, I fain would know
What motive placed thee here,
Where darkly opes the frequent grave,
And rests the frequent bier.
Ah! bootless creeps the dusky shade
Slow o'er thy figured plain;
When mortal life has passed away,
Time counts his hours in vain.

As sweep the clouds o'er ocean's breast
When shriek's the wint'ry wind,
So doubtful thoughts, gray dial-stone,
Come sweeping o'er my mind.
I think of what could place thee here,
Of those beneath thee laid,
And ponder if thou wert not raised
In mock'ry o'er the dead.

Nay! man, when on life's stage they fret,
May mock his fellow-men;
In sooth their sob'rest pranks afford
Rare food for mock'ry then.
But ah! when pass'd their brief sojourn,
When Heaven's dread doom is said,
Beats there a human heart could pour
Light mock'ries o'er the dead?

The fiend unblest, who still to harm
Directs his felon pow'r,
May ope the book of grace to him
Whose day of grace is o'er.
But sure the man has never lived,
In any age or clime,
Could raise in mock'ry o'er the dead
The stone that measures time.

Gray dial-stone, I fain would know
What motive placed thee here,

Where sadness heaves the frequent sigh,
And drops the frequent tear.
Like thy carved plain, gray dial-stone,
Grief's weary mourners be;
Dark sorrow metes out time to them,
Dark shade marks time on thee.

Yes! sure 'twas wise to place thee here,
To catch the eye of him
To whom earth's brightest gauds appear
Worthless, and dull, and dim.
We think of time, when time has fled
The friend our tears deplore;
The God our light proud hearts deny,
Our grief-worn hearts adore.

Gray-stone, o'er thee the lazy night
Passes untold, away,
Nor is it thine at noon to teach
When falls the solar ray.
In death's dark night, gray dial-stone,
Cease all the works of men,
In life, if Heaven withholds its aid,
Bootless their works and vain.

Gray dial-stone, while yet thy shade
Points out those hours are mine,
While yet at early morn I rise,
And rest at day's decline;

Would that the Sun that formed thine,
 His bright rays beam'd on me,
 That I, thou aged dial-stone,
 Might measure time like thee.



J E H O V A H - J I R E H .

RICHARD HUIE, M. D.

MY brother, cease that plaintive moan,
 My sister, wipe those tears away;
 What though your sweetest joys are flown?
 What though your choicest gourds decay?
 Earth's bliss is but a summer flower,
 Earth's woe a swiftly-ebbing tide;
 And still in each distressing hour,
 Jehovah hears, and will provide!

I too have felt the pelting storm,
 Which rent the twig and parent tree;
 I too have wept the faded form,
 And seen my brightest prospects flee;
 I too have marked my loved ones fall,
 In childhood's bloom and manhood's pride;
 Yet faith could whisper, 'midst it all,
 Jehovah hears, and will provide.

But what am I? See yonder hill,
The Altar's built, the heir is bound;
The patriarch's heart has ceased to thrill,
His hand is raised to strike the wound;
When, hark! an angel stops the deed,
Young Isaac's bonds are cast aside
Behold a meaner victim bleed,
Jehovah hears, and will provide!

More wondrous yet, when sin had cost
This earth its charms, and man his soul;
When worlds could not redeem the lost,
Nor angels judgment's course control;
The Son of God, in mortal guise,
While friends desert and foes deride,
On Calvary's blood-stained summit dies!—
Jehovah hears and will provide!

Then, brother, cease that plaintive moan,
Then, sister, wipe those tears away;
What though your sweetest joys are flown?
What though your choicest gourds decay?
Earth's bliss is but a summer flow'r,
Earth's woe a swiftly-ebbing tide;
And still, in each distressing hour,
Jehovah hears, and will provide.

JEHOVAH TSIDKENU.

REV. R. M. M'CHEYNE.

"The Lord our righteousness."

(THE WATCHWORD OF THE REFORMERS.)

I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to God,
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load;
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,
Jehovah Tsidkenu was nothing to me.

I oft read with pleasure, to soothe or engage,
Isaiah's wild measure and John's simple page;
But e'en when they pictured the blood-sprinkled tree,
Jehovah Tsidkenu seem'd nothing to me.

Like tears from the daughters of Zion that roll,
I wept when the waters went over his soul;
Yet thought not that my sins had nail'd him to the tree
Jehovah Tsidkenu—'twas nothing to me.

When free grace awoke me, by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die;

No refuge, no safety in self could I see,—
 Jehovah Tsidkenu my Saviour must be.

My terrors all vanished before the sweet name;
 My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
 To drink at the fountain, life-giving and free,—
 Jehovah Tsidkenu is all things to me.

Jehovah Tsidkenu! my treasure and boast,
 Jehovah Tsidkenu! I ne'er can be lost;
 In thee I shall conquer by flood and by field,
 My cable, my anchor, my breast-plate and shield!

Even treading the valley, the shadow of death,
 This "watchword" shall rally my faltering breath;
 For while from life's fever my God sets me free,
 Jehovah Tsidkenu, my death song shall be.

"I AM DEBILOR."

REV. R. M. M'CHEYNE.

WHEN this passing world is done,
 When has sunk yon glaring sun,
 When we stand with Christ in glory,
 Looking o'er life's finished story,

Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

When I hear the wicked call
On the rocks and hills to fall.
When I see them start and shrink
On the fiery deluge brink,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

When I stand before the throne
Dressed in beauty not my own,
When I see thee as thou art,
Love thee with unsinning heart,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

Even on earth, as through a glass
Darkly, let thy glory pass,
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make thy Spirit's help so meet,
Even on earth, Lord, make me know
Something of how much I owe.

Chosen not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified,
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud;
But, when fear is at the height,
Jesus comes, and all is light;
Blessed Jesus! bid me show
Doubting saints how much I owe.

When in flowery paths I tread,
Oft by sin I'm captive led;
Oft I fall—but still arise—
The Spirit comes--the tempter flies;
Blessed Spirit! bid me show
Weary sinners all I owe.

Oft the nights of sorrow reign—
Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain;
But a night thine anger burns—
Morning comes and joy returns!
God of comforts! bid me show
To thy poor, how much I owe.

GIDEON'S WAR-SONG.

DAVID VEDDER.

OH! Israel, thy hills are resounding,
The cheeks of thy warriors are pale;
For the trumpets of Midian are sounding,
His legions are closing their mail,
His battle-steeds prancing and bounding,
His veterans whetting their steel!

His standard in haughtiness streaming,
Above his encampment appears;
An ominous radiance is gleaming,
Around from his forest of spears:
The eyes of our maidens are beaming,—
But, ah! they are beaming through tears;

Our matron survivors are weeping,
Their suckling a prey to the sword;
The blood of our martyrs is steeping
The fanes where their fathers adored;
The foe and the alien are reaping
Fields,—vineyards,—the gift of the Lord!

Our country! shall Midian enslave her,
With the blood of the brave in our veins?
Shall we couch to the tyrant forever,
Whilst manhood—existence—remains?
Shall we fawn on the despot? Oh, never!—
Like freemen, unrivet your chains!

Like locusts our foes are before us,
Encamped in the valley below;
The sabre must freedom restore us,
The spear, and the shaft, and the bow;—
The banners of Heaven wave o'er us,—
Rush!—rush like a flood on the foe!



IMPORTANCE OF EARLY PIECE.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK, D.D.

(Dr. Blacklock was blind from infancy.)

In life's gay morn, when sprightly youth
With vital ardor glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
Which beauty can disclose;
Deep on thy soul, before its pow'rs
Are yet by vice enslav'd,

Be thy Creator's glorious name
And character engrav'd.

For soon the shades of grief shall cloud
The sunshine of thy days;
And cares, and toils, in endless round
Encompass all thy ways.
Soon shall thy heart the woes of age
In mournful groans deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.



THE HOUSE OF MOURNING.

REV. WM. CAMERON.

WHILE others crowd the house of mirth,
And haunt the gaudy show,
Let such as would with Wisdom dwell,
Frequent the house of woe.

Better to weep with those who weep,
And share the afflicted's smart,
Than mix with fools in giddy joys
That cheat and wound the heart.

When virtuous sorrow clouds the face,
And tears bedim the eye,
The soul is led to solemn thought,
And wafted to the sky.

The wise in heart revisit oft
Grief's dark sequester'd cell;
And thoughtless still with levity
And mirth delight to dwell.

The noisy laughter of the fool
Is like the crackling sound
Of blazing thorns, which quickly fall
In ashes to the ground.



SMOKING SPIRITUALIZED.

PART I.

THIS Indian weed, now wither'd quite,
Though green at noon, cut down at night,
Shows thy decay;
All flesh is hay.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The pipe, so lily-like and weak,
Does thus thy mortal state bespeak,
 Thou art even such,
 Gone with a touch.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,
Then thou behold'st the vanity
 Of worldly stuff,
 Gone with a puff.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the pipe grows foul within,
Think on thy soul, defil'd with sin;
 For then the fire
 It does require.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And seest the ashes cast away;
Then to thyself thou mayest say,
 That to the dust
 Return thou must.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

RALPH ERSKINE.

PART II.

Was this small plant for thee cut down?
So was the plant of great renown;
 Which mercy sends
 For nobler ends.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

Doth juice medicinal proceed
From such a naughty foreign weed?
 Then what's the pow'r
 Of Jesse's flow'r?
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The promise, like the pipe, inlays,
And by the mouth of faith conveys
 What virtue flows
 From Sharon's Rose.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

In vain th' unlighted pipe you blow:
Your pains in outward means are so,
 Till heav'nly fire
 Your heart inspire.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The smoke, like burning incense, tow'rs;
So should a praying heart of yours
With ardent cries
Surmount the skies.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

LINES.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

O SAVIOUR, whose mercy, severe in its kindness,
Hast chastened my wanderings and guided my way,
Adored be the power which illumined my blindness,
And weaned me from phantoms that smiled to betray.

Enchanted with all that was dazzling and fair,
I followed the rainbow; I caught at the toy,
And still in displeasure, thy goodness was there,
Disappointing the hope, and defeating the joy.

The blossom blushed bright, but a worm was below;
The moonlight shone fair, there was blight in the beam,
Sweet whispered the breeze, but it whispered of woe;
And bitterness flowed in the soft flowing stream.

1 The Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Grant, late governor of Bombay, was of one of the most ancient families of Scotland, and was a brother of the present Lord Glenelg. He died in 1838, and a collection of his "Sacred Poems" was published soon after in London.

So, cured of my folly, yet cured but in part,
I turned to the refuge thy pity displayed;
And still did this eager and credulous heart
Weave visions of promise that bloomed but to fade

I thought that the course of the pilgrim to heaven
Would be bright as the summer, and glad as the morn;
Thou show'dst me the path; it was dark and uneven,
All rugged with rocks, and all tangled with thorn.

I dreamed of celestial reward and renown;
I grasped at the triumph which blesses the brave;
I asked for the palm-branch, the robe and the crown,
I asked—and thou show'dst me a cross and a grave.

Subdued and instructed, at length, to thy will,
My hopes and my longings I fain would resign;
O give me the heart that can wait and be still,
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but thine.

There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe,
But they stand in a region by mortals untrod;
There are rivers of joy—but they roll not below;
There is rest—but it dwells in the presence of God.

THE MARTYRS OF SCOTLAND.

REV. H. BONAR

THERE was gladness in Zion, her standard was flying,
Free o'er her battlements glorious and gay ;
All fair as the morning shone forth her adorning,
And fearful to foes was her godly array.

There is mourning in Zion, her standard is lying,
Defiled in the dust, to the spoiler a prey ;
And now there is wailing, and sorrow prevailing,
For the best of her children are weeded away.

The good have been taken, their place is forsaken—
The man and the maiden, the green and the gray ;
The voice of the weepers wails over the sleepers—
The martyrs of Scotland that now are away.

The hue of her waters is crimson'd with slaughters,
And the blood of the martyrs has redden'd the clay ;
And dark desolation broods over the nation,
For the faithful are perished, the good are away.

On the mountains of heather they slumber together;
On the wastes of the moorland their bodies decay:
How sound is their sleeping, how safe is their keeping,
Though far from their kindred they moulder away!

Their blessing shall hover, their children to cover,
Like the cloud of the desert, by night and by day;
Oh, never to perish, their names let us cherish,
The martyrs of Scotland that now are away!

H E A V E N .

REV. H. BONAR.

THAT clime is not like this dull clime of ours
All, all is brightness there;
A sweeter influence breathes around its flowers,
And a far milder air.
No calm below is like that calm above,
No region here is like that realm of love;
Earth's softest spring ne'er shed so soft a light,
Earth's brightest summer never shone so bright.

That sky is not like this sad sky of ours,
Tinged with earth's change and care:

No shadow dims it, and no rain-cloud lowers—
No broken sunshine there!

One everlasting stretch of azure pours
Its stainless splendor o'er those sinless shores;
For there Jehovah shines with Heavenly ray,
There Jesus reigns dispensing endless day.

These dwellers there are not like those of earth,
No mortal stain they bear;
And yet they seem of kindred blood and birth,—
Whence and how came they there?
Earth was their native soil; from sin and shame,
Through tribulation they to glory came;
Bond slaves delivered from sin's crushing load,
Brands plucked from burning by the hand of God.

These robes of theirs are not like those below;
No angel's half so bright!
Whence came that beauty, whence that living glow,
Whence came that radiant white?
Washed in the blood of the atoning Lamb,
Fair as the light these robes of theirs became,
And now, all tears wiped off from every eye,
They wander where the freshest pastures lie,
Through all the nightless day of that unfading sky

JESUS IS MINE.

MRS. H. BONAR.

PASS away earthly joy,
Jesus is mine!

Break every mortal tie,
Jesus is mine!

Dark is the wilderness;
Distant the resting-place;
Jesus alone can bless:
Jesus is mine!

Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine!

Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine!

Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine!

Fare ye well, dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!

Mine is a dawning bright,
 Jesus is mine !
All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void,
Jesus has satisfied,
 Jesus is mine !

Farewell mortality,
 Jesus is mine !
Welcome eternity,
 Jesus is mine !
Welcome ye scenes of rest,
Welcome ye mansions blest,
Welcome a Saviour's breast,
 Jesus is mine !



THE EARLY DAWN.

On seeing a picture of Morning on the Mountains.

GEORGE HUME.

How beautiful is morning! I have been,
Painter, like thee, a wanderer, when the hills
Slept in their own great shadows, and have seen
The dawn kiss out the stars, have heard the rills
Warbling unseen, and sending forth the thrills
Of soothing melody. Methinks thou art
My spirit's own interpreter, we gaze
In kindred feelings, gaze, aye, heart to heart,
As friend with friend.

THE QUEEN'S ANTHEM.

ALEX. RODGERS.

GOD bless our lovely Queen,
With cloudless days serene;—
God save our Queen.

From perils, pangs and woes,
Secret and open foes,
Till her last evening close,
God save our Queen,

From flattery's poisoned streams;—
From faction's fiendish schemes,
God shield our Queen;—
With men her throne surround,
Firm, active, zealous, sound,
Just, righteous, sage, profound;—
God save our Queen.

Long may she live to prove,
Her faithful subjects' love;—
God bless our Queen.

Grant her an Alfred's zeal,
Still for the Commonweal,
Her people's wounds to heal;—
God save our Queen.

Watch o'er her steps in youth;—
In the straight paths of truth;—
Lead our young Queen;
And as years onward glide,
Succor, protect and guide,
Albion's hope—Albion's pride;—
God save our Queen.

Free from war's sanguine stain,
Bright be Victoria's reign;—
God guard our Queen.
Safe from the traitor's wiles,
Long may the Queen of Isles,
Cheer millions with her smiles;—
God save our Queen.



CAMERONIAN DREAM.

JAMES HISLOP.

The following beautiful tributary verses to the memory of those who fell at Airmoss, were written by James Hislop, a native of the district where the skirmish took place. He composed them when only a shepherd boy, and when he had enjoyed few opportunities of improving his mind. They have frequently been reprinted, but seldom correctly. The following version is copied from the Scots Magazine for February, 1821:—

IN a dream of the night I was wafted away,
To the moorland of mist where the martyrs lay;
Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen,
Engraved on the stane where the heather grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood,
When the minister's hame was the mountain and wood;
When in Wellwood's dark moorlands the standard of
Zion,
All bloody and torn, 'mang the heather was lying.

It was morning, and summer's young sun, from the east,
Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's breast,
On Wardlaw, and Cairn-Table, the clear shining dew,
Glistened sheen 'mang the heath-bells and mountain flowers
blue.

And far up in heaven in the white sunny cloud,
The sang of the lark was melodious and loud,
And in Glenmuir's wild solitudes, lengthened and deep,
Was the whistling of plovers and the bleating of sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valley breathed music and gladness,
The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness,
Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,
And drink the delights of green July's bright morning.

But ah! there were hearts cherished far other feelings,
Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings,
Who drank from this scenery of beauty but sorrow,
For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones who, with Cameron, were
lying
Concealed 'mang the mist, where the heath-fowl was
crying;
For the horsemen of Earls hall around them were hovering,
And their bridle-reins rung through the thin misty cover-
ing.

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were unsheathed,
But the vengeance that darkened their brows was un-
breathed ;

With eyes raised to Heaven, in meek resignation,
They sung their last song to the God of Salvation.

The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing,
The curlew and plover in concert were singing ;
But the melody died 'midst derision and laughter,
As the hosts of ungodly rushed on to the slaughter.

Though in mist and in darkness and fire they were
shrouded,

Yet the souls of the righteous stood calm and unclouded ;
Their dark eyes flashed lightning, as, proud and unbending,
They stood like the rock which the thunder is rending,

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming,
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming.
The heavens grew dark, and the thunder was rolling,
When in Wellwood's dark moorlands the mighty were
falling.

When the righteous had fallen, and the combat had
ended,

A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended,
The drivers were angels on horses of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turned upon axles of brightness.

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining,
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation,
Have mounted the chariot and steeds of salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,
Through the paths of the thunder the horsemen are riding.
Glide swiftly, bright spirits, the prize is before ye,
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory!

L I N E S

BY AN UNFORTUNATE FEMALE BEWAILING HER MOURNFUL CONDITION

ANON.

LITTLE did my mother ken
The day she cradled me,
The lands that I should travel in!
Or what death I should dee!

Oh that my father ne'er had on me smiled!
Oh that my mother ne'er had to me sung!
Oh that my cradle never had been rocked!
But that I had died when I was young!

Oh that the grave, it were my bed!
The blankets were my winding sheet!
The clods and the worms my bed-fellows'a!
And oh! sae sound as I should sleep!

That we might commune—of our rest in heaven;
Gazing the while on death—without its sting!

And of the ransom for that baby paid—
So very sweet at times our converse seemed,
That the sure truth—of grief a gladness made—
Our little lamb—by God's own Lamb redeemed!

—There were two milk-white doves—my wife had nourished,
And I too loved, erewhile, at times to stand—
Marking how each the other fondly cherished—
And fed them from my baby's dimpled hand!

So tame they grew—that to his cradle flying—
Full oft they cooed him to his noon-tide rest;
And to the murmurs of his sleep replying,
Crept gently in, and nestled in his breast!

'Twas a fair sight—the snow-pale infant sleeping,
So fondly guardianed by those creatures mild;
Watch o'er his closed eyes—their bright eyes keeping—
Wondrous the love betwixt the birds and the child!

Still as he sickened—seemed the doves too dwining—
Forsook their food, and loathed their pretty play;
And on the day he died—with sad note pining,
One gentle bird would not be frayed away!

His mother found it—when she rose, sad-hearted,
At early dawn—with sense of nearing ill;
And when, at last, the little spirit parted,
The dove died too—as if of its heart chill!

The other flew to meet my sad home riding,
As with a human sorrow in its coo;—
To my dead child—and its dead mate then guiding,
Most pitifully plained—and parted too!

'Twas my first “hansel” and “propine” to heaven!
And as I laid my darling 'neath the sod—
Precious His comforts—once an infant given—
And offered with two turtle-doves to God!



HURRA! FOR THE HIGHLANDS!

ANDREW PARK.

HURRA! for the Highlands! the stern Scottish Highlands!
The home of the clansman, the brave, and the free;
Where the clouds love to rest, on the mountain's rough breast,
Ere they journey afar o'er the islandless sea.

'Tis there where the cataract sings to the breeze,
As it dashes in foam like a spirit of light;
And 'tis there the bold fisherman bounds o'er the seas,
In his fleet, tiny bark, through the perilous night.

'Tis the land of deep shadow, of sunshine and shower,
Where the hurricane revels in madness on high;
For there it has might that can war with its power,
In the wild dizzy cliffs that are cleaving the sky.

I have trod merry England, and dwelt on its charms;
I have wandered through Erin, the gem of the sea;
But the Highlands alone the true Scottish heart warms,
Her heather is blooming, her eagles are free.



THE EMIGRANT'S WISH.

REV. HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL.

I wish we were hame to our ain folk—
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk—
Where the gentle are leal, and the semple are weal,
And the hames are the hames o' our ain folk.
We've met wi' the gay and the guid where we've come;
We're canty wi' mony and couthy wi' some;
But something's awantin' we never can find,
Sin' the day that we left our auld neebers behind.

I wish we were hame to our ain folk—
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk—

When daffin' and glee, wi' the friendly and free,
Made our hearts aye sae fond o' our ain folk.
Some tauld us in gowpens we'd gather the geer,
Sae soon as we cam to the rich mailens here;
But what is in mailens, or what is in mirth,
If 'tis na enjoyed in the land o' our birth?

O, I wish we were hame to our ain folk—
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk—
When maidens and men, in the strath and the glen,
Still welcomed us aye as their ain folk.
Though spring had its trials, and summer its toils,
And autumn craved frith ere we gathered its spoils;
But winter repaid a' the toil that we took,
When ilk ane craw'd crouse at his ain ingle nook.

I wish I were hame to our ain folk—
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk—
But deep are the howes, and heigh are the knowes,
That keep us awa' frae our ain folk.
The seat at the door, where our auld fathers sat
To tell o'er their news, and their views, and a' that;
While down by the kail-yard the burnie row'd clear,
Is mair to my liking than aught that is here.

I wish we were hame to our ain folk—
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk—
Where the wild thistles wave o'er the beds o' the brave,
And the graves are the graves o' our ain folk.

But happy-gae-lucky we'll trudge on our way,
Till the arm waxes weak and the haffet grows gray;
And though in this warl' our own still we miss,
We'll meet them at last in a warl' o' bliss;
And then we'll be hame to our ain folk—
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk—
Where far 'yond the moon, in the heavens aboon,
The hames are the hames o' our ain folk.



Index of Authors.

	PAGE		PAGE
AIRD, Miss M. P.....	519	LOGAN, JOHN.....	123
AYTOUN, Prof.....	417	LOWE, ALEX.....	501
BAILLIE, JOANNA.....	513	MACKAY, CHARLES.....	451
BALLANTYNE, JAMES.....	478	MACPHERSON, JAMES.....	63
BEATTIE, Dr. JAMES... ..	57	MACNEILL, HECTOR.....	71
BETHUNE, ALEX.....	327	MCHEYNE, Rev. R. M.....	528
BLACKLOCK, Dr.....	533	MENTEATH, Mrs.....	552
BLAIR, Rev. ROBERT.....	21	MILLER, HUGH.....	523
BONAR, Rev. H.....	540	MILLER, WILLIAM.....	473
BONAR, Mrs.....	543	MICKLE, W. J.....	503
BRUCE, MICHAEL.....	103	MOIR, D. M.....	353
BURNS, ROBERT.....	139	MONTGOMERY, JAMES.....	371
CAMPBELL, THOMAS.....	249	MOTHERWELL, Wm.....	297
CAMERON, Rev. W.....	534	NICOLL, ROBERT.....	335
CHAMBERS, ROBERT.....	445	OSSIAN.....	65
CRAWFORD, JOHN.....	485	PARK, ANDREW.....	555
CUNNINGHAM, ALLAN.....	261	POLLOK, ROBERT.....	287
DUNCAN, MARY LUNDIE.....	489	PRINGLE, THOMAS.....	267
ELLIOTT, JANE.....	506	RAMSAY, ALLAN.....	11
FALCONER, Wm.....	53	RODGERS, ALEX.....	546
FERGUSON, Wm.....	487	ROSS, Dr. THOMAS.....	363
GILFILLAN, ROBERT.....	315	SCOTT, Sir WALTER.....	193
GRAHAM, Rev. JAMES.....	155	SMART, ALEX.....	480
GRANT, ROBERT.....	538	SMIBERT, T.....	511
HISLOP, JAMES.....	548	SMITH, ALEX.....	461
HOGG, JAMES.....	205	SMOLLETT, T.....	510
HUME, GEORGE.....	499-545	TANNAHILL, ROBERT.....	213
HUIE, Dr.....	526	TENNANT, W.....	518
KNOX, WILLIAM.....	239	THOM, WILLIAM.....	435
LAYDLAW, WILLIAM.....	508	THOMSON, JAMES.....	1
LEYDEN, JOHN.....	221	VEDDER, DAVID.....	532
		WILSON, Prof.....	377
		WILSON, JAMES.....	498

64 19IDA 5609
BR
1/99 30910-49 RULE



